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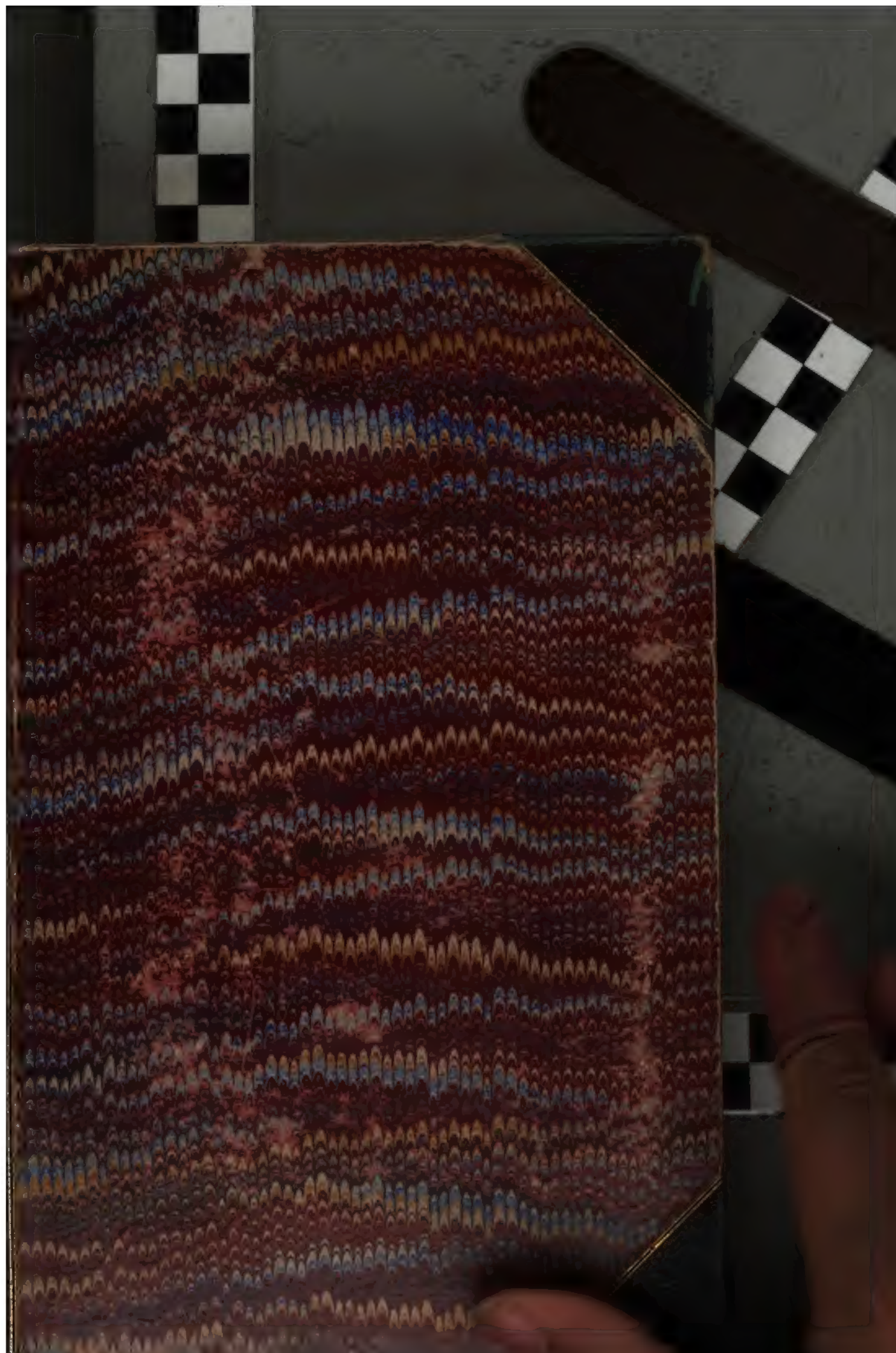
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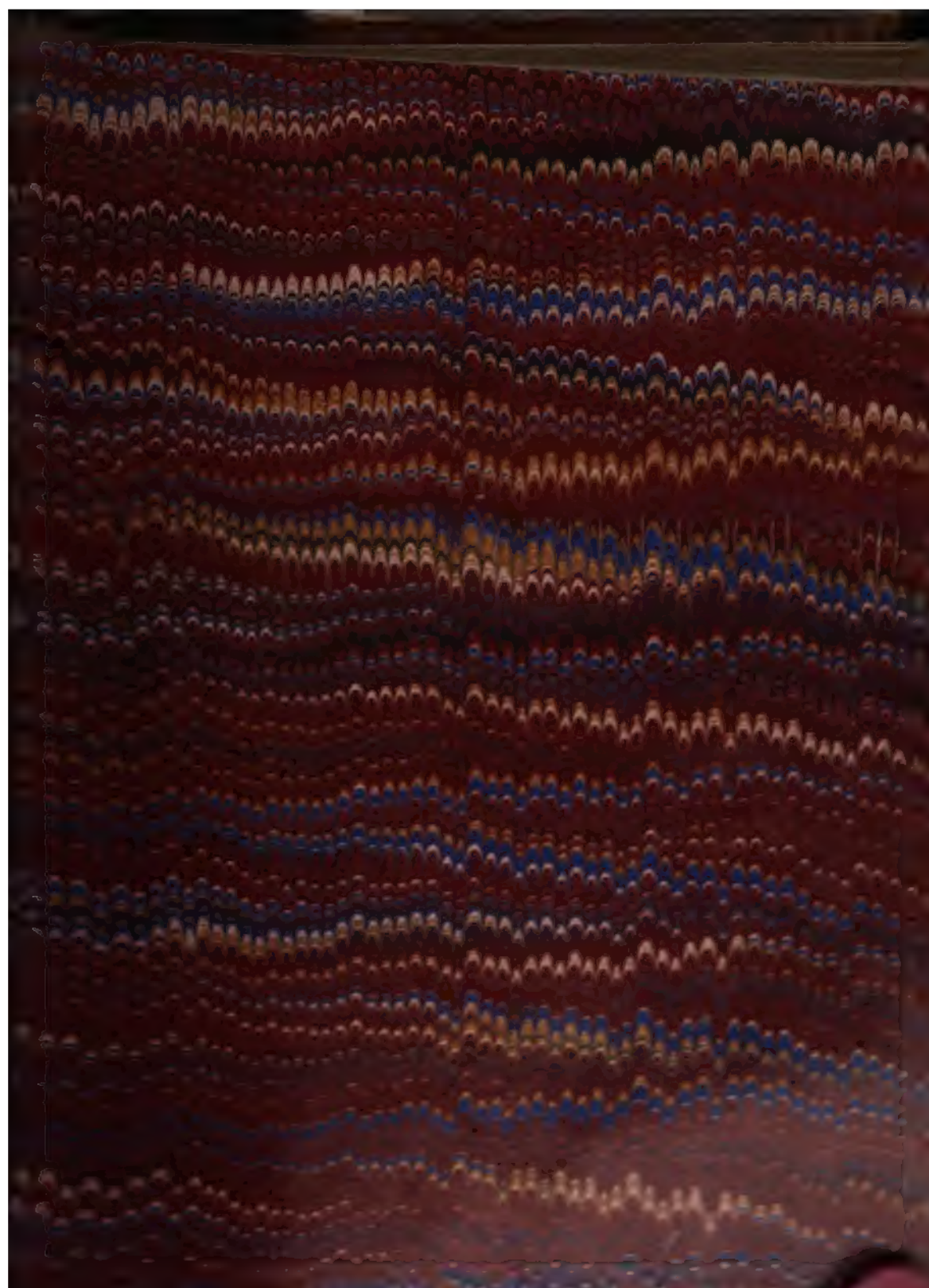


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XXXI

A L B A.

THE MONTH'S MINDE  
OF  
A MELANCHOLY LOVER.

BY  
ROBERT TOFTE, GENTLEMAN.

(1598.)

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BY THE  
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.,  
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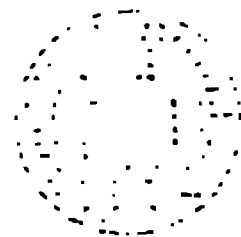
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## INTRODUCTION.

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**T**He Bibliographers—earlier and later — have with less or more completeness and less or more accuracy, recorded the title-pages of the various books of ‘Robert Tofte Gentleman’; but no one has so much as tried apparently to recover aught about himself. Even JOSEPH HUNTER’S vast (literary) Waste-paper Basket, yclept ‘Chorus Vatum,’ yields not a single syllable on him — indeed, strange to say, does not even register his name in any one of its numerous lists of names. An additional vexation in pursuing my researches has been the (relatively) abundant notices in all kinds of topographical and genealogical authorities of unremarkable Tufts and Tofts, and especially of the notorious impostor, the ‘Rabbit-Breeder’ Mary Tofts. Over and over I would hap on the name and expect light; but lo! it was invariably some unsought-for Tuft or Toft or the inevitable Mary Tofts!

By my usual good fortune, I have got at the personality of our Worthy; but alas! little more. As is so frequently the case, a Parish-Register of his death, is the first guiding *item*, as thus :—

Buried at St Andrew’s Holborn  
1648 Jan. 24 Robert Tofte, Gent, out of Widow  
Goodal’s house near Barnard’s Inn.

This entry—which was furnished me by my always-helpful friend Colonel Chester of London — suggested search for his Will; and to my great joy it was almost immediately discovered for me by the same good friend. I have the satisfaction to print it *for the first time*, and *literatim*, as follows (slight punctuation only added) :

In the name of God amen Anno dominj one thowsand six hundred and Eighteene and of March the thirtieth. As man ys mortall, so is his fleshe corrupt, and as Deathe is most sure soe is the lower thereof most vncertayne.

Nothing is here in this worlde but what is transitorie ; onlie the Soule yf yt doth well enioyeth Immortalitie. To prevent therefore the sommons of sodayne Deathe, mans state beyng so tickle, his life so fickle and his End so doubtfull, I nowe purpose by gods grace to dispose of that litle wealthe which god hath blest me withall, before any suche chaunce should happen, that making an end with this worlde I may live in that other to come which hathe no end for ever : Least deferring it from daye to daye I be outtaken of the suddayne with deadlie sicknes and then allthough I be willing yet cannot I doe what fayne I desire and would. And therefore I ordayne and make this my last will and Testament as foloweth Revoking and Disallowing all other Willes whatsoever: ffirst I Robert Toft of London gent beyng well in bodie and sound in mynde (thanckes vnto the highest for the same) bequeath my soule vnto my Savyoure Jesus Xriste and my bodie to be buried where I shall appoynte, affirming my ffaithe and belcife to be suche as is the auncient Catholicke and Apostolicke faith and Creede and suche as the holie fathers, Patriarkes Prophettes Apostles and Martirs did professe, I knowing and acknowledging my selfe to be a most vile and wretched Synner and that thoroughe synne I haue deserved euerlasting deathe. But by the grace and mercy from aboue hope to enioye etearnall life, not beleiving nor once ymmagining to be saved by any Deede or meritt of myne owne (for alas good is none nor godlilie can any one doe of hym selfe but onlie by the passion and precious bloud of oure only Savyoure Jesus Xriste Whoe cam into the worlde to save Repentant Synners, of which number I acknowledge my selfe to be one : And therefore vndoubtedlie perswade my selfe I shalbe saved by his Deathe and that I was borne and predestinated (as beyng his chosen childe) vnto Salvation, and the contrary to this neither the fleshe the worlde nor the Divell hym selfe shalbe able to perswade me, suche and so stronge is my sound faithe in this poynte not vnlyke an vnpregnable rocke which is never to be removed come what tempest storme surge waves or Seas whatsoever : As for that smale estate which god hath bestowed vppon me, as yt came from my freindes so will I bestowe yt where I haue found most truest freindshipp. I houlding yt a matter of conscience not to bequeathe yt vnto my neerest kyndred and some other of myne acquayntannce rather then vppon strangers or on some of my kynnesfolkes whose vundeserved vnkyndenes and ingratitude towards me hath estranged my harte from them : ffirst therefore I giue and bequeathe vnto my young Cosin Thomas Vrrie the sonne of Thomas Vrrie of Thorlie Courte in the Isle of Wighte gentleman ffyve hundred markes of lawfull english money, which my Executor hereafter named shall paye vnto hym beyng of the age of Twentie one yeres : But yf yt fortune that my Cosin M'ris Jane Vrrie the foresaid Childes mother shall survive her husband Then my will is that she her selfe shall haue the benefitt thereof vntill her childe shall come to full yeres, and then to repaye backe agayne the sayed somme of fyve hundred markes vnto hym : And yf the foresayed childe should happen to dye before that tyme (which god forbid) Then my Will is that theise fyve hundred markes shall goe and be vnto my foresayed Cosin his Mother for euer. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto my foresayed young Cosin Thom's Vrrie the yonger, one ffetherbed one Bolster one Downe pillowe and a Tapistrie Coverlet : All w<sup>ch</sup> are nowe in the house and Custodie of Robert



Lamborne flarmer of Trinitie Barton by Winton. Item I giue vnto my foresayed young Cosin Thomas Vrrie one Bason and Ewer of silver and gulte with my Coate or Armes thervppon beyng abowte the valewe of twentie poundes : And yf my Cosin Jane his mother survive hym : Then she to dispose thereof as she shall please. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto my good Aunte M<sup>rs</sup>, Elizabeth Daye widowe twentie poundes : And to her Daughter my foresayed Cosin Jane Vrrie, a casting bottle of silver and gulte and a fyne pillow beere wroughte over with fyne blacke silke and twentie poundes in money. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto my Cosin Mary Daye the nowe widowe of Beniamyn Daye Deceased Twentie poundes : And to my twoe Cosins her Children twentie shillings a peece And to my Cosin M<sup>rs</sup> Margaret Burrishe her sister a Ryng of twentie shillings, praying her to accept of yt in good parte and not to take exceptions herein, considering the meane estate of her Sister Marye in Respecte of her owne : Item I giue vnto my Cosin Margaret Daye wife vnto my Cosin George Daye of West drayton in the Countie of Middlesex gent a litle sweetebagg of Crymson Taffata and an umbrello of perfumed leather with a gould fryndge abowte yt which I broughte out of Italie : Item I giue vnto my litle Cosin John Daye the sonne of my foresayed Cosin George Daye of West drayton twoe hundred poundes in money, one featherbed one Bolster a Downe pillowe a blanket and a duple Coverlett of Arras with the Bedstead Curtaines and vallances belonging to the same : All which stuffe is in my Chaumber at M<sup>rs</sup> Goodhall's house in Holborne. Item I giue vnto Robert Lamborne flarmer of Trinitie Barton flarme by Winton Twentie poundes in money And to Tristram Locke Taylor nowe Dwelling at S<sup>t</sup> Croises by Winton Twentie Nobles. Item I giue vnto Mary Vrrie the daughter of William Vrry of Hill place by Thorlic in the Isle of Wight tenne poundes of money : And to Stephen Strampton of Whippingham in the same Iland yeoman, the somme of fyve poundes. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto Dorothe Popley the daughter of Captaine Oliver Popley Deceased, the somme of one hundred poundes of lawfull Englishe money to be payed to her either at the Daye of her marriage or when she shalbe twentie one yeres old : Provided that the saied hundred poundes be put out to maynetayne her till she be marryed and that she will fulhie cast not her selfe awaye in marriage but have the good Will of my Executor hereafter named abowte her choice. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto the aforesayed Dorothe Popley all suche of my plate as shall haue theise twoe Letters D : and P : vppon the same and halfe of all my Lynnen whatsoever : And the other halfe of my Lynnen, I giue and bequeathe vnto my goddaughter Rebecca Hancock and fyve poundes in money. And so likewise I giue vnto Hester Hancock her Sister fyve poundes more, I say fyve poundes. Item I giue vnto the righte worshippingfull S<sup>t</sup>. Anthony Benn my kynnesman and nowe Recorder of London, a gould Ryng with a turkey stone therein, Desyring hym to weare yt for my sake. And to my Cosin Anna-bella Benn his Daughter a litle frenche Chayne or Bracelett of gould. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto the righte vertuous the Ladie Jane Benn, To myne old cosin M<sup>rs</sup>. Elizabeth Benn widowe, To my Cosin Mary Benn and to her twoe sisters all fyve in number, to each of them a gould Ryng enamiled of an Aungeil price, with this posie engraven : Donum Morientis Amicj. Item I will and

bequeathe ffre poundes to the poore of St Andrewes parishe in Holbourne whereof I will that three poundes of the same be bestowed on the poore of Whites Alley in the same parishe and of the sayed three poundes goodman Mathew or his wife to have threene shillings fower pence yf either of them be then living, and all suchie treasour as I shall then leave, to be bestowed amongst them. Item I give to every servant then being in the house where I shall happen to be five shillings a peece and fortie shillings to that parishe wherein I shall sometime to be buried. Lastlie I give and bequeathe vnto my loving Cousin George Daye the elder of West Stratton in Midd. gent whome I make and approve my sole Executor of this my last will and Testament All my goods Lienes Chancelis Lienes money plate and all what soeuer els is myne excepte what I have before given and is by me alreadie given in this my last will and Testamēt And I approve my Cousin M<sup>r</sup>. Thomas Vrie of Thorlie the elder myne Overseer, vnto whom for his paynes I bequeathe the Somme of ffre poundes. As for my debts, I thincke god they are none, yet are there some poore men that owe me money, but because of theire disability and want I request myne Executor not to demand any thing of them in my name but only of suchie men as are very sufficient to paye and soe honest as I doubte not but that they will be willing to repaie my money kyndelie vnto hym with whose hands (for gods grace) hereafter I will appoint my foresayed Executor, I hartlie charging and requiring hym to paye all the foresayed Legaceys mentioned by me before in this my last will within sixe Monethes at the furthest after my deathe. As for the Charges of my ffuneralls which I wishe to be suche as shalbe fitting for me: I referre vnto my Executor's discretion to whome I shall have authority to discharge the same every waye. And withall (I hope) a kynde testimonye of my love and good will towards hym, I leaving divers thinges unmentioned in this my last will vnto hym amounting vnto a good somme of money. And thus have I prayd and desyring hym to see satisfied and performed theire foresayed Legacys by me bequethed after my deathe and beseeching god to forgive me as I forgive every one in this world, I committ my selfe whollie to his Divine protection and power: And so I end this my last will and Testament the daye and yere above written, I having set my hand and seale therunto in the presence of theise two witneses whose names are vnderwritten. Robert Tofte. Sealed and subscribed in the presence of Jo Hacocke. Thomas Lawren.

*Probatum fuit testamentum suprascriptum apud London coram venerabili viro Th<sup>o</sup> Willmo Hnd milite legum doctore Curie Prerogative Cantuariens' Magistro Custode siue Commissario legitime constituto Tertio die mensis Januarij Anno Domini iuxta cursum et computac'o'em Ecclie Anglicane Millesimo sexcentesimo Decimo Nono Juramento Georgij Daye Executoris in eodem Testamento nominat. Cui comissa fuit Administrac'o' bonorum Jur et Creditorum dicti defuncti de bene et fideliter administrand &c. ad sancta Dei Evangelia Jur.*

There can be no doubt of the identity of our Robert Tofte with the Robert Tofte of the burial register entry, and of the

Will. With reference to the former, it so happens that he dates his *Blazon of Jealousie*, (1615) "From my *lodging* in Holborne," while the latter includes among its names the Day family as relatives, thus explaining how, among the commendatory poems before 'Alba,' there is one signed 'Richard Day,' who was probably a son of William Day, Bishop of Winchester; and so of the Days in the Will, *ut infra*. The incidental mention of one little bequest as brought from Italy likewise tallies with his coming and going thither, and the dating of his several poems from the chief cities of Italy, *e.g.*, Roma, Venice, Florence (Fiorenza), Pisa, Mantoa (Mantua), Padoa, (Padua), Napoli, Sienna, Pesaro.

Of the names that occur in the Will, I have only been able to ascertain these slight *data* — Thomas Urrey (sometimes Urry or Urrie) of Gatcombe, Isle of Wight (son of David Urrey of Thorley, Isle of Wight) married as his second wife Jane, daughter of Thomas Day of Drayton, in the County of Sussex\* — according to the pedigree in Berry's *Hants*, *not* West Drayton, Middlesex, as in the Will — nephew of Bishop Day (there were two brothers, George Day, Bishop of Chichester, who died in 1556, and the already-noted William Day, Bishop of Winchester, who died in 1596). It would thus appear that our Poet's 'aunt' Elizabeth Day was sister of Thomas Day (*ut supra*). She occurs in the Bishop of Winchester's Will.†

\* The Vicar of Thorley (Rev. Abraham Peat, M.A.,) informs me that in his Register is the following entry — "Mr. Thomas Urry Gent: died 25<sup>o</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup>. 1631," and that there is a monumental brass to his memory in the Mortuary Chapel of Thorley.

† The Will of Bishop William Daye is at Somerset House (72 Drake). It is dated 11th September 1596, confirmed 15th September 1596, proved 2nd October 1596. Besides legacies and provision for his wife (no name), and his son William, and daughters Elizabeth, Ridley, Suzanna, Rachell, he leaves to his son Richard (Tofte's commendator and friend) "all his books, save such English books as his son William shall choose," and the residue of his estate between his sons "William and Richard."

SIR ANTHONY BENN, Recorder of Kingston on Thames and subsequently Recorder of London, was a somewhat notable personage in his day. He died 29th September 1618, in his fiftieth year, and was buried on the 30th at Kingston. A monument was there erected by his widow 'Lady Jane' but who she was does not appear. Their daughter Ammabell was baptized at Kingston 3rd September 1607. She became the wife of Francis (Fane) Earl of Westmoreland. "My old cousin Mrs. Elizabeth Benn widow" was no doubt the "Mrs. Elizabeth Benne widow" who was buried at Kingston 20 August 1621. The Will of Sir Anthony Benn gives no clue to his connection with Tofte.\*

It is but a dim glimpse these slender new facts afford us. May they lead to more from fellow-inquirers!

Equally shadowy is our information on what must have been — if his poems are to be credited — a main factor in the life of 'Robert Tofte Gentleman,' to wit, his fruitless love and 'wooing' of that fair lady to whom in his surreptitiously published first volume he gave the name of 'Laura,' and in his self-published one in the same strain, 'Alba,' and in both furnished her real name, married or maiden, as thus in 'Laura' (2nd Part, xxxiii) :

" 'gainst all fense makes mee of CARE and IL,  
More than of good and ComfoRT to have will,"

and so in 'Alba' (p. 70, st. 4) :

" Then constant CARE, not Comfort I do craue,  
And (might I chuse) I CARE with L. would haue."

Super-added to this — as in his Bibliographical Catalogue recorded by Mr. J. Payne Collier — is an apparent localiza-

\* His Will is also at Somerset House (97 Meade). It is dated 26th April 1618, and was proved 28th October 1618. To his wife and mother he leaves "lands, goods, and monies," and to his son Charles, eventually, "all his lands," &c. To his daughter Amabell — remembered by Tofte — he leaves 2,000*l.* at age of seventeen, "and to be guided by her mother in bestowing herself in marriage." In the event of the death of the aforesaid Charles, she was also to inherit the estates, &c.

tion of this 'Carill' or 'Caryll' in Warrington, Lancashire (p. 48, st. 3):

"WAR IN that TOWNE, LOVE Lord like, keepeth flit,  
Yet she (ore him) triumphs with chafteft will."

Three of our best Lancashire antiquaries, after painstaking enquiries and consultation of their full 'Notes' for me, can trace no Careill, Carill or Caryll in either Warrington or Lancashire. The only Caryll of about this period whom we can in any way associate with the part of Lancashire in which Warrington is situated, is Mary Caryll, daughter and coheiress of Sir Thomas Caryll, Knt., of Bentone, in the county of Sussex. She married Sir Richard Molyneux of Sefton, near Liverpool, afterwards Viscount Molyneux, and was mother of Richard, second Viscount, killed in the battle of Worcester, 1651, and of Caryll, third Viscount Molyneux. There is the other difficulty, that while certainly '*Warre in that town*' does seem to point out Warrington, the Poet himself can never have been there or known the district, seeing that he makes the 'Mersey' fall into the 'Trent' — as noticed in our Notes and Illustrations on the place (p. 13, Answer, ll. 2, 4).<sup>\*</sup> As also noted therein, the lady must have been a 'young widow' with a posthumously born child (p. 24, st. 1). It seems clear that she refused her ecstatic lover until the bitter end, and that he died a bachelor, having not loved wisely but too well. The impression left on one is that the Lady held herself for higher than her wooer; but 'played' with him after a womanishly capricious not to say cruel sort. I suspect 'Robert Tofte Gentleman' was — if the vulgarism be allowable — spoony. More self-respecting manhood and less sentimental lack-a-

\* One might imagine the name Mersey to have slipped in by mistake for 'Devon,' a river which really does flow into the Trent, and near which I. M. must have lived. Since the 'Mersey' occurs in each of the two next pages, and must have been habitually in Tofte's mind, it is at least possible that it was here inadvertently written. He designates his 'Alba's' home a 'Northwest Village.' (p. 28, st. 2.)



daisical whining had perchance succeeded better. But more on this onward, in the light of another poem by Tofte.

I would now notice the title-pages of Tofte's successive books :

- (a) LAURA, 1597 — see it *literatim* on page xxvi, onward of this Introduction. (sm. 12mo.)
- (b) ALBA, 1598 — see it *literatim* on page 1 of our present reproduction. (sm. 12mo.)
- (c) Orlando innamorato. The three first Bookes of that famous Noble Gentleman and learned Poet, Mathew Maria Boiardo Earle of Scandiano in Lombardie. Done into English Heroicall verse. By R. T. Gentleman. Parendo impero Imperando pereco. Printed at London by Valentine Sims, dwelling on Adling hil at the signe of the white Swanne. 1598. (sm. 4to.)
- (d) OF MARIAGE AND WIUING. An Excellent, pleasant, and Philosophical Controversie, betweene the two famous Tassi now liuing, the one Hercules the Philosopher, the other, Torquato the Poet. Done into English by R. T. Gentleman. London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Iohn Smythicke, at his shop in Fleet streete near the Temple Gate. 1599. (cr. 8vo.)
- (e) ARIOSTOS SATYRES in seuen famous Discourses, shewing the State, 1. Of the Court and Courtiers. 2. Of Libertie and the Clergie in generall. 3. Of the Romaine Clergie. 4. Of Marriage. 5. Of Soldiers Musitians and Lovers. 6. Of Schoolmasters and Scholers. 7. Of Honour and the happiest Life. In English by Gervis Markham. London Printed by Nicholas Okes for Roger Jackson. 1608. (sm. 4to.)
- (f) HONOURS ACADEMIE. On the famous Pastorall, of the Faire Shepheardesse Ivlietta. A worke admirable, and rare, Sententious and graue: and no

lesse profitable, then pleasant to peruse. Imprinted  
at London by Thomas Creede. 1610. (sm. folio.)

(g) BENEDETTO VARCHI'S, THE BLASON OF IEALOVSIÉ,  
translated into English, with special Notes, by R. T.  
London Printed by T. S. for John Busbie. 1615.  
(sm. 4to.)

Before examining 'Laura' and 'Alba,' it may not be  
deemed superfluous briefly to notice these other books, all  
of which are substantially 'translations' from Italian.

'Orlando Inamorato' is singularly unequal; but shews  
familiarity with the language and dexterity of versification.  
Any one who comes across it, might do worse than 'study' it.  
I found myself ever and anon marking a felicitous image, or  
a resonant Drydenic line and even couplet. I limit my-  
self to the opening and close. These as containing personal  
references to 'Alba' and to one of the Poet's other lady  
friends, BROOKE, are of interest. In the 'Argument' (st. 2, 3)  
we have this:

" Famous Orlando was the Man I meane,  
And faire Angelica that vsde him so,  
These two must be the subiect of my Theame,  
If my deare ALBA so much fauor show,  
Who in her hate to mee is too extreame,  
(Like sea that neuer ebbes, but still doth flow)  
My comfort's this, though high my Thoughts be plac't,  
If I obtaine not, None shall, Shee's so chaste.

And thou faire Brooke, whence springs ech sweet Conceit,  
Where Beautie bides in her perfection,  
Thy Gracious Aspect humblie I entreat,  
(As happy Planet) me to shine vpon,  
Whilst I in Others, of thy selfe repeat,  
Volumes of Praise, due to thee long ago." (p. 2.)

The 'Conclusion' thus runs:

" Faire Shadowe of a Substance passing Faire,  
The Picture of my Mistris Excellence,  
Receiue these lines impolished and bare,  
For vnto thee, and none else are they meant,  
Daine to accept them what so ere they are,  
Since for thy sake, few idle houres I spent:

So cristall-like, still cleare may run thy BROOKE,  
Worthy, on whom all eyes may gaze and looke.

The time may come (ah that t'wold not be long)  
If my dread ALBA, leane in cruell wife,  
My harmlesse heart (ne're stainde for faith) to wrong,  
My Muse now dead, againe to life shall rise,  
Singing anew, Orlando's louely song,  
Through vertue of those Diamond sparkes, her eyes,  
When her and thee, Love's Twins borne of Delight,  
Ile (Herald-like) display, in Coullours right."

Il Disgratiato.

R. T. G.

It would seem that *Orlando Inamorato* preceded *Alba* of the same year (1598), and that *Alba* was the speedy fulfilment of the hope in the line above, "The time may come (ah, that t'wold not be long)." Had I not better things to give from his other writings, I might have been tempted to linger over 'Orlando Inamorato.' It is not so uncommon as the rest of his poems. A copy is in the British Museum—as indeed there are of all save the real rarities of 'Laura' and 'Alba.'

'Of Mariage and Wiuing' is extrinsically interesting, as shewing how Tofte's whole thoughts ran on the same lines, whether he was 'translating' or poetizing for himself. There are 'girds' at woman in the two Tasso tractates that it is manifest gave the Translator a spice of pleasure to make 'speak English,' as thus :

(Friend) marry when thou please, yet shalt thou find  
Thy wife bad alwaies, and but vse her ill  
And she is worfe, but vse her well and kind  
She is worfer then, and so continue will :  
Yet is she good (if she but once would die)  
But better, if she packt before thy selfe,  
But best of all, if she went speedily,  
Leauing behind to thee her hoorded wealth.

What so he be that takes a wife !  
Is sure to take grieve, sorrow, paine and strife.  
What so he be that wants a wife,  
Is sure to want grieve, sorrow, paine and strife.

Man's bodie, goods, his foule and strength,  
His sight, his voice and all,  
Wife destroies, consumes, kills, foyles,  
Blindes, mars, and makes him thrall.

---

To cogge and lie, to whine and crie,  
To prate and neuer blin ;  
To spin and weaue, shift and deceaue,  
These women's dowries bin.

---

A Woman's Sathan's Firebrand hot,  
A stinging Rose corrupt, a poyson sweete,  
Readie to do amisse, though shee's forbid,  
Prone to all ill, but for what's good, vnmeete.

---

Wo vnto thee and double smart,  
If to a wife once yoakt thou art.

Of course the most luscious grapes are sour when the fox  
can't reach them !

'Ariosto's Satyres' bear on their title-page the venerable  
name of Gervas Markham. Ordinarily one would have  
accepted this as final on the authorship of a given book.  
But Tofte, in his Epistle "To the Courteous Reader" prefixed  
to his translation of Varchi's *Blazon of Iealousie*," thus re-  
claims the book for his:—"Courteous Reader, I had thought  
for thy better contentment, to haue inserted (at the end of  
this Booke) the disafterous fall of three noble Romane  
Gentlemen, ouerthrowne thorow IEALOUSIE, in their Loues;  
but, the same was, (with ARIOSTO'S SATYRES translated by  
mee out of Italian into English Verse, and Notes vpon the  
same) Printed without my consent or knowledge, in another  
man's name : so that I might iustly (although not so worthily)  
complaine as Virgil doeth :

Hos ego Verficulos feci tulit alter honores."

All I will say is that Gervas (or Jervis) Markham was a 'fine  
old English gentleman all of the olden time,' and a most  
industrious toiler with a vivid poetical faculty of his own ;  
and I for one will be slow to believe that it was other than  
a Bookseller's trick that placed his popular name on this

title-page — never possibly himself. It so chanced that I have seen no exemplar of the work that contains the story of the 'disasterous fall' mentioned by Tofte as accompanying the 'Satyres.' But a 'story' kin with them is appended — as we shall see — to the *Blazon of Jealousie*. There are good *bits* in these 'seuen famous Discourses,' and the versification is at once facile and faithful, and the 'Notes' matterful.

"Honovrs Academie" I tried valiantly to read; but it beat me. I found it so far from "admirable and rare, sententious and grave, and no lesse profitable than pleasant to peruse," that it early proved tedious and ill put together. The verse especially is cumbrous and unmusical.

The "Blazon of Jealousie" owes nearly its entire *quickness* to-day, to its numerous marginal notes. The original is itself thin and poor, save in occasional gleams; but the 'Notes' must arrest the most cursory Reader. And yet I do not find that our literary authorities know anything about them. Even the Bibliographers, *e.g.*, Collier and Hazlitt, fail to mention them. I have gleaned such as belong to contemporary English literature.

First of all comes the rest of the Epistle "To the Covrteous Reader," with its pleasant praise of Gascoigne and Turberville. As before quoted, he has mentioned his intention to have added "the disasterous fall of three noble Romane Gentlemen," and its suppression for reason given. He then proceeds — "In lieu whereof, I make bold to acquaint thee with another like Subiect, of an English Gentleman, a quondam deare and neare friend of mine, who was so strangely possesst with this Fiend IEALOUSIE, as (not many yeeres since) through a meere fantastique and conceited Suspicion, after hee had long enjoyed the friendship of a fayre Gentlewomen, he (on the sodaine) stroake her off, and vtterly forsooke her, sending her (for her last Farewell) this most bitter and vnkinde LETTER following, vpbraiding her with many extraordinary Courtcsies done vnto her by him :



which she tooke so inwardly at the Heart, as it cost her her best life, and hee had (almost) cast away himselfe, through that rash and strange course hee tooke. A Caveat for all young Gentlewomen to take heed how they settle their affection on such humerous young Youths, as are not well stayed, nor settled in their mindes, remembering this saying :

‘ Too oft ’tis seene, that LOVE, in yong men lyes,  
Not (truely) in their Hearts, but in their Eyes.’

“ As for the Verse, I must confesse tis like the old Venetian Hofe, of an auncient fashon : but thou must consider, that some (though not many) yeeres are past and gone, since this was made : at what time, it was well liked and much sought after. But this nice Age, wherein wee now liue, hath brought more neate and terse Wits, into the World : yet must not old GEORGE GASCOIGNE, and Turberuill, with such others, be altogether reiected, since they first broke the Ice for our quainter Poets that now write, that they might the more safer swimme in the maine Ocean of sweet Poesie : and therefore, all old things must not be cast away, because they may now and then, stand vs in some stead. The world is mutable, and still changeth, and it hath been often seene, that Eue’s worne Kirtle, hath made old Adam a new payre of Breeches. And thus hoping thou wilt shew thy selfe to be of a right gentle spaniel’s kinde, and not proue a snarling Mungrill Mastiffe, I wish no worse vnto thee, then thou dost to thy selfe. R. T.”

In the marginal notes (*ut supra*) there are memorable quotations illustrative of the text. Passing from the commencement onward, these following have struck me as specially worthy of preservation and revival. By help of willing friends I am enabled to place within brackets [ ] nearly all their sources.

(1.) “ As one saith : [George Chapman : Hymnus in Cynthiam, 1594.]

The Minde hath in it selfe a Deitie  
And in the stretchy circle of the eye

All things are compast, all things present still :  
Will fram'd to power doth make vs what we will. (p. 3.)

(2.)

Loue is a Friend, a Foe, a Heauen, a Hell,  
Where Pleasure, Paine, Griefe and Repentance dwell. (p. 3.)

(3.) "whereupon an English Poet, setting downe the difference betwixt Will and Wit, writes: [Sir John Davies, *Nosce Teipsum*: vol. i, p. 78, F. W. Lby. ed.]

Will holds the royall Sceptor in the Soule,  
And o'er the Passions of the Heart doth raigne.  
Wit is the Mind's chiefe Iudge, which doth controule  
Of Fancie's Court, the iudgement false and vaine.  
Will puts in practife what the Wit deuifeth,  
Will euer acts and Wit contemplates still :  
And as in Wit the power of Wisedome riseth,  
All other Vertues, Daughters are to Will. (p. 4.)

(4.) 'Beautie'— "of which subiect the immortal *Muse* of our euer memorable *Spenser* singeth thus: [*Fairy Queen*; B. v, c. 8, st. 1.]

'Nought under heauen,' &c. (*Ibid.*)

(5.) In note p. 6, again notes his translation of Ariosto 'in another man's name.'

(6.) "Of Care one prettily and briefly writes thus :

'Men dye, and humane kinde doth passe away,  
Yet Care, that makes them die, doth euer stay.'

And mine old Acquaintance and Friend, Mr. Henry Cunnestable, hauing set downe this Passion in her right colours, I could not chuse but acquaint the Reader therewith. [*Diana*, Dec. 5. Son. 7; this is one of the Sonnets modern Editors take from Constable.]

'Care, the censuring canker,' &c. (p. 10.)

(7.) "The Fiend Jelousie, a *quondam* kinde Acquaintance of mine, *Mr. Thomas Watson*, paynteth forth very liuely in these Verfes :

'Pale Iealousie childe of insatiate Loue,' &c. (p. 11.)

[This is not Watson's, but is taken from Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 1596, the first form of the Barons' Wars.]

(8.) "Therefore very wittily faith one to this purpose :

'Pleasures, like posting guests, make but small stay,  
Where Griefes bide long and leaue a score to pay.' (p. 16.)

(9.) "who knoweth not, that

'Reports, at randome runne, whilst Truth they misse  
And Hear-say some to a Lyer counted is.' (p. 19.)

(10.) "according to the faying of a certaine graue and wise Gentleman :

'Vntainted Honor (not long life) the treasure is  
Which noble mindes doe hold to be their chiefeft blisse.' (p. 21.)

(11.) "Indeede I am of opinion, that the most worthlesse persons are alwayes most subiect to this infectious Disease of Jealousie, as Mr. George Wither rightly saith : [*Abuses Stript and Whipt*, B. i, Sat. 7.]

' There is none Iealous I durst pawne my life  
But hee that hath defilde another's wife.' (p. 22.)

(12.) "For there [the heart] is her chiefe mansion house according to the opinion of a Gentleman, an acquaintance of mine, who to this effect, writeth thus : [Anonymous in the *Phoenix Nest*, 1593.]

' A seeming Friend, but Enemie to Rest,  
A wrangling Passion, yet a gladsome thought ;  
A bad Companion, yet a welcome Ghest,  
A Knowledge wisht, yet found too soone vnsought ;  
From Heauen suppos'd but (sure) sprung first from Hell,  
Is Iealousie, and there (forlorne) doth dwell.  
From thence shee sends fond Feare, and false suspect,  
To haunt our thoughts, bewitched with mistrust,  
Which breeds in vs the Issue and Effect,  
Both of Conceit and Fiction most uniuert :  
The grieffe, the shame, the smart thereof doth proue  
That Iealousie is Death and Hell to Loue.  
For what but Hell, moues in the iealous Heart  
When restlesse feare workes out all sugred ioyes,  
Which doth both quench and kill that louing part,  
And cloyes the minde, with worfe then knowne annoyes,  
Whose pleasure farre exceeds Hells deepe Extreames  
Such life leades Loue, entangled with Misdeames.' (p. 41.)

(13.) "The worth of Poets & Poetrie, can neuer be sufficiently commended enough, although this Iron age hath nothing more in contempt, which is not the fault of Scholers but of those dull Midasses now liuing, who make so small account of them, and therefore in passing, well said hee that wrote this Distique : [From Drayton's Epistle of the Earl of Surrey to the Lady Geraldine.]

' The man that scorneth Poets, and Art's Schoole,  
Lackes but a long Coate to be Nature's Foole.'

Yet in despiight of these worfe than nasty Iaylors, that keepe such store of wealth in their bard Closets, and secret places, far darker than Lymbo it selfe, for those that deserue it better euery way than themselues (and all which dung-hill muck is nothing but the base Excrements of their stinking Earth) I will set downe here the worke of a Poet (more in value by most than their Idolatrous trash) as that sweet Muse of his (who not vnworthily beareth the name of the cheifest Archangell) [*i.e.*, *Michael* Drayton], singeth after this soule-rauishing manner :

' When Heauen w'd striue to doe the least shee can  
And put an Angell's spirit into a man,  
Then all her powers shee in that worke doth spend  
When shee a Poet to the world doth send ;

The difference onely twixt the God and Vs,  
 Allow'd by them, is but distinguiſh'd thus ;  
 They give them breath, Men by their Power are borne,  
 That life they giue the Poet doth adorne :  
 And for the world, when they diſſolue man's breath,  
 They in the world doe giue Man life in death.' (p. 48.)

(14.) "Therefore I wil be bold to deſcant vpon it thus : [Chapman's *Hero and Leander*, Sest. 3.]

'What is not Loue ? tis all Vertue and Vice,  
 Humble, proud, witty, fooliſh, kinde and nice ;  
 A golden bubble, blowne big with idle Dreames,  
 That waking breakes, and fiſs vs with Extreames.'

Or rather thus :

'Loue backward ſpeld (put I for O) is Evil,  
 Add D before the ſame and tis the Devil.  
 A Devil 'tis and miſchiefe ſuch doth worke  
 As neuer yet did Pagan, Iew, nor Turke.' (p. 50.)

(15.) There is a droll ſtory of a jealous ſwain who killed a ſtranger, with this note. 'I will tell them in their owne natural and mother tongue what our Countreyman young Maſter Wither writes :

(Whoſe pleaſing Satyres neuer ſhall decay  
 But flouriſh greene, like laurell and the Bay.)'  
 "In groſſ ſaythe hee, and vaine for to vpholde,  
 That all reports which Trauellers vnſolde  
 Of forraine Lands, are lyes," &c. (p. 57.)

Besides the delightfully chatty 'Notes' which over-flow into almoſt every margin of every page, there is not a little that is noteworthy in the appended poem entitled — "*The Fruits of Iealouſie*. Contayning the diſaſterous Chance of two Engliſh Louers, ouer-throwne through meere Conceit of Iealouſie: as in the Epistle afore-going to the Reader, you may perceiue more at large." I have a ſhrewd ſuſpicion from the odd *realism* of incident, circumſtance and experience, that ſpite of his guiſing and diſguiſing words about a 'quondam acquaintance,' we really have in this ſingular poem the over-true tale of the upſhot of Toſte's *Love's Labour Lost* in his wooing of Euphemia Carill, *alias* Laura and Alba. The vehement Epistle thus opens :

"Since thou (faſe Dame) doſt force me write,  
 Who doſt my Loue reward with ſpight :

Since thou didst (first) the knot vntye,  
Where Loue (long knit) twixt vs did lie :  
Since (carelesse) thou didst (first) him loose,  
Whom thou (for euer) Friend didst choose ;  
Then thinke not much, although I take  
My Penne in hand defence to make,  
To cleare my felfe from euery Crime,  
Committed by fond Lightnesse thine,  
Although thou make me (wronged) beare  
The *Willow Garland* which I weare."

The 'Willow Garland' is thus worked into each stanza or division. I assume that the following lines are meant to put the Reader off the scent from Laura or Alba by a fictitious lowly parentage. I say 'parentage'; for the word 'Husband' must either have slipped in inadvertently for 'father,' or have been used with another meaning than that of 'spouse.' Had she had a (living) husband she could not have been addressed as she is throughout the poem.

" I then (in prinate) cran'd of thee,  
Thy Husband's Trade and Mistry.  
Thy answere was a Milliner,  
That folde small wares, and smal flight geere :  
Yet open shop not much kept hee,  
But to his Friends folde priuily." (p. 69.)

I will now leave further successive representative-quotations to speak for themselves :

1. " And though I stand in my defence  
And quit my felfe through Innocence ;  
Suppose not yet, this speech I make  
That thou shouldst pittie on mee take ;  
For I disdayne so much thy Change,  
(Though but of late, thou ganne to range)  
That I doe loath to heare from thee  
Much more thy flattering Face to see :  
So much thy dealing I detest,  
That I haue (now) set vp my Rest ;  
Although thou thinking me to grieue  
The Willow-garland dost me giue." (pp. 65-6.)

2. " First when I view'd thy heauenly Face,  
Thy seemly Stature, gallant Grace,

Thy Haire like curled wyre of Gold,  
 Thine Eyes like Starres in Winter cold,  
 Thy milky Necke, thy comely Nose,  
 Thy Colour, Lilly mixt with Rose,  
 Thy Shoulders slender, and yet strong,  
 Thy supple Hand, and Fingers long,  
 Thy straight cleane Legge, thy pretty Foote,  
 Like to the noble Cedar roote ;  
     I thought not once then in my minde  
     The *Willow Garland* for to finde." (p. 67.)

3. " The Melancholy vaine then best  
 Did mee content of all the rest ;  
 Oft in that Humor walk't I lone,  
 Which bred me mirth, yet made me moane ;  
 It brought me ioy, yet made me fad,  
 It bred me woe, yet made me glad :  
 Oh how it did me, mickell good,  
 To chew vpon that solemne cud,  
 In vncouth places, where did grow  
 The palish Willowes, all a-row :  
     Full little thinking in that stound  
     With *Willow Garland* to be crown'd." (p. 70.)

4. " How oft in filed Prose and Verse  
 Did I thy worth'lesse praise rehearse !  
 I famous made thee first of all,  
 When countenance thine god knowes was small :  
 And by such toyes as I had pend  
 Each one thy person did commend. (p. 71.)

I intercalate that 'Toyes' is the sub-title of 'Laura' (1597). There follow queer *bits* on 'bankets,' including purchase of a gift of a pound of cherries that cost him £5 ! He also plays on his pet name of 'Robin Red Brest'—

5. " So didst thou sweare thou wouldst be fed,  
 With Birds, such as, whose brests be *Red* ;  
 In secret thou to me didst tell,  
 They 'greed with thee in stomacke well :  
 Thou saidst, their flesh was tender, white,  
 And in digestion they were light,  
 That thou didst like and loue them best,  
 And didst preferre them, 'fore the rest,  
 Thou saidst that thee no Fowle did please,  
 Nor Princely Dish, so well as these :

And wisht that they might neuer feed  
On *Willow-Garland's* bitter feed. (p. 74.)

6. " Yet th' appetite so bad now is  
As thou must take another Dish ;  
Too long thou hast on ROBBINS fed,  
Now loathsome are those Birds so RED :  
A PIG forfooth, now eat thou must  
Els loft will be thy wanton lust,  
Indeed, meat fit for such as thou,  
Thou feedst on thine owne kinde as now ;  
On such like stuffe still mayst thou seede  
That still dost wauer as a Reede,  
And mak'ft me weare with grieve of minde,  
The *Willow-garland* most vnkinde." (p. 75.)

He will go on the 'Indian Voyage to the Golden Country'  
— visions of which Raleigh had flashed before Englishmen.

7. " My Country England, fare thou well,  
And louely F. where I did dwell :  
Deare Mother, I you bid Adiew,  
Full little thinke you what Ile doe,  
Full little thinke you what your Sonne,  
Through youthfull Folly now hath done :  
My sisters sweet, my Brethren all,  
I wish you well, fayre yee befall :  
My Friends and Quaintance euery one,  
Adieu to you, I must be gone ;  
My Ship from others you may know,  
The *Willow-garland* it doth shew." (p. 84.)

Of a fierce tirade or 'flyting' this is the close :

8. " Be thou a Lazer foule in fight,  
To clap thy Dish as *Cressid* light ;  
And oh, maist thou leade such a life,  
As whilome did SHORE's wretched Wife,  
Or end thy dayes like ROSAMOND,  
Who (burst with poyson) dead was found :  
Or worser death, if worse may be,  
With shame and grieve foone light on thee,  
And since to pray I now am bound,  
A P—— of God thee (straight) confound,  
And all such Flirts, as make men proue  
The *Willow-garland* for their Loue." (p. 86.)

I have wholly over-passed a not very decent adventure wherein the 'Lady' was rescued from drowning, One odd word occurs twice, 'Dnabfuh,' as apparently=servant. The whole 'burden' of this 'disasterous Chance' seems to me to point to Tofte himself, as illustrating another Poet's saying :

"Love when injured turns to Hatred  
And when ill-requited starts to Vengeance."

The revulsion would be all the greater that in the beginning he had been passionately, rapturously trustful, or as he himself puts it (using the noticeable word 'Feature' for person) :

"Thy Feature sweet made me suppose  
Thou meand'ft but truth and couldst not glose." (p. 82.)

I have the more willingly quoted fully from the 'Frutes of Iealoufie,' as it appears to have wholly escaped the attention of our literary authorities—as so sorrowfully much does.

We must now turn to the first of our Worthy's productions, viz., his *Laura*, which intrinsically is notable, while from its relation to our reproduction, viz., *Alba*, it was of vital importance that I should be able to give an account of and quotations from it. By the usual prompt kindness of Sir CHARLES E. ISHAM, Bart., of Lamport Hall, near Northampton—scene of Mr. Charles Edmonds' remarkable 'Find' of unique and extremely rare Elizabethan-Jacobean books—I was at once put in possession of his exemplar of it. Only another is known—at Britwell.\* I had no desire to reproduce 'Laura' completely for three reasons, (a) That as the postscript by the Author's friend in his absence attests,

\* Curiously enough, this second copy ought to have been in the Bodleian. It was bought for it; but somehow the (then) Librarian, Dr. Bandinell, appears to have taken it home with him for collation or other purpose, and forgotten about it, and so it was included (unfortunately) in the Sale of his Library, at which it fetched 29*l.* 10*s.* It had been, I am informed, duly entered among the additions to the Bodleian in the year of its purchase.



"more than thirtie" of the (so called) "Sonnets" are not Tofte's, but "intermixt with his." (b) The quality, as a whole, is greatly inferior to *Alba*. (c) I believe it will be included *in extenso* in Mr. Charles Edmonds' Isham Reprints. *En passant*, Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER (*Bibl. Catal.*) supposes that the initials 'R. B.' appended to this postscript Epistle represent RICHARD BARNFEILDE. I cannot for a moment agree with him; much less that he (Barnfeilde) was the author of the "more than thirtie Sonnets intermixt" with the others. The Poet of the 'Ode' had a far higher inspiration than anything in 'Laura' or 'Alba.'

I have now to present my Readers with all that I have myself found after three critical readings in 'Laura,' worth recalling to the light of our modern day. I begin with the title-page and Epistles, and so on to the closing post-script Epistle (*ut supra*). I have studiously selected such of the Sonnets (so called) as must have been Tofte's from their direct celebration of his lady-love 'Laura.' There are little incidents of their intercourse, meetings and partings, giving and taking of love-gifts, that are biographically of human interest. Here and there will be found an opaline gleam of felicitous image or conceit, and also a true bird-note out of the greenwood. He is extremely ingenious and quaint in turning the most unexpected accident of circumstance to account in enforcing his 'wooing.' I have placed below slight 'notes' on a few of the words and allusions. The Reader may rest assured that nothing of any memorableness has escaped me. And so we proceed, with only this further preliminary word, that 'Laura' is shewn to have been identical with 'Alba' in *Alba* itself, *e.g.*:

"Like *Patrark chajie* of *Laura coy* I plaine  
Of whom I (never yet) could *Faunour* gaine." (p. 102, st. 4.)

LAVRA  
The Toyes of a Traueller.  
OR.

The Feast of Fancie.

*Diuided into three  
Parts.*

By R. T. Gentleman.

*Poca fauilla gran fiamma se-  
conda.*



LONDON,  
Printed by *Valentine Sims.*  
1597.

The Epistle Dedicatorie. (A 2 A 3, 3 pp.)



To the no lesse vertuous, *than faire, the honourable Ladie*  
Lucie, sister to the thrice renowned and noble Lord, Henry  
Earle of *Northumberland, &c.*

Good Madam, I make bold to present vnto you a few Toyes of mine owne trauell, most parte conceiued in Italie, and some of them brought soorth in England: by which my imperfections, you may see (as in a liuely Mirror) your owne perfections; and by the follies of my rechlesse youth, behold plainly the virtues of your flowring age, hoping your Ladiship wil keep them as priuately, as I send them vnto you most willingly; neither doubt I at all, but that your excellent spirit will iudge graciously of this my bare, yet bounden Conceit, and to accept the same (as a mean at ydle times) to driue away that selfe-pleasing, yet ill-easing humour of neuer glad melancholie: which spitefull Fortune (seeking, though in vaine, most iniuriously to insult ouer you) laboureth by all

meanes possible to inflict vpon you, the vertuous behauiour of your selfe being such, as euen in the midst of all your crosses, you crosse her designs with an invincible hart, and with your honorable carriage carrie her with all her deuises as a slaue to follow you, in al your generous and thrice noble actions, maugre the intricate Laborinth of so manie and infinite troubles allotted (most vnworthely) vnto you, by the inerreuocable doome of your too partiall and flintie Destinie. All which notwithstanding, you beare and ore-bear with a most resolute staiednes & a resolued courage of a right PERCIE, and of a minde A per fe. But additions breed suspitions, and faire words (for the most part) are counted the blazons of flatterie ; wherefore I will leaue to the temperate iudgement of the wise, and to the vncorrupt censure of the worthier sort, your heroi-cal & vndaunted mind, and the integritie and neuer staine proceedings of your spotlesse selfe. Onely this with submission wil I say, that if the riches of the ground is knowne by the Corne, the daintinesse of the Water by the sweetnesse of the fish, and the goodnesse of the tree by the rarenesse of the fruite ; then may euerie man giue a gesse of the internall habit & excelent qualities of your inward minde, by the outward behauior and apparant semblance of your exceeding chast and more than admirable demeanor in euerie respect. And thus, hoping your Honour will as debonairly accept of these trifles, as I dutifully bequeath them vnto you, and with the Sun-shining fauour of your gracious aspect deign to read these few lines : craving both priuiledge and pardon for all such faults and defects as shal happen to be discouered in the same ; I humbly deuote my selfe vnto your Lordship's thrice vertuous and immaculate disposition and commaund whatsoener. Who am

Bound as a vassal to doo  
homage vnto the same  
for euer.

R. T.

To the Reader. (A 3 *verso* and A 4, 2 pp.)

To the gentle, and Gentlemen Readers whatsoener.

Gentlemen ; as the Fencer first maketh a flourish with his weapon, before he commeth to stroakes, in playing his prize : So I thought good (*pro forma* onely) to vse these few lines vnto you before you come to the pith of the matter. What the Gentleman was that wrote these Verses, I know not ; and what she is for whom they are deuised, I cannot ghesse : but thus much I can say, that as they came into the hands of a friend of mine by mere fortune ; so hapned I vpon them by as great a chaunce. Onely in this I must confesse we are both too blame, that whereas he hauing promised to keepe priuate the originall, and I the copie, secret : we both haue cōsented to send it abroad, as common : presuming chiefly vpon your accustomed curtesies ; assuring our selues if we may haue your protections, wee shal thinke our selues as safe as Vlysses did, when hee was shadowed vnder the shielde of Pallas against furious Ajax ; so we by your cōtenances, shal be sufficiently furnished to encounter against any foule-mouthed Iackes whatsoener. To censure of this worke, is for better wittes than mine owne ; and it is for Poets, not for Printers, to giue iudgement of this

When I was young, and full of love,  
I used to sing, and dance, and play,  
And when I was sad, and full of grief,  
I used to sing, and dance, and play,  
And when I was old, and full of years,  
I used to sing, and dance, and play,  
And when I was dead, and full of dust,  
I used to sing, and dance, and play.

THE SONGS  
OF THE  
SWEET  
SWEET  
SWEET

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And when I was sad, and full of grief,  
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And when I was old, and full of years,  
I used to sing, and dance, and play,  
And when I was dead, and full of dust,  
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I used to sing, and dance, and play,  
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I used to sing, and dance, and play.

When I was young, and full of love,  
I used to sing, and dance, and play,  
And when I was sad, and full of grief,  
I used to sing, and dance, and play,  
And when I was old, and full of years,  
I used to sing, and dance, and play,  
And when I was dead, and full of dust,  
I used to sing, and dance, and play.

For many years they were friends mine,  
And now they are no more;  
The world is full of sorrow,  
And the heart is full of pain;  
The world is full of sorrow,  
And the heart is full of pain;  
The world is full of sorrow,  
And the heart is full of pain.

Then doubt not, though parted we remain,  
In England thou, and I in Italy:  
As I did part, I will return again,  
Loyal to thee, or else with shame lie dye.  
True Lovers when they traualle Countreyes strange,  
The aire, and not their constant mindes doo change.

*Caelum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt*  
*Affettionatissimo seruid. della*  
*diuina Bellezza sua.*

R. T.

From 'The First Part.'

I.

Fortune (cros frend to euer-cōquering Loue)  
 Our bodies (Ladie) hath deuided farre,  
 But yet our cōstant minds she cannot moue,  
 Which ouer strong for her deuifes are :  
     Woe's me, in *England* thou dost bide, & I  
     (Scarfe shadow of my selfe) in *Italy*.  
 But let her doo her worst, and what is frail  
 And mortall seeke to seperate and vndoo,  
 Yet what immortall is, she neuer shall :  
 A string too high for her to reach vntoo.  
     In spite of enuious feeds (by Malice fowne)  
     My hart shall ay be thine, and mine thine owne.  
*Padoa.*

II.

Though I doo part, my Hart yet dooth not part ;  
 My poore afflicted bodie parts in twaine,  
 And doth in peeces two deuide my Hart :  
 One peece my fainting spirit doth sustaine,  
 The other part I leane with thee behinde,  
 (The better part, and of my hart most deere)  
 Then to that part so parted, be thou kinde,  
 And to the same impart thy louing cheere :  
     That I (returning) may again vnite  
     This parted Hart, and finde for griefe, delight.  
*London.*

III.

Like to the blacksome night I may compare  
 My Mistres gowne, when darknes playes his prise :  
 But her sweet face, like to the Sunne most faire,  
 When he in glory ginneth to arise.  
     Yet this no whit the other doth disgrace,  
     But rather dableth Bewtie in the place.  
 Contraries like to these set opposite,  
 So daintie and so pleasing in their show  
 To lookers on, doo breed no small delight,  
 And pleasure great thereby to them doth grow.  
     Oh wonder strange, oh solace sweete to see,  
     In one selfe subiect Night and Day to bee.

X.

If (*Lamva*) thou dost burne gainst me in hate,  
 Then me such buffes sweete why dost thou giue ?

*Introduction.*

Why checkst thou not the Cheeks which giue the mate,  
 (The vitall cause whereby I breathe and liue)?  
 Perhaps it is, because through too much ioy  
 (As in sweete fwound) I might away depart :  
 If so thou doo, and thinke me so to noy ;  
 Kisse hardly, and with kissing breed my smart.  
     Content am I to loose this life of mine,  
     Whilst I doo kisse that louely lip of thine.

## XV.

Thou stranger who with wandring steps dost wend,  
 Thy gazing eyes turne quickly vnto mee :  
 And too my speech with listning eare attend,  
 In whom foure Elements vnited bee.

    Marke well, and as a wonder tell the same  
     Of *Cupid's* force, poore Louers' *Tamburlane*.  
 First this my body's earth, and earth most cold,  
 The fire within my hart in couert lyes,  
 The aire's my sighes, mine eyes doo waters hold :  
 Thus for my Saint he doth me marterize.  
     Earth is my bodie, strange seemes not this fame?  
     The aire my sighes, eyes water, hart the flame.

## XVII.

Rockt in a cradle (like as Infants bee)  
 When I was yong, a little wanton childe,  
 Two daintie dugs did nourish life in mee,  
 Whilst oft on them with teate in mouth I smilde :  
     Ah happie I, thrice happy might I say,  
     Whilst in that harmlesse state I then did stay.  
 But now that I am come to man's estate,  
 Such dugs as nurst me in delight and ioy  
 Doo seeke my death, by poysonous sugred bait,  
 Whose sight without possession breeds me noy.  
     So what in childhood caused me to liue,  
     Now in my youth doth death vnto me giue.

## XXII.

If in the midst of kindled burning fire  
 That worthy *Romane* burnt his valiant hand,  
 I like an other *Mutius* in desire,  
 Haue scorcht my fist likewise through Loue's command  
 In freshest moysture, where my Ladie sweet,  
 Her lily hands for coolnes diued oft.  
 But though desire betweene vs was alike,  
 Yet was the matter diuers which we fought,  
     He chose to burne his hand with courage bold  
     In flaming fire, and I in water cold.

## XXV.

White was the orient pearle, which on a day  
That hand me gaue, which scornes the proud compare  
Of purest white, and beares the palme away,  
As of all pearly faires the orientst faire :  
    And whilst she offred vnto mee the fame,  
    I knew not which the pearle was of the twaine.  
So white the hand was of my peerlesse Pearle,  
As it did dazle with delight mine eyes,  
And pearle seem'd to me, giuing me the pearle :  
Which made me sighing say (in whispring wise)  
    Ah why once may I not so happie bee  
    This Pearle to haue, which th'other giues to mee.

## XXIX.

As burnisht gold such are my Soueraigne's heares ;  
A brace of starres diuine, her blackish eyes,  
Like to the fairest black the Rauens beares,  
Or fairer, if you fairer can deuise :  
    So likewise faire's the beautie of her breasts,  
    Where pleasure lurkes, where ioy still dallying rests.  
This *Venus* bower, you rightly may compare  
To whitest snow that ere from heauen fell,  
Or to the mynes of alabastr faire :  
(Woe's mee, tis sweete to sleepe in Cupid's cell)  
    Whilst he the hart makes surfet with delight  
    Through golden haire, black eyes, & brest most white.

## XXX.

Vnto thy fauour (which when Nature formd,  
She went beyond her selfe with cunning hand)  
I may compare what is in world adorn'd  
With beautie most, and with most grace doth stand :  
But euerie mortall whitenes nere so white,  
The yuorie white of thy white hand exceeds.  
So that my Soule (which doth faire whitenes like)  
Rests on faire whitenes, and on whitenes feeds :  
    For this is thought and hoped of from thee,  
    White as thy hands, so white thy faith shalbee.

## XXXVI.

Sweet sung thy Bird in Ebon cage shut fast,  
And did delight thy daintie eares so much,  
As thou vouch-safdst to giue him meate at last,  
And gently didst his fethers stroke and tuch :  
So Ladie, I likewise in th' Ebonie  
Of thy bright eyes am prisoner, and doe sing

Thy Beautie's praise ; and yet not fed am I  
 By thee, yet liue through thee : a wondrous thing.  
     Loue to my hart thy Beautie doth supplie  
     For food, which els (throghe famine starud) would die.

## XXXVII.

If white's the Moone, thou *Laura* seemst as white,  
 And white's the gowne which you on bodie weare ;  
 And if her whitely hornes in calmie night  
 She smoothly glyding shoves to vs most cleare :  
     You in the day time more and brighter farre,  
     Your Beautie shoue like bright *Aurora's* starre.  
 Like brightnes both of you abroad doe cast,  
 Though not effect alike *per accidens* ;  
 You shine, she shines, your powers eternall last :  
 But yet betweene you is great difference,  
     Her brightnes freezeth, causing deadly cold,  
     Your's doth enflame, and liuely fire doth hold.

## XXXVIII.

Euen as the lampe goeth out that oyle doth want,  
 Or as the Sunne doth fall in th' occident,  
 So did my hart within me gin to pant,  
 My vitall spirites away by little went :  
 When (taking on me pittie) graciously  
 My Mistres hem of garment trailing downe  
 Toucht mee, and mee reuiued suddenly :  
 Then of such vertue be within her gowne,  
     Imagin what doth stay her corps within,  
     Which who seeth, through sweetnes needs must fin.

## The Conclusion of the first Part.

The Macedonian Monarch once did deigne  
 (In cheerful fort, in kind and louing wise)  
 To feast in Village with a homely Swaine,  
 Who entertained him (as is countrey guise)  
     With curds and creame, and such like knasques\* he had :  
     Whereof the curteous Prince accepted glad.

So Ladie, boldly I presumed haue  
 To enuite you to a soerie Banquet bafe :  
 Nor to disdaine the fame of you I craue,  
 Though cates too course for you, too poore the place.  
     I cannot (as I would) giue curds and creame,  
     But milke and whey, my fortune is so meane.

\* = knacks, niceties.



Yet if you shall accept it graciously,  
And with your Fauour sweet this Bourd adorne,  
The vertue which is in you, presently  
The whey to curds, and milke to creame shall turne :  
But if your looke you angrie turne away,  
The milke shall still be milke, the whay still whay.

Then as the Sunne in glorious wise doth shine  
As well on valley low as mountaine hie,  
Vouchsafe one cheerefull glimse of fauour thine  
On pouer mee, from out that heauenly eye :  
Vnworthie I such grace (I doo confesse)  
Yet worthie thou to doo so, nerthelesse.

R. T.

From 'the second part.'

## I.

If I somewhile looke vp into the skies,  
I see (faire Lady) that same cheerefull light  
Which like to you doth shine, in glorious wise :  
And if on th' earth I chance to cast my sight,  
The mooueleffe Centre firme to me doth show,  
The hardnesse which within your hart doth grow.  
If seas I view, the flowing waues most plaine  
Your fickle faith do represent to mee :  
So as I still behold you to my paine,  
When as the skies, or th' earth, or seas I see :  
For in your seemely selfe doth plaine appeare,  
Like faith, like hardness, and like brightnes cleare.

## II.

Maruel I do not, though thou dost not see  
My griefes and martires,\* which I still sustaine,  
For thou the Mole of loue dost seeme to me ;  
But if a Mole, th' art onely to my paine.  
How comes it then that seeing thou art blinde,  
Thou me consumst, as if thou hadst thy sight ?  
Why, as thy nature by instinct doth bind  
Stayest not below ? packe hence, and leaue this light,  
Either those eies stil shut, not me to grieue,  
Or vnder ground, in darknes alwayes liue.

## X.

My mourning mistresse garments blacke doth beare,  
And I in blacke like her attired am :

\* = tortures or sufferings ; Italian, martiri, Fr., martyres.

Yet diuers is the cause why blacke we weare,  
 She for another's death doth shew the fame :  
 I for another reason beare this sute,  
 Onely to shew by this my outwarde weede  
 Mine inward grieve, although my tongue be mute,  
 Of tender heart which deadly sighes doth bleede.  
     Thrice happy I, if (as in habite we  
     Are both in one) our mindes both one might be.

## XI.

If April fresh, doth kindly giue vs flowers  
 September yeeldes with more increase the frute :  
 (Sweetest) you haue in bosome (Beautie's Bowers)  
 Both these sweete tides, whence forth they alwayes shute  
     Both flower and fruite alonely you alone  
     Can giue me when you please, or else can none.  
 Oh dainty bosome, bosome rich in prise,  
 Surmounting mountaines huge of beaten gold :  
 Whose whitenes braues\* the whitest snow that lies  
 On highest hilles, whose height none can behold :  
     In you my foule doth hope without annoy,  
     Both spring and haruest, one day to enioy.

*Roma.*

## XII.

Drawne (cunning Painter) hast thou with great Arte,  
 The shadow of my louely *Laura* faire ;  
 Which obiekt sweet not smally ioyes my hart ;  
 But little didst thou thinke, nor wast thou ware,  
 That where thou thoughtst my fancie for to please,  
 Effect contrary sortes to my Desire,  
 So that it breedes in bodle mine, vnease  
 And (fenslesse) burnes my hart with feeling fire :  
     Oh strange successe, what made was for Content,  
     Doth most displease, and (liuelesse) doth torment.

## XIII.

When first the cruell Faire deign'd graciously  
 To looke on mee with kinde and courteous view,  
 And cast on mee a louely glauncing eye,  
 She knew not that I was her seruant trew :  
     But she no sooner ware was of the same  
     But that she turnd her backe with great disdaine.  
 So as the wound I (then) clofe bare in brest,  
 I (now) through grieve, shew outward in my face :

\* = vies with.

But if that she by whom I wounded rest,  
Liues in compafsion cold toward me sanz grace :  
    Hard harted is she, cruell was she to her frend,  
    And wicked shalbe world withouten end.

## XV.

The duskie clowde in skie (with shadow darke)  
Doth couer oft the Sunne's most cleereft light,  
So as his beames we cannot see nor marke,  
And he himselfe doth play at least in light :  
    Ah were I such a clowd on earth to couer  
    My sweetest Sunne, as doth that clowd the other.  
But if that clowd doo vanish soone away,  
And dooth as momentarie passe and vade ;  
Eternall would I bee, to hide her ay,  
And of a harder mixture would be made.  
    Oh happie I, oh fortunate Eclips,  
    With kising so to darken those faire lips.

## XVI.

From milke of *Iuno* (as the Poets faine)  
The Lilly had his whitenes, passing white,  
And from *Adonis* blood (that louely Swaine)  
The Rose his colour red, which doth delight.  
Thou (pretie Soule) hast both the colours rare  
Of these sweet flowers, which others all exceed ;  
Thy Brest's a bed of beauteous Lillies faire,  
Thy daintie cheekes pure damask Roses breed.  
    O frutefull Garden flowring, where appeare  
    The Rose and Lilly, at all times of yeare.

## XX.

Rich is the Diamond, a iemme of prise  
Yet such the nature strange is of the same,  
That who the powder thereof drinkes, straight dies,  
And as (if poyson twere) doth take his bane :  
So thou another precious iewell art,  
In name and nature not vnmuch alike,  
Since death thou giu'st vnto the louing hart ;  
If but a kisse one suckes from thee most sweete,  
    Whilst he doth swallow downe this sugred baite,  
    The ioy's so great, it kills him through concaite.

## XXI.

The *Grecians* vsde to offer vp their haire  
Vnto their Riuers, whom they did esteeme

As mightie Gods, and them great honor bare,  
 As if no vertue small in them had been :  
     Doo thou the like (sweet *Laura*) vnto mee,  
     Who for my loue deserue a greater fee.  
 Thy golden tresses on me doo bestow,  
 Who hold whole Riuers flowing in mine eyes :  
 Yet would not I thou off shouldst cut them tho.  
 Dooft muse, and aske how this thou maist deuise?  
     He tell thee : Giue thy selfe to mee for mine,  
     So shalt thou giue vncut thy tresses fine.

## XXII.

One louely glaunce which from the eyes did passe  
 Of Ladie mine, hath changd my gentle hart  
 From hardest Diamond to brittle glasse :  
 And now againe (vnto my bitter smart  
 Through dreadfull frowne) she turnes it suddenly  
 As twas before, from glasse to Diamond.  
 So if she will she may, (and presently  
 As likes her) change me, who to her am bound :  
     If cruell shee, my hart is hard to breake :  
     If pittifull, tis gentle, brittle, weake.

## XXVIII.

The Crow makes war with the Cameleon,  
 And being hurt to th' Laurell straight doth flie,  
 And through the frute he findeth thereupon  
 Is heald of hurt, findes food, and liues thereby.  
 Loue the Cameleon is, the Crow am I,  
 And battell wage with him vnto the death :  
 He wounds me deadly, whereupon I hie  
 To thee (my *Laurell*) to restore my breath.  
     Thou me reuiu'st, such vertue's in thee rife,  
     As thou at once doost giue me food and life.

## XXXIII.

If loue (wherein I burne) were but a fire,  
 I quencht it had with water of my teares ;  
 If water, these my plaints, I this Desire  
 Had dryde through inward heate, my hart that taints :  
     But Loue that in my griefes doth take delight,  
     Both fire and water turnes to worke mee spite.  
 Flie then this Loue, since such is his great power,  
 As waues to fire, and fire to waues he turnes,  
 And with an absent Beautie euerie hower,  
 My fainting hart with Fancie's fuell burnes,

And gainst all sense makes mee of CARE and IL,  
More then of good and Comfort to haue will.

## XXXIII.

Riuers vnto the Sea doo tribute pay :  
A most vnconstant moouing Sea art thou,  
And I within mine eyes (bedeawed ay)  
A Riuer hold of bitter teares as now.  
Receiue then from these moystned cheekes of mine  
Into thy lap the water I soorth powre,  
Of dutie mine and of thy Debt a signe :  
And mixt together with my sweet thy fowre,  
So shall the water to the water bee  
More precious, and the Sea more rich to th' Sea.

## XXXV.

Such is the vertue of the Sunnie heate  
As seazing on the cockle shell, which lies  
On seaish\* shore, whereon his beames doo beate  
It makes it brightly shine, in orient wise :  
So that through secret power of radiant Sunne,  
Of worthlesse shell, a Pearle it doth become.  
So Ladie, you through force of Beautie's power,  
If you shall deigne to glaunce on me your eye,  
And raine with grace on me a smiling shower,  
A Iewell rich you make me by and by :  
And if no Pearle, at least a precious Stone ;  
This (onely) can you doo, or els can none.

## The Conclusion of the second Part.

This is the second Courfe now serued in,  
A Courfe too courfe for such a daintie Dame ;  
Yet (Ladie) though the cheere be bad and thin,  
Because it comes of Zeale, accept the same :  
And though not worthy of your grace it bee,  
Yet make it gracious through your curteisie.  
Great sumptuous Feasts the stomacke doth dislike,  
Which oft in bodie dangerous surfets breed :  
Where dishes few reuiue our sense and spright,  
And Nature's pleas'd on little for to feed.  
This as a sawce (your appetite to moue)  
Accept, where meate's the HaRT, where Cooke is Loue.

Nor thinke the worfe, though I haue spun a thread  
So fine (I meane your praise) I cannot mend,

\* Probably a word of Tofte's own coinage.

Since tis a worke to ground<sup>o</sup> the wisest Head,  
 And marre I should this loome, the Cloth not mend :  
 So Venus matchlesse shape Apelles drew,  
 But how to finish it he never knew.  
 Farre more's my minde, then is my soyle's might,  
 My penne for thy picture is too weake :  
 The Sunne is onely for the Eagle's fight,  
 My strength's too small, this hardned yoe to breake.  
 Not painted scorne I thee have shadowed here :  
 This taske's for such as have in skill no peere.  
 R. T.

From 'The Third Part.'

### III.

The fanning Yench is shadow of the light)  
 For not by Indian hand, doth colour change,  
 And blacke becomes, which seemed before most bright :  
 Not if it shew is more meruaile strange :  
 So was I long a fiery fire of love,  
 The heart wherof my Poete oft did prove.  
 But I at last by me who moved my woe!  
 Remembrance was, by Firmin Disdain :  
 That if my former blacke in face doe show,  
 I am not much to wonder at the same,  
 Since it is Signe thy part to know the whole)  
 That I now make me a Fire, Disdain a Cole.

### VII.

When she was downe, he came with smiling eye  
 Laughing at the world, a signe of glorie ;  
 When I was downe, he was quite contrary)  
 Laughing : came not the world to see.  
 Thou makest this wonder strange : what Nature gave  
 From not to it, but this which kept we have.  
 She is up at her best, shee take great joy,  
 I thought her laughing shee, and laughing now,  
 I wote that I see as thou seest this now)  
 Shee was once wretched, thou is not  
 As she is change her laughter into paine,  
 And my complaints into her joy againe.

### VIII.

In I see his Kingdome great, two Fooles there bee :  
 My selfe's one, my selfe the other am :  
 The first behaviour of both which to see,

\* . . . . . to the ground (cf. to gravel, and the Italian *altare*).

Who is her truly mistress, will see the same  
 Forth her thoughts are, forth her desire,  
 Forth her heart is, forth her love is true,  
 Forth her heart is, forth her love is true,  
 But what? Forth her heart is, forth her love is true,  
 Forth her heart is, forth her love is true,  
 More true than others, at least names.

*XV*

Joy of my heart, my innocent eyes shall see  
 Content of heart, right Mercies of mine,  
 Fair heart, fair heart, right Mercies of mine,  
 Pure innocence of heart, right Mercies of mine,  
 When shall I see what heart, right Mercies of mine,  
 And see the eyes of mine, right Mercies of mine,  
 When shall I see what heart, right Mercies of mine,  
 Do come, but I shall see mine, right Mercies of mine,  
 At last, but I shall see mine, right Mercies of mine,  
 But mine, through grace, the same Mercies of mine.

*XVI*

Patience, in heart, right Mercies of mine,  
 Don't ask how that may right Mercies of mine,  
 He tell thee, if thou shalt see mine, right Mercies of mine,  
 My Love, and then I shall see mine, right Mercies of mine,  
 Food men do not believe? or think I see?  
 If doubtful thou remain, then leave the rest,  
 Make her but well, and thou shalt see mine,  
 See right Mercies, which coming from her eyes,  
 Makes her to look with more Mercies of mine,  
 Then if thou see it in so plain a guise,  
 Straight shadow her: for this one Counterfeit  
 Of her and of Mercies shall show the shape.

*XVII*

With gold and rubies girdeth her small head:  
 But if you match them with her Eyes or hair,  
 They seeme withouten brightness [for] to stand,  
 The other have such lively colours faire.  
 O worthy Beatie, peerlesse A PER SE,  
 To whom all other Beaties are most vile.  
 O fairnes such, as fairer none can be,  
 Thou Grace it selfe of graciousnes doost spoye.  
 With Rubies, thou right Rubies doost disgrace,  
 With Gold bright Gold thou staineest in his place.

*XIX*

That Ivorie hand a Fanne most white doth hold,  
 And to the milkie Brest blowes winde apace:

(And yet is full of chilly yce most cold)  
 Disgrace to others, to her selfe a grace.  
 But I who wistly marke these whitenes three,  
 Vouchsafe (sweet loue) this boone to graunt to mee.  
 Distill within the rouling of mine eyes  
 (By vertue of thy power) such hidden flame :  
 And let it tempred be in such strange wise,  
 That I as I cast my looke vpon the same,  
 It quite may take away her crueltie,  
 Melt straight the Ice, and Fanne burne suddenly.

## XXVI.

The Heauens begin with thunder for to breake  
 The troubled Aire, and to the coloured Fields  
 The Lightning for to spoyle their pride dooth threat,  
 Each thing vnto the furious Tempest yeelds.  
 And yet me thinkes within mee I doo heare  
 A gentle voyce hard at my hart to say,  
 Feare nothing thou, but be of merrie cheere,  
 Thou onely safe fore others all shalt stay :  
 To saue thee from all hurt, thy Shield shall bee,  
 The shadow of the conquering Lawrall Tree.

*Fano.*

## XXVIII.

My Mistres (writing) as her hand did shake  
 The Pen did dash, which on her gowne did spurt :  
 One drop more higher than the rest did take,  
 And to presume to touch her Brest it durst.  
 Vpon her daintie bosome it did light,  
 Wherewith she blusht, in show like damaske Rose :  
 Presumptuous Blacke, how dar'dst thou touch that White,  
 Wherein a world of gladsome pleasure growes ?  
 Yet (squire of enuie) hapt it for the best,  
 To the white more grace, more bewtie to th' brest.

## XXX.

Vnhare that luorie hand, hide it no more,  
 For though it death brings to my tender hart,  
 To see it naked, where is beautie's store,  
 And where moyst Pearle with Azure doth impart :  
 Yet feare I not to dye in this sweet wife,  
 My fancie so to see't, is set on fire :  
 Then leaue that Gloue, most hatefull to mine eyes,  
 And let me surfet with this kinde Desire ;  
 So that my lookes may haue of them their fill,  
 Though hart decay, He take it for none ill.

*Mantua.*



XXXV.

When I of my sweet *Laura* leaue did take,  
 Faire Fano's Cittie for a while to leaue :  
 Shce gaue to mee (to weare it for her sake)  
 Of golde and pearle a daintie wouen Wreathe.  
 Deere was the gift, because for loue it came :  
 But deerey more, can'e Shce gaue me the fame.  
 I looke on't still, and kisse it as my ioy ;  
 Kissing and bufsing it, with it I play :  
 Which at one instant brings me mirth and noy,  
 And fighting oft, thus to my selfe I say ;  
 White pearles are these, yet hath her mouth more faire ;  
 Fine gold is this, yet finer is her haire.

*Fano.*

XXXVIII.

The haplesse Argus (happie in this fame)  
 The glorie of the Sunne's surpasing light,  
 The brightnes of the Starres (the fire which staine)  
 With hundred eyes behold them alwayes might.  
 But I (alas) who haue but onely twaine,  
 Cannot behold the Beautie of my Sunne :  
 For which I liue as blinde in endlesse paine,  
 And coert my selfe for want thereof vndone.  
 I can but wish that I an *Argus* were,  
 With hundred eyes to view her euerie where.\*

XXXIX.

In vassie Sea, faine would my slender Muse  
 Wade in thy praise, to praise thy beautie right :  
 But (Ladie) I for pardon craue excuse,  
 To breake such waves too brittle is her might :  
 Meane time with lowly verse, in humble shew,  
 Along the shallow shore Ile wailing goe.  
 The time may come (perhaps) ere it be long,  
 That this my quill more bold may write thy praise,  
 And venture far to saye in th' Ocean frowning,  
 Though now on ground I stand it fearful sties.  
 And where as now to thy face he seares,  
 He then shall see himselfe ore head and eares.

*Fans.*

XL.

When I did part, my soule did part from mee,  
 And took his farewell of my iocundous Eyre :

\* Remembrance of the *Argus* mentioned in *Pier.*

But now that I (returned) doo thee see,  
 He is returnd, and liues through kindnes thine,  
 And of thee looketh for a welcome home.  
 I then not anie more to sorrow need,  
 Now I am come : and if before alone  
 On shadow then, on subſtance now I feed.  
 So, if my parting bitter was and ſad,  
 Sweete's my returne to thee, and paſſing glad.

**The Conclusion of the laſt Part.**

Timantes, when he ſaw he could not paint  
 With lively colours (to his laſting fame)  
 Such workes he tooke in hand, and found too faint.  
 His cunning, ſeeking for to hide the ſame,  
 He over them a ſubtill ſhadow drew :  
 So that his faults, or none or few could view.  
 So Ladie, I finding my wit too weake,  
 With currant tearmes your beautie forth to blaze,  
 And that to arrive too blunt is my conceit  
 Vnto the height of your ſurmouting praiſe :  
 With ſilence forced am (againſt my will)  
 To ſhadow my defect, (the want of ſkill).

Yet doo I hope, the ſhadow you'l not ſcorne,  
 Since Princes in their ſtately Arbors greene  
 Account of ſhade, as trees which frute adorne,  
 Becauſe from heate they welcome ſhelters been.  
 The Shadow ſhields gainſt Sunne your beautie faire,  
 Which elſe his ſcorching heate would much impaire.  
 Then though a Shadow without frute I bee,  
 And ſcarce yeeld leaues to couer this my barke :  
 Accept theſe leaues thy Beautie's Shade of mee,  
 Where wealth doth ebbe, good will doth flow from Hart.  
 Deigne me for all my loue but Shadow thine,  
 Thy Subſtance's too too high for Fortune mine.  
 R. T.

**A Friends iuſt excuſe about the Booke  
 and Author, in his abſence.**

Without the Author's knowledge, as is before ſaid by the Printer,  
 this Poeme is made thus publiquely knowne : which (with my beſt  
 induemour) the Gentleman himſelfe (ſuſpecting what is now prooued  
 too true) at my coming vp, earneſtly intreated me to preuent. But  
 I came at the laſt ſheetes printing, and finde more than thirtie  
 Minuets not his, intermixt with his : helpt it cannot be but by  
 the wol iudging Reader, who will with leſſe paine diſtinguiſh  
 betweene them, than I on this ſodaine poſſibly can. To him then

I referre that labour, and for the Printer's faults past in some of the Bookes, I haue gathered them in the next page. With the Author beare I pray ye whom I must intreat to beare with mee.

R. B.

A blank leaf follows but not the promised *errata*.

The motto of 'Laura' on the title-page is from Dante (*Paradiso*, i, 34); but Tofte's style is formed not on Dante, but on the writers of his own day, with frequent turnings and returnings to Serafino. I suspect that both in *Laura* and *Alba* several of the pieces are translations from the Italian. This I name, not as blaming Tofte; for even Spenser used to translate without acknowledgment.

Besides these fuller quotations, the following incidentally musical and happy lines and words, that occur in 'Laura,' it is deemed expedient to preserve :

- " A iust reward for such an high aspire." (Pt. i. viii.)
- " . . . . . angrie *Iuno* from the Scowling Skies  
Thicke *fringing flowers* did downward send amaine." (*ib.* xiii.)
- " Of this vnstedfastnes and watrie brine  
Lets fashion both of vs a nouell Sea,  
So heauen the haven, and loue the bay shalbee." (*ib.* xviii.)
- " Thus (Loue) thou seest is changed my estate,  
She checkes with death, that fore gaue life for mate."  
Venice. (*ib.* xxi.)
- " The warlike Goddesse wrath in humble wife." (*ib.* xxiii.)
- " Thou, merry laughst, and pleasantly dost smile,  
I wofull weepe, and (meltfull) sorrow still." (*ib.* xxxii.)
- " Give me that colour which so likes mine eie,  
If death, then blacke, if life, then Carnatine." (*ib.* xxxiii.)
- " Take heed you Louers all of her, and feare  
The sugred baites of this deceitfull trull." (*ib.* xl.)
- " The flower of *Grace* Dan Paris costly ioy  
Through her faire feature the onely cause was  
So manie Knights were slaine at Siedge of *Troy*." (Pt. ii. iii.)
- " Those sauerie smacks, those buffes sweet which bee." (*ib.* xiv.)
- " No bodie now, for that by proud disdaine  
Of scornfull Shée, disin'd was." (*ib.* xxvi.)
- " Then *Cupid* worke that I (poore Snake in loue)  
This skainfull Snake for to be kinde may moue." (*ib.*, xx.)

From the 'whiteness' of the skin, and especially of the hand, of *Laura*, came I suppose the first title of his next volume, viz., *Alba* (Cf., however, *Alba*, p. 48, st. 4, l. 1.) This over and over recurring 'whiteness' makes it certain that Sonnet xxxi of Part 3 was of the "more than thirtie intermixt," and it may here find a place as fairly typical of the others :

"My Mitres seemes but browne (lay you) to mee.  
Tis verie true, and I confesse the same :  
Yet loue I her, although that browne she bee,  
Because to please me she is glad and faine.  
I loued one most Beautifull before,  
Whom now (as Death) I deadly doo abhorre.

Because to scorne my seruice her I found,  
I gaue her ore, and chose to mee this same :  
Nor to be faithfull (thinke I) I am bound  
To one in whom no kindnes doth remaine :  
This is the cause, for Browne and Pittifull,  
I left a faire, but yet a faithlesse Trull."

It will have been noticed that R. T. signs the introductory Epistle-dedicatory to Lucy, sister of Henry Earl of Northumberland. So that the alleged surreptitious publication may have been a mere *ruse*, as Mr. Collier suggests. One would have been pleased to know the link of connexion with the 'Lady Lucy.' She married first, Sir John Wotton, Knt., secondly Sir Hugh Owen of Anglesey, Knt.,—and died without issue. She was daughter of Henry eighth Earl of Northumberland, by Catherine, eldest daughter and co-heir of John (Neville) Lord Latimer. From the wording of the Epistle it would appear she had endured 'trials' of no ordinary sort prior to her marriage.

The verse-Epistle, "*Alla bellissima sua signora E.C.*" seems to point to a Euphemia (as Hazlitt fills in) or Elizabeth C[arell] or Carill, or Caryll (as before).

We are now brought to our present reproduction of '*Alba. The Months Minde of a Melancholy Louer.*' The Poet had semi-promised that if *Laura* were well received by her he might undertake a greater venture of verse-celebration ;

and I suppose *Alba* is to be held for fulfilment. Perchance he dropped *Laura* for title of his second book as conscious how distant at nearest must be his following of Petrarch and his immortal *Laura*. Be this as it may, *Alba* as =white was a fit synonym for spotless perfect beauty. 'Month's Mind' is properly a celebration in remembrance of dead persons, a month after their decease (NARES, *s.v.*, where are full examples); but Tofte seems to mean by it, not a dirge for the dead, but a lamentation or series of lamentations in sorrow for the living. By his title, therefore, he signified that he had in his poem put into verse the thought and emotion that had passed through his 'Minde' from month to month, as in address to 'Anne Herne':

"Once I each Monthe to cruel *Alba* make  
A Month's Mind, yet no pittie she doth take." (p. 3.)

As with *Laura*, there is a preliminary verse-dedication to another 'faire lady'—Anne Herne, and from the related poems to members of the family of Brooke, she must have been a Brooke—albeit I have failed to get any particulars of this family. He dedicates his *Honours Academie* to the same 'Anne Herne.' He must have been somewhat changeful in his feminine praises: For whereas in *Alba* (*verso* of title) the 'Margarite' stanza is applied to *Alba*, it is found doing service in the same year to Lady Margaret Morgan, wife of Sir John Morgan of Chilworth, Surrey (in *Orlando Inamorato*, 1598). Is the explanation that into 'Laura' and 'Alba' alike, he worked in all his verses to whomsoever addressed? *Je l'ignore*.

The preliminary commendatory verses to *Alba* are not of much weight or grace; but, as noted before, that by Richard Day, son of Bishop William Day, is biographically to be re-called in relation to the Will.

Coming to *Alba* itself, the main interest of it centres in two things, viz. (a) The incidental allusion to a performance of *Love's Labour Lost*; (b) A charming couplet, worthy of ROBERT GREENE.

The former must here be placed before the Shakspearean student :

" LOVES LANCE LOST. I once did see a Play,  
 Yeaped in, is called in my prime.  
 Which I to here to my time Ioy did sing,  
 Going attendance on my forward Dame,  
 My mighing minde pretending to me Ill.  
 Yet was I drawne to see it gainst my Will.

This Play no Play, but Plague was vnto me,  
 For there I lost the Loue I liked most :  
 And what to others seemde a Iest to be,  
 I, that (in earnest!) found vnto my cost,  
 To every one (fane me) twas Comicall,  
 Whilst Tragick like to me it did befall.

Each Actor plaid in cunning wise his part,  
 But chiefly Those entrapt in Cupids snare :  
 Yet all was fained, twas not from the hart,  
 They seemde to griue, but yet they felt no care :  
 Twas I that Griefe (indeed) did beare in brest,  
 The others did but make a shew in Iest.

(p. 105, st. 1 to 3.)

The student will do well to study Shakespeare's play in the light of this reference of Tofte. There is the adjective 'whitely' in *Laura*, and 'envious frost' (p. 94 of *Alba*), recalling Biron, "like an envious sneaping frost"; but closer examination would doubtless yield other words and things.

The latter, is this, spite of its imperfect rhyme :

"Loue's prisoner then, begging at Beautie's gate  
 Some Almes bestowe sweet Ladie for God's sake.

But while these are the *notabilia* of the poem, I am much mistaken if, regarded as a whole, ROBERT TOFTE'S *Alba*, for its 'smoothness' and musical flow and iridescent fancies or conceits, do not make its way into after-Anthologies of our 'sweet Singers.' I venture to bring together things that in some element or other — sometimes scarcely communicable — have arrested myself. I begin at the beginning, and so pass forward — giving headings for each quotation.

1. A 'slaine heart's' memorial.

—— "vnto whom shall I (now) dedicate  
 This mestfull verse, this mournfull Elegie?

Even to my cruel Mistris COVTERFAITE,  
Of Beauties shape, the right Eternitie.

Then to her PICTURE I present this verse,  
Of my flaine Hart (dead for pure love) the Herse."

(p. 17, st. 3.)

2. All-in-all.

"Thou art my Hope, my Haven, my comfort chiefe,  
On thee alone, on none els I relie :  
Only to thee I come to begge reliefe ;  
In thee it is if I shall live or die.

(DEAREST) remember tis a Gift more rare,  
CONSTANT to be, then to be counted FAIRE."

(p. 19, st. 4.)

3. A Portrait.

"Two sparkling stars, fine gold, pure Ebonie,  
From whence Love takes his Brands, his Shafts & Bow,  
Two daintie Apples, which though hid from eye,  
Through vail of Laine, through laine more faire do show :  
A cherie lip with lorie teeth most white,  
Where Cupid begs within that Grace so bright.

Vermilion Flowers that grow in Heaven above ;  
Snow, which no wet can marre, nor Sunne can melt,  
Right Margerite Pearle which alwayes Orient prove,  
A Voice, that Hart of marble makes to swell,  
A Smile that calmes the raging of the Sea,  
And Sike more cleere makes then was wont to bee.

Grace, raised widome in young and tender years,  
A finely Gate, and Fort magnificent,  
A Carriage (where in vertue forme; appears,  
Looks that enlaine, and yet delight within,  
Numbers of Favours, Beauties infinite,  
With Modestie, chaste, pure, and milde Delight.

An humble Sorie within a bodie rich  
A lowly Thought within a conquering Hart :  
These are the wories which I commend to rich  
Which Heavens & Love have made by various Art :  
All these I love much : but they being gone,  
My Note is chaunge, my Mind is made to Moe."

(p. 20, st. 1 to 4.)

4. Too-right aspiration.

"Too well I know and I desire the same,  
That too too little is my proud Desire  
My longing Thought, desiring more than mine.

And I, ore bold, presume too high t'aspire :  
 Yet still (me thinkes) mine Ayme, being not base,  
 I should deferue some little tynie Grace." (p. 21, st. 2.)

5. Yearning in Absence.

" Ah had not Reason my Desires refrainde,  
 I had, my *Thoughts deare Soueraigne*, scene ere this,  
 Whose Grace I fought (but bootles) to haue gainde,  
 The only ioy I in this world would wish.  
 Rather would I see those chaste beautious Eyes,  
 Then chuse to be in matchlesse Paradise." (p. 21, st. 4.)

6. Alternations.

" My hart is grieu'd cause it doth disagree :  
 For whilst my Minde to loue her doth deuise,  
 And thinks her worthie honored for to bee,  
 A Sdainfull thought through Hatred doth arise,  
 Which skornes y<sup>e</sup> one so rich, a Theefe shuld proue,  
 That one so Faire, a Murthereffe is in loue."  
 (p. 22, st. 2.)

7. Brilliant Beauty.

" For whilst he giues his minde attentiuely,  
 And studieth to match Nature with his Art,  
 Marking her Feature with a watchfull eye,  
 To portray forth most liuely every part :  
 Such brightnes comes from her, such glistring rayes,  
 As he's struck blinde, and darkned goes his wayes."  
 (p. 23, st. 2.)

8. A young mother — portents.

" Bright were the Heauens, and husht was euery winde,  
 Cleere was the day, when as mine ALBA faire,  
 Brought forth with ioy (*Lucina* being kinde)  
 A daintie Babe, for feature passing rare,  
 Adorning all the world with this glad welth,  
 A gift t'enrich the World, Vs, and her self.

What time she was in trauell of this Childe,  
 No thunder, lightning, nor no storme was heard :  
 But all was quiet, peacefull, calme and milde,  
 As if the skies t'offend her were afear'd,  
 Whilst th'earth attended on her, and the Sea,  
 As though they staid at her command to be.

Then did the Windes (not vsing so before)  
 A gentle gale blow calmely euery where,  
 And fild the blisfull Aire with sweetes great store :  
 Each bird and fowle shewing a merry cheere,



Whilst that blest Day a double Beantie found,  
One from the Sunne, the other here on ground."

(p. 24, st. 1 to 3.)

9. Castle in the Air.

" My mounting Minde, my neuer staide Conceit  
Hath built a stately Castle in the Aire :  
Which *Ioue* his lightning Fire, nor his fierce thret,  
Nor Fate, nor Fortune, nor ought else doth feare.  
Founded it is vpon two running Wheelles,  
The Gates of dust and winde (still turning reeles.)  
  
Thousands of Motes are digd about the same,  
Which are capritious Humors fond and Toyes :  
The Scouts and Guards thereof, Hopes dead and vaine ;  
The Food therein preparte, false fleeting Ioyes ;  
The fencing Wallles are framde of fierce Desire,  
Which dreads nor Seas, nor earth, nor force, nor fire.

The Armour, framed are in running Head,  
Of foolish Boldnes, and of pensive Feare,  
Which None knowes how they should be managed,  
Nor how the same gainst others right to beare :  
The Shot, Munition, and Artillerie,  
Are diuers Thoughts which in the Fancie lie.

The Castellane doth fight against himselfe,  
Hauing nought els his soldiers for to pay,  
But with Ambition which is all his wealth :  
Iudge then my fate, and mark my firmeſt stay.  
O Love how long learne shall I in thy Schoole ?  
The more I learne, I (still) doe prove more Foole."

(p. 26, st. 1 to 4.)

10. The Skies.

" Swift rising Sphaeres, cleere burning Lamps diuine,  
That with your beames disgrace the glorious Sunne :  
Faue riders by which I to Heauen cōme,  
And by your Influence this rare course doe runne.  
Ah, if not quickly hither you returne,  
Too late (in vaine) my selfe you then shall moune."

(p. 27, st. 1.)

11°. Love's Food.

" Feeling my selfe (now you from hence are gone)  
With sweet Remembrance of lost passed Ioy." (st. 3, ll. 3 and 4).

11. Love's Rage.

" Sad Teares, that from my weefull Hart doe runne,  
Thrust forth through watry Eyes by Sorrow kinde :

## *Introduction.*

If you into *LOVE*'s paths by chance shall come,  
Where he doth walke, and pittie thinke to finde ;  
In vaine then doe you stirre abroad, in vaine  
You lose your trauaile, labour and your paine.

For whilst the way vnto an Humour new  
You open wide, fierce *ALBA* shutteth close  
Her breast from mercie, making me to rewe,  
And for your Friendship, counts you as her foes :  
Wherein, she doth a damd Example show,  
Forcing her Hart gainst Conscience here to goe.

Then wofull teares what will you doe as now ?  
*LOVE*'s dead and gone, all pittie is exilde :  
Skornd is my Constancie and loyall Vow,  
And through Disdaine I daily am reuilde.  
My Hopes are blasted, and as withered seeme,  
Whilst still Disgraces shew before me greene.

(p. 29, st. 1 to 3.)

### 12. Another Portrait.

" Thy whitenes (*ALBA*) I may well compare  
To *Delia*, when no clowde doth her obscure :  
Thy haire to *Phœbus* lightning in the Aire,  
When he doth shine with greater Lustre pure.  
Thy diamond eyes, like a frostie Night,  
Where sparkling stars doe shooting take their flight.

Thy cheekes *Aurora* like, when with her Dew,  
The Rose and Lillie she doth sprinkle sweete :  
Resembling drops that seeded Pearle doe shew,  
As if that double Beautie did them greete.  
Thy Hand, no hand, it is the daintie Gloue,  
Which *Psyche* ware, when she was wed to *LOVE*."

(p. 31, st. 1 and 2.)

### 13. Sleep and Dreams.

" Come gentle sleepe (sweet sleepe) my welcome Friend,  
Come comfort me with shadow of my Loue,  
And her, in vision quickly to me send,  
For whom these griefes and bitter pangs I proue.  
Black Night be thou far darker then thou art,  
Thy chifest Beautie is to be most darke.

By thee my peace and pleasure doth arise,  
Whilst I through thy deceit (yet liking me)  
Doe seeme to ioy with her in louely wife,  
Although from hence (God knowes) far off she be.  
Such is the pleasure that herein I take,  
As more I could not ioy, were I awake.

Thou shewst to me the trammels of her Haire,  
Clept SCALA COELI, locks of pure Delight :  
Her snowy Neck, the cause of my sweete Care ;  
Her eyes like Saphires sparkling in the night :  
With other sights, vnseemly to be knowne :  
Al these sweet sleep, through thee to me are showne."

(p. 33, st. 1 to 3.)

14. Love-Warnings.

"ALBA thinkst thou, thy Mouth shall still be MAY,  
And that thy Colour fresh, still faire will be ?  
That Time and Fortune will not weare away  
Beautie, which God and Nature lends to thee ?  
Yes, yes, that white and red, thy Cheekes now show,  
Shall quicklie change, and blacke and yellow grow.

The Giniper the longer it doth flower,  
The older still it waxeth, bowing still,  
And that sweete face of thine, which now hath power  
Whole worlds with wondering at the same to fill,  
Shall (though it now sauns blemish be) a Staine,  
Hereafter with thicke wrinckeled Clifts remaine.

Great care to keepe this Beautie fraile must be,  
Which we (God knowes) a small time doe enioy,  
Doe what we can, we lose it suddenle ;  
Why, then, being courted shouldst thou seeme so coy,  
Fortunes wings made of Times feathers neere stay,  
But care thou them canst measure, flit away.

Then be not ouer hard, like changeles Fate,  
But let my Cries force thee (at last) relent,  
Doe not oppose thy selfe too obstinate  
Gainst him, whose time to honor thee is spent :  
Ah let me speake the trueth (though somewhat bold)  
Though now th'art yong, thou one day must be old.  
(p. 38, st. 1 to 4).

15. Despair.

"Teares I did shed, but teares I shed in vaine ;  
Vowes I did make, my Vowes she did reiect ;  
Prayers I offred, Prayers she did disdain ;  
Presents I sent, but them sh' would not accept.  
If teares, vowes, prayers, nor presents can doe good,  
What then remaines, but for to offer blood ?"  
(p. 41, st. 2.)

16. Swift Doom.

"A kinde of Pitie tis, quickly to kill." (p. 41, st. 4.)

17. *Memories.*

" The sweet remembrance of thy light of yore,  
Th' only companion is of my deare life,  
Thy presence was, which absent I adore,  
My paradise and place of ioy most ripe.  
So I alone am not, though None's with mee,  
And I was in Heauen, when I thy face did see."

(p. 43. st. 3.)

18. *All Nature invoked.*

" Ye valleys deep withouten bottome found ;  
Ye Hills that match with height the azure skie ;  
Ye Caves by Nature hollow vnder ground,  
Where quiet rest and silence alwaies lie,  
Thou gloomy Aire which euer to the fight  
Bringst darknes full, but neuer cheerfull light.  
  
Ye uncouth Paths, ye solitarie walks,  
Ye breackneck Rocks, most ghastlie for to see,  
Ye dreadfull Dens where neuer any stalks,  
And where scarce hissing Serpents dare to bee :  
Ye fatall Vaults where mured Corpes lie,  
Haunted with hatefull sprites continuallie.  
  
Ye Wildernesles and ye Deferts wilde,  
Ye strangie Shores nere yet inhabited,  
Ye Places from all pleasures quite exilde,  
Where sad Melancholy and Griefe is fled,  
Heare me, who am a shadow and a Ghost,  
Damd with eternall sorrow to be crost.  
  
Hear me, since I am come for to bewaile,  
Mongst you, my Faith, my Constancie, and Loue,  
I hope with my lowd Cries and drerie Tale,  
Though not the Heauens, yet Hell at least to moue :  
Since more the Griefes are which within me grow,  
Then Heauen hath pleasures, or Hel, Plagues below.

(p. 44. st. 1 to 4.)

19. *The Alps.*

" My ioyles Hart a troubled Spring is like,  
Which from the tops of matchles Alpes most hie,  
Falls with a mightie noise downe headlong right,  
By uncouth stony wayes most dreadfully,  
Where all his Hopes he in the Deepe doth drowne :  
A fatall signe of fortunes heauie frowne.  
  
Darke pitchie cloudes of hugie Mountaines sleepe,  
The lofliest part do hide from Sunny heate :

Seeld any winde of Pitie there doth fleete,  
Them to dissolue, their thicknes is so great.  
For no calme Aire of gentle Loue doth blow,  
Where swelling Anger frets in furious show.

Thence doth my Tributarie Hart forth fend  
Through peable stones, now here, now there along,  
A little Brooke into the Sea to wend,  
As signe that I my dutie would not wrong :  
For ALBA mine, (Degree aboue Compare)  
A large Sea is of fundrie Beauties rare.

(p. 46, st. 1 to 3.)

20. Smallest Grace.

" And yet my fute is small, small is the Grace  
That I desire, (for somewhat I deferue)  
Tis only for to die before her face,  
From whom in Dutie (yet) I nere did swerue :  
That she might know my life doth me annoy,  
Vnales I might her company enioy." (p. 52, st. 4.)

21. A third Portrait.

" As she lookes now, so lookes the Moone in skies,  
When mongst the gloomie clowdes portending raine,  
She with the watrie horned head forth pries,  
Spreading abroad her dewie beames amaine :  
So we *Aurora* vse for to depaint,  
Mongst palish violets, when she looketh faint.  
Pitie is mixt with grieve in her faire face,  
And Grieve with Pitie in the same conioyne,  
Where LOVE (though sick) sits with a louely grace,  
In midst of sickly palenes in her eyne.  
Sicknes it selfe so louely nere did looke,  
But since her Inne in ALBAS breast she tooke.  
That stately Haughtines she had before,  
Now changde is into low Humilitie :  
And that same glance that faithles was of yore,  
Now faithfull sheweth and full of Loyaltie.  
So with her Colour if she did cruell take,  
Yet Pitifull her Palenes doth her make." (p. 55, st. 2 to 4.)

22. Shew not Reality — pleading.

" To thee farre off (from me) these sighs I send,  
To thee farre off from Loue, I, neere to die,  
To know if thou thy selfewill minde wilt mend,  
Defisting from thy hatefull Crueltie.

Beautie if it be milde, it is renound ;  
If it be proud, a foule reproch tis found.

Thou makst a shew as if thou wouldst be kinde :  
But tis a shadow, not a substance right :  
For comming vnto triall straight I finde,  
Thy sdainfull chaft lookes puts my Hope to flight :  
Whilst thou dost seeme at these my Woes to grieue,  
Yet them with succour neuer dost relieue.

Thy Griefe (for me) a passion's in a play,  
Which men doth rauish with Melancholy :  
But acted once, and out of sight away,  
In minde, no longer there doth stay, but dy :  
Thou art the Actor playing such a part,  
My griefes neere deeply pearce into thy hart.

O would I could from Reasons Court obtaine,  
A *Supersedeas*, LOVE for to remoue,  
From out my Breast to thee, to ease my paine,  
That thou the force thereof a while mightst proue.  
But Destinie wils that I thy slaue do stay,  
And so I will, who bound is, must obey." (p. 58, st. 1 to 4.)

### 23. Vain Ambition.

"Th' yuie that climing vp by th' elme doth runne,  
Neuer can get hold of the beames of Sunne." (p. 61, st. 2.)

### 24. No Hope.

" All these, and many another worser griefe,  
Are no such plagues as is that Marble Hart,  
(That Marble Hart) that yeelds me no reliefe,  
Nor euer fought some comfort to impart.  
The resolution of the Heauens, nor any Time,  
Can make (that Breast ) to yeeld to my Designe."  
(p. 64, st. 3.)

### 25. Bracelet-enchantment.

" Thrise trebble blessed BRACELET, rich in prise,  
I enuie not thy perlie fret, nor golde,  
But fortune thine, because in happie wife,  
The place of perfect pleasure thou dost holde.  
About that wrist thou turnest and windst so oft,  
More white then Snow, then thistle down more soft.

Base mindes loue Golde : tis not thy Golde; I steeme,  
For this I onely value thee at much,  
Because an Ornament th'art to be seene,  
Of her white Hand yclept of right NONESVCH :

NONESVCH indeede, whose Beautie is so rare,  
As nere the like, attaine the perfects Faire.

This is the cause so highlie I thee rate,  
As all the golden Mines of Indian Ground,  
Nor Seas of Pearle can counteruaile thy state,  
Wherein thou art this present to be found :  
And, if that trueth I shall confesse indeede,  
The wealth of all the world thou dost excede.

But when I marke, how by strange cunning Art,  
Faire louelie Haires, with Pearle and Golde conioyne,  
A pleasing ioy doth seize vpon my Heart,  
Whilest with strange pleasures, Fancie feeds my mind :  
So as (sweete BRACELET) thou dost rightly proue,  
To be th' enchantment of bewitching LOVE."

(p. 68, st. 1 to 4.)

26. The Miserable.

" No sweeter Musick to the Miserable,  
Then is Despayre : therefore the more I feele  
Of bitternes, of sorrow sower and fell,  
The more of Sweetnes it doth seeme to yeeld.  
Vaine I esteeme my life, all libertie,  
Since I do want mine ALBAS Companie." (p. 71, st. 3.)

27. A love-gift.

" Thice precious purse, by daintie Hand ywrought,  
Of Beauties First Borne, Fauours rightfull Heire,  
Not for a world of wealth, purchast or bought,  
But freely giuen (for Loue) by ALBA faire :  
Giuen to me, vnworthie of the same,  
As one not meriting so great a Gaine.  
Tis not the richnes hereof, though tis much,  
Nor rarenes of the worke surpassing skill,  
That I account of, though that it be such,  
As euery eye, with masement it doth fill :  
But cause t'was made by that Alconquering Hand,  
Whose becke, euē Loues own self doth countermaid."  
(p. 72, st. 1 and 2.)

28. Handkerchief.

" Ah happie Handkercher, that keepst the signe,  
(As only Monument vnto my Fame)  
How deare my Loue was to sweet ALBA mine,  
VVhen (so) to shew my Loue she did me blame.  
Relique of LOVE I do not enuie thee,  
Though whom thy Master cannot, thou dost see.

Only let me intreat this Favour small,  
 When in her chamber all alone by chance,  
 Open her pretie Casket for some work she shall,  
 And hap her eye on thee vnwares to glance :  
     Ah, then the colour of her face but marke,  
     And thou by that shalt know her inward hart.

If she shall blush, and grieve, thee so to view,  
 And wistly cast on thee a piteous eye,  
 It is a signe her loue continues true,  
 And that her faith she doth not falsifie.  
     Ah, then (afresh) (her faith more firme to mone)  
     Bleed thou againe, for to reuine her Loue.

But if she (seeing thee) no account doth make,  
 Flinging thee here and there without regard :  
 Know then expired is my louing Date,  
 My Hope deceiu'd, my Fortune ouer hard.  
     Yet if she doth but sighing say to thee,  
     (Safely) (Farewell deare SERVANT) happie mee."  
(p. 75, st. 1 to 4.)

### 29. Despondency.

" Those ebbon windowes sweete, those cheerfull eyes,  
 Where LOVE (at LAVVGH and sweete looke on) doth play,  
 Are on the sadden changle in strangie wife,  
 And do Disdaines Ensigne (gainst me) display :  
     Darke now they seeme, and fower, ore passing bad,  
     Making my life seeme to me black and sad.

Those cheerfull eyes, which wont to comfort me,  
 And to my hungrie soule yeeld nourishment,  
 Denie me foode, nor will they pleased be,  
 But mew me vp, as starueling closely pent.  
     My walks I vnde, which faire and easie were,  
     Are stopt with blood-drawing brables enery where.

My crased hart thus skorned for his Loue  
 And plagued with proud disdaine and schainfull Pride,  
 Wailes so as would a Rock (though stonie) moue :  
 Nor better curren hath this Disgrace to bide,  
     Then sighs and Teares, which forth he sends apace,  
     And (damned like) still begs, but nere finds grace.

Sweete flay of my weake tottering life nic false,  
 Balme to my wounds, and Cordiall to my grieve,  
 Light to my darknes, to my storme, milde Calme,  
 Ease to my paine, and to my want, Reliefe.  
     Ah who hath now (and that so suddenly)  
     Ot put thee depauid, to make me die ?



Poore wasted Hart that wandrest not astray,  
Although thy PEARLE her orient colour change :  
Thou, which in thy first Faith vnstained dost stay,  
Although she from her plighted vow doth range.  
Ah, where are now thy cheerfull daies of Hope ?  
Thy Liues line, Loue, what wretched hād hath broke ? ”  
(p. 76, st. 1 to 4; p. 77, st. 1.)

### 30. Longing in Exile.

“ O that I were where bides mine ALBA faire,  
 VVhose perſon to poſſeſſe is pleaſure ſuch,  
 As drives away all melancholy Care,  
 Which doth the Hart through Griefs impreſſion touch :  
     Whoſe lovely Locks All do more curious deeme,  
     When they moſt careleſs to be dreſſed ſeeme.

Her ſweet Lookes moſt alluring be, when they  
 Moſt chaſte do ſeeme in modeſt glancing ſhow :  
 Her words, the more they vertuoſly do way,  
 The more (in count) for amorous they go :  
     Her dreſſing ſuch as when neglected moſt,  
     She’s thought as then to haue beſtowed moſt coſt.

Sweet Fortune, when I meet my lovely Treſure,  
 Daſh my Delights with ſome ſmall light diſgrace,  
 Leſt I (enjoying ſweetneſs boue all meaſure)  
 Surfet without recure on thy faire face.  
     Her wonted coyneſſe let her uſe a while,  
     My fierce Deſire by Diet to beguile.

Leſt with the fulneſs of my ioyes, abate  
 The ſweetneſs, and I periſh ſtraight before  
 I do poſſeſſe them, at too deare a rate.  
 But ſoft (Fond *Icarus*) how high wilt ſoare :  
     Thou dreameſt I think, or ſoulie doſt miſtake,  
     I dreame indeed, Ah might I neuer wake.”

(p. 78, ſt. 1 to 4.)

### 31. The Hawk and Lure.

“ Like as the Hawke cast from the Faulkners fist,  
Freed from the Mew doth (ioyfull) take his flight,  
Soaring aloft in th’aire as best him list,  
Now here, now there, doth finde no small delight,  
Enioying that, which Treasures all doth passe,  
(His libertie) wherefore he prisoner was.

But when th’acquainted Hollow he doth heare,  
And seeth the Lure cast forth him home to traine,  
As one obedient full of awfull feare,

He leaves his fight, and backward turnes againe,  
 Chafing in ancient bonds for to be bound,  
 Fore faithles to his Lord he will be found :

So (ALBA) though I wanton, otherwhile,  
 Do runne abroad, and other Ladies court,  
 Seeking the time with pleasures to beguile,  
 And oft my selfe with words of course do sport,  
 Dissembling with Dissemblers cunninglie,  
 As is the guile, with tongue, with hand, and Eye.

Yet when I thinke vpon thy face diuine,  
 Thy Beautie calls me home, straight as a Lure,  
 All other banishing from Hart of mine,  
 And in LOVES Bands to thee doth binde me sure.  
 And since my Faith, and Fates do so ordaine,  
 I am content thy prisoner to remaine.

Where are those Haires so louely Browne in shew?  
 Where is that snowy Mount of Iuorie white?  
 With damaske Rose where do the Lillies grow?  
 Whose Colours & whose sweetnes All delight?  
 Where are those cheerfull Lights, Lamps of cleere Loue  
 Whercin, a beauntious Heauen doth alwaies moue."

(p. 79, st. 1 to 4; p. 80, st. 1.)

### 32. Homage.

"To thee (Deare Faire) that makst me fare amisse,  
 To thee my *Goddesse* I my prayers make,  
 And prostrate fall before thy *Skrine of Blisse*,  
 Crauing of thee, that them in worth thou take,  
 Whilest I to thee my Hart in humble wise,  
 Vpon thy beauntious Altar sacrifice." (p. 86, st. 1.)

### 33. Can't surcease to love.

"Support my feeble Thoughts, that scarce can moue,  
 For thou wert wont, such, better to commend,  
 Who would persist more loyall in their Loue,  
 And perseuere vnto the latest end,  
 Then those, who whē Loues course they gan to run,  
 Would giue it ore, before halfe way were done.

I cannot doe so, for my longing Hart,  
 Is knit in thine, in such perfection strange,  
 That Death these twaine in sunder cannot part,  
 Nor length of Time, nor Places distant change :  
 Thy *Beauntious Vertue*, *Vertuous Beautie* tis,  
 That makes me ioy in noy, take Bale for blis."

(p. 87, st. 2 and 3.)

34. Love-letany.

" Now that my weary spirits do runne their race,  
To those transplendent Lamps of ALBA faire :  
And gazing there (in vaine) do plead for grace,  
Leauing their ancient lodging nakte and bare.  
She as their Foe stands on her Brauerie,  
And passage to their Entrance doth denie." (p. 89, st. 1.)

35. Love's Armour.

" Against her wrath Ile true and Humble be,  
For Faiths my Fence, my Shield's, Humilitie."  
(*ibid.*, st. 4, ll. 5, 6.)

36. Parting.

" So great a grieve did neuer pearce the Hart,  
Of any louing Mother ouer kinde,  
When she her only sonne readie to part,  
Doth see to forraine Countrie gainst her minde,  
Losing the staffe of her old Age and stay,  
On whom the Hope of all her Comfort lay.  
  
As wofull I, when I those louely Eyes  
Saw to looke back, which I should see no more  
Of many daies, and when in pitious wife,  
They shewd by signes Our parting grieu'd them fore,  
Ah when her last looke backe on me she cast,  
Then, then, I thought I should haue breath'd my last.  
  
Yet for my Harts fake did my spirits reuiue,  
And life once more recouered they againe,  
Whilst staring after her I kept aliue,  
And thought that I (not seeing her) saw her plaine.  
Long time my Powers were got into my fight,  
Deluding me with pleasing false Delight." (p. 93, st. 1 to 3.)

37. Physicians useless.

" Sick in my lothed Bed I languish fast,  
Nor can my learned Doctor help me ought,  
His cunning now is at the latest cast,  
Yet he no ease to crased me hath brought.  
And marueile none though he no helpe can finde,  
Sicke am I not in Bodie, but in minde." (p. 96, st. 1.)

38. Lady-love ill.

" Pure *Inorie* white, with spot of *Crimson* red,  
Where *Beauties First Borne* lay the perfect Molde,  
Or like *Aurora* rising from her Bed,  
Such was mine ALBA faire for to beholde.

## Introduction.

Such was She, when She lovely LOVE ore came,  
The Conquerors Glory, Conquered Pleasing Same.

But now that Callor faire hath changde his grace,  
Through Burning Fever, (deadly in his kinde)  
And Sallow Palenes stained hath that Face,  
To whom the Prize for *Fauour* was affinde,  
Sicke is my *Lady*, sicke is all *Delight*,  
And brightest Day is turnde to darkest Night.

Fortune hath stolne from ALBA, tooke from LOVE,  
From him she takes his *Solace*, *Sport* and *Play*;  
From Her her *Beautie* which she would improne,  
And to her selfe, would (safely) it conuay.  
Being *Pitfull* she *Cruell* seemes to be  
And in her Blindenes sheweth that she can see.

As a *Phoenix* darke as *Melle* in any Good;  
But in the Hart, as *Argus*, full of Eyes,  
It outward shew, a *Tiger* fierce and wood:  
And yet to me she's *kind* in piteous wise.  
Since She, by drawing *Beautie* from that place,  
(Quencheth) hath my *Fier*, to ease me for a space."  
(p. 99, st. 1 to 4.)

### 39. Heart dying.

"My *Heart* upon his *Deathbed*, sicke, did lye,  
Calling vpon proud ALBA but in vaine;  
The *Cruel* she, (for *pitie*) it did crie,  
Yet had *Rigor* through *Rigor* of *Disdaine*.  
So as to live thus (long) it could not bide,  
But rose vp the *Ghost*, and so he dide.

This is the *Tragedie* of bad *Fortune* hard,  
Which making *light* & *quicke* was conuaided,  
A *shew* for their *Funerals* preparde,  
Where is a *Trunk* of *Lynette* t'was laide.  
Lament, *Sorrow*, *Griefe*, *Sorow*, *Care*, and *Feare*,  
Which *Animal* *Deuotes*, the chiefest mourners were.

And the *Merest* great *shere* of *Teares* were shed;  
Which that the *heart* so cleare and bright,  
Which was by *Cruelty* miled,  
Which the *trumpet* to be so wofull fight.  
Which the *light* the *day* with wofull *Plaint*,  
Which with a *blacke* and *dim* *Saunt*.

Which the *Merest* *quicke* was  
Which the *Merest* *quicke* with *Arrows* sharpe & keene,

The Epitaph (for such as by should pas)  
 VVas thus subscibde, and carued to be seene.  
*Loe here that gentle Hart entombde doth lie,*  
*Whom cruell ALBA causeles forst to die."*

(p. 100, st. 1 to 4.)

40. Passion.

"Vnhappie Pilgrim I, borne still to euill  
 To shrine her for a Saint, who is a Deuill." (p. 112, st. 4.)

41. Friendship.

"When *Beautie* sickneth, then *Desire* doth die,  
*Fauor* doth vade most flouring in his prime,  
 Then *LOVE* doth ebbe, when flowes *Aduersitie*,  
 But *Friendship* bides out euerie stormie *Time*.  
 (p. 113, st. 1, ll. 1 to 4.)

42. Respect.

"(LADIE) *I hope no line is here set downe,*  
*Sauns awfull looking bucke vnto your frowne."*  
 (p. 116, st. 2, ll. 5, 6.)

43. Heaven.

"Thou, then shalt be, whereas the *Blessed* are,  
 pure = *Poore Soule*, mongst *Soules*, mongst *Stars*, a brightsome *Starre*."  
 (p. 121, st. 4, ll. 5, 6.)

44. Living Death.

"Thou *LIFE* which *Life* art calde, and yet art *Death*.  
 Thou *DEATH*, which *Death* art termde, and yet art *Life*,  
 Say ; which of you maintaine my vitall breath,  
 Within this wretched Vale of Worldly strife?  
 Say, which prolongs my *Life*, most of you *Twaine*?  
 Or thou *LIFE*, or thou *DEATH* : say both the same.  
 Wherefore, what ere he be, that meanes to ioy  
 This other *LIFE* that is *Celestiall*,  
 He must not scorne (to scape from worlds annoy)  
 Nor thinke it much, to come when *DEATH* shall call.  
 For *DEATH*, not *LIFE*, doth help vs at the end,  
*LIFE* is our Foe, but *DEATH*, our dearest Friend."  
 (p. 123, st. 1 and 4.)

45. Heavenly Beauty.

"This *earthly Beautie* doth the *Sence* delight,  
 But *Heauenly Beautie* doth the *minde* more please :  
 The one the World hath as an Object right,  
 And seekes the *World* to pleasure with sweet ease :

## Introduction.

But th'other hath *Iehonah* for hir glasse,  
Nor she for any but for him doth passe."

(p. 126, st. 1.)

### 46. Earthly Beauty.

"Faire *Pearle*, fine golde, base *excrements* of th'earth ;  
What's *Beautie*, but a little *White* and *Red* ?  
Reuiued with a little liuely *Breath*,  
With *Winde*, or *Sunne*, or *Sicknes* altered ?  
All this doth *Time* consume and bring to nought,  
And all what ere into this world is brought.

The fairest *Colours* drie and vanish shall ;  
The *yongst* must pack as well as doth the *Olde* :  
All mortall things to mortall death must fall,  
And therefore first were cast in earthly molde.  
That which doth florish greene as grasse to-day,  
To morrow withereth like to dried Hay."

(p. 127, st. 3 and 4.)

### 47. The Sence.

"The *Sence* doth burne with *Loues* vnperfect works,"

(p. 126, st. 2, l. 1.)

### 48. Evanescence.

"The fairest Flower must wither with the weed,  
What so doth liue, to die was first decreede." (p. 128, st. 2.)

### 49. Immortality.

Who dyeth ill, dyes ; who dieth well, neuer dies,  
But limes a life about Eternallie :  
Like good *Elias*, who in wondrous wise,  
Was from base Earth tooke vp to liue in skie :  
Where bide *Th' elect of Christ* for euer blest,  
In *Abrahams* bosome there for aye to rest.

(p. 128, st. 4.)

~~The~~ variations — which might be abundantly and  
~~unmistakably~~ increased — vindicate for Tofte his own utmost  
place in England's great Antiphon. He  
was the 'Robin Red  
breast' who refused to name and re-name himself.  
The following details of most  
things together with related things. Some

very sensible remarks on the impropriety of thus adulterating the English tongue will be found in Puttenham's *Art of Poefie* (b. iii, f. 22).

Page 3, st. 2, l. 1, *daine* = dignify ; so the Italian, *dignare*, is used occasionally.

„ 23, st. 1, l. 3, *doth his dutie, i.e.*, does his best = *fa il suo dovere*.

„ 27, st. 3, l. 2, and in four other places, *noy* for annoyance = *noia*. Also used by Lodge. *Vide* Nares, *s.v.*

„ 29, st. 2, l. 1, *humour*, moisture = *umore* (Latin *humor*). Also in Spenser, *v.* Richardson, *s.v.* ; and “*humorous night*” is in Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*.

„ 35, st. 2, l. 5, *pover*, poor = *povero* ; unless it be rather the French *pauvre*.

„ 39, st. 3, l. 3, *prove*, attempt = *provare*.

„ 43, st. 2, l. 6, *of thy sweet sake*. I can make nothing of this, unless *sake* is an eccentric translation of *grazie*, and Tofte meant *of thy sweet grace*.

„ 51, st. 1, ll. 5, 6 } *more . . . . the more*. A peculiar use,  
 „ 54, st. 4, ll. 3, 4 } corresponding to the Italian, *più*  
 „ 67, st. 1, l. 6 } . . . . *tanto più* (found in Dante),  
 and to *plus . . . . tant plus*, in old French. Cf.  
 also *sharper . . . . the shroder*, p. 63, st. 3, ll. 2, 3.

„ 54, st. 2, l. 2, *bandies*, banishes = *bandire*.

„ 56, st. 1, l. 6, *expecting . . . when* ; cf. the Italian, *espettare . . . . che* ; or the Latin, *expectare dum*, is nearer.

„ 63, st. 2, l. 6, *disdained*, disdainful = *sdegnato*. Add *sdainfull* = *sdegnoso*, p. 58, st. 2, l. 4, *Sdeign* is used by Spenser.

„ 67, st. 2, l. 5, *the farther I to find, i.e.*, from finding. In Italian the infinitive would be used as substantive, and Tofte has attempted to reproduce this in English.

„ 68, st. 2, l. 1, *steeme*, esteem = *stimare*.

„ 80, st. 2, l. 3, *her straining beauties sight*. See Notes

and Illustrations. Perhaps the explanation in the note is plausible enough for so fantastic a writer as Tofte; but it seems possible that by *straining* he meant *strange*; Italian *strano* or *stranio*.

Page 85, st. 1, l. 2, *extract*, extracted = *estratto*.

„ 88, st. 3, l. 1, *poste*, placed = *posto*.

„ 90, st. 3, l. 1, *suspect*, suspicion = *sospetto*. This, of course, is common contemporaneously and earlier.

„ 93, st. 4, l. 2, *disgrace*, misfortune = *disgrazia*.

„ 94, st. 3, l. 3, *is to see*, is to be seene = *è a vedere*. Common at the time.

„ 119, st. 1, l. 4, *condole*, lament; nearly = Italian *condolersi*.

The following may be added by way of supplement:

(1) Verbs used as substantives according to the well-known Italian idiom: *shine*, p. 2, l. 2; *denay*, p. 41, st. 1, l. 4; *compare*, p. 46, st. 3, l. 5.

(2) Verbs ending *ise*: *rennatise*, p. 17, st. 2, l. 3; *memorise*, p. 18, st. 1, l. 2; *tyrannise*, p. 32, st. 2, l. 1, and p. 63, st. 1, l. 6; *subtellise*, p. 32, st. 2, l. 3; *haroldise*, p. 42, st. 4, l. 5; *canonise*, p. 42, st. 4, l. 6; *mirorise*, p. 54, st. 4, l. 5; *adulterise*, p. 63, st. 1, l. 5; *politize*, p. 65, st. 3, l. 1; *temporise*, p. 65, st. 3, l. 3; *serenising*, p. 66, st. 3, l. 2; *anatomise*, p. 73, st. 4, l. 5, and p. 95, st. 4, l. 5; *exvenomise*, p. 85, st. 4, l. 6; *induratis*, p. 86, st. 2, l. 5; *retranquillise*, p. 86, st. 2, l. 6; *satanise*, p. 132, st. 4, l. 5.

Of these sixteen verbs, five, or perhaps six, are English now; but in those days the use of such verbs was reckoned as a badge of Italianism. Nash, in the epistle prefixed to the second edition of *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 1594, writes: "Others object unto me . . . the often coyning of Italionate verbs, which end all in *ise*, as *mummi-*



*anise, tympanise, tirannise. . . . .* My ubraided Italionate verbs are the least crime of a thousand, since they are grown in general request with every good poet. Besides, they carrie farre more state with them then any other, and are not halfe so harsh in their desinence as the old hobling English verbes ending in *r*; they expresse more then any other verbes whatsoever, and that [kind of] substantives would be quite barraine of verbs, but for that ending." (Reprinted by J. P. Collier, in preface to his reprint of Harvey's *New Letter of Notable Contents*.)

- (3) Words which have a syllable added on at the end, probably to satisfy an ear accustomed to the Italian endings in *o* and *a*, though the affixes are *Teutonic*, not Italian. This is by no means peculiar to Tofte. The instances I have noted in *Alba* are: *devoutfull, strangie, calmie, hugie, vastie, cooly, blacksome, paradised, palish*. If the above alternative explanation of *straining*, p. 80, as = *strange*, is right, it is another instance of the same tendency.

- (4) And wanting blood, Paleness sits on my face, p. 56, st. 2, l. 2 ;

Holding thee *Deere*, why sets by me so light, p. 110, st. 1, l. 3.

In each of these lines the first clause is what is called a *nominativũ pendens*; a construction into which a man might be entrapped by familiarity with the use of the present participle in Italian, which itself seems a relic of the Latin ablative absolute.

- (5) The hyperbolical superlative found in Ariosto and other Italians, and very popular in England at the time. See Ben Jonson's frequent ridicule of it.

By vertue of her *more then radiant* beames,

p. 57, st. 3, l. 4.

Thy spotless life, thy *more than chaste* desire,  
*ib.*, st. 4, l. 6.

My love which is to thee *more then extream*,  
 p. 95, st. 2, l. 5.

*More then high time* tis for thee to relent,  
 p. 103, st. 3, l. 1.

- (6) The use of the infinitive without *to*, is perhaps also a trace of Italian influence. Instances are, *seeke*, p. 63, st. 3, l. 5 ; and *prate*, p. 104, st. 3, l. 1.

- (7) Of the numerous awkward inversions in which Tofte delights, I select those which seem most like Italian inversions :

p. 64, st. 2, l. 2, My *willing minde* to doe what *wild Command*, *i.e.*, mind willing . . . . Command willed.

p. 68, st. 2, l. 6, As nere the like attainde the perfects Faire, *i.e.*, never the most perfect Faire (beauty) attained the like.

p. 73, st. 3, l. 2, A quenchles burning this my secret Fire, *i.e.*, my secret Fire [makes] a quenchles burning.

p. 77, st. 3, l. 6, That opens wide the path of proud Disdaine, *i.e.*, that the path of proud disdain opens wide.

p. 93, st. 1, ll. 3, 4, When she her only sonne readie to part, doth see to forraine Countrie gainst her minde, *i.e.*, when she doth see her only son ready to part for foreign Country.

p. 106, st. 2, l. 2, As merits due desart, *i.e.*, as due desert merits.

- (8) *Thy Bcautious Vertue, Vertuous Bcautie tis*, &c., p. 87, st. 3, l. 5. This sort of hypallage (or whatever the right name of it may be) is an Italian peculiarity, *e.g.* :

Amorosa onestate, onesto amore,  
 Con severa pietà grato rigore,  
 Ed in alta umiltate umile altezza.

(Annibal Caro.)

- (9) p. 96, st. 3, ll. 5, 6, *long*, adj., rhymed to *long*, verb. The regular rule of Italian versification is, that a word can rhyme to another word the same in form and sound, but different in sense. This refinement does not seem ever to have taken root in England. I may cite, however, the following from Gabriel Harvey (*The Trimming of Thomas Nash*, Collier's reprint, p. 27): "It may be thou likest not these verses, for that they want riming words, and I ende both the verses with one word: no, *Tom*, noe, thinke not soe, bewray not so thy poetry, for that distich is best contrived, and most elegant, that endes both verses with one word, if they import a divers sense."

We wind up with a few *Gallicisms*.

Page 3, st. 3, l. 2, *novel*, new = nouveau, nouvelle.

„ 29, st. 3, l. 4, *reuilde*, made vile, wrought low = Fr., ravili.

„ 30, { st. 2, l. 3, *boun gree* = á bon gré.  
 { st. 4, l. 2, *outer-boldness* is exactly outre = cu-  
 dance (also accepted in the English, *v. Nares, s.v.*)

„ 61, st. 4, l. 5 } the Cruel = la Cruelle (also found in old  
 „ 92, st. 1, l. 3 } English, and largely in old Scotch;  
 but everywhere a distinct Gallicism.

„ 73, *crueltise*, a French form though not a French word, formed on the model of *covetise*.

There are reminiscences of contemporaries in *Alba*. Thus, SPENSER'S *Ruins of Rome*, or from Bellay himself, was undoubtably before him when he wrote thus:

“ You stately Hills, you princelike Ruins olde.  
 Which proudly in your laft remainders show,  
 And who as yet the name of faire *Rome* holde,  
 To whom did once the whole world homage owe.  
 The place where (now) so many Relikes lie,  
 Of Holy foules honord for Christ to die.

You Theaters, you Conquerors Arches faire,  
 Coloffes huge, and mafsie Pillers great,

Triumphant Skowes of more then Glory rare,  
 Where Victorie with pompe did take their sence :  
 Lo what a wonder strange in you is wrought,  
 You now are dust, confumde (as twere) to nought.

Though conquering War, doth make in time to come,  
 Many things flourish, and with Fame to rise :  
 Yet in the end when all is past and done,  
 Time doth All this consume in spitefull wise,  
 All Monuments, all Monarchs that have been,  
 Time in the end destroyes, and weares out cleane.

(p. 37, st. 1 to 3.)

Again Lord Vaux (*Fuller Worthies Library* edition, p. 24).

" Is this a life? naye death you maie it call,  
 That feelles each paine and knoweth no ioye at all "

is recalled by p. 32, st. 1. ll. 5-6 :

" Then death, not life, I may this liuing call,  
 Where ceaseles Noy, not ioy, doth me befall."

So elsewhere.

Once more—we read in Thomas Watson's *Ἑκατομβαθία*,  
 Sonnet xlvii, thus :

" More fierce is my sweete *loue*, more hard withall,  
 Then Beast, or Birde, then Tree, or stony wall "

which is worked into p. 66, st. 2, ll. 3-4, thus :

" Shoulde haue a hart more cruell and more fell  
 Then Tiger, harder then a stony wall."

These lines had already been transplanted bodily into  
 Kyd's Spanish Tragedy. Further: At p. 91, cf. Sir Thomas  
 Wyatt's Sonnet :

" Lyke unto these unmeasurable mountaines."

I have an idea that a more intimate knowledge of con-  
 temporary (minor) Italian Poets than I can pretend to, would  
 reveal indebtedness in *Alba* and in *Laura* to some of them.

Altogether I do not imagine that any of my constituency  
 at any rate, will differ from me in regarding ROBERT TOFTE  
 as a worthy addition to these Occasional Issues of unique  
 and extremely rare books.

For the absolutely unique exemplar of *Alba*, I am indebted, as pleasantly for others, to ALFRED H. HUTH, Esq. For many suggestions and modestly-rendered help in various ways, I have to thank right cordially one good friend (who will not allow himself to be named) in Edinburgh, and, as in other cases, my unfailing friend Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON has given me the benefit of his reading, in slip-proof, my Notes and Illustrations.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

*St. George's Vestry,  
Blackburn, Lancashire,  
19th November, 1880.*

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P.S.—It is to be noted that Tofte addresses a man as only we would a woman (p. 6, l. 5), as Shakespeare and contemporaries did. Query (p. 47, st. 2, l. 6), 'leeke' may be = like? '*Burnham*' (p. 86, last line) has yielded no memorial of Tofte or Toftes to my inquiries. In Notes and Illustrations, for p. 104, read p. 105.—G.



ALBA.  
THE MONTHS  
MINDE OF A ME-  
LANCHOLY LOVER,  
diuided into three  
parts :

*By R. T. Gentleman.*

HEREVNTO IS ADDED A  
most excellent pathetical and pafsionate Let-  
ter, sent by Duke *D'Epernoun*, vnto the late  
French King, *Henry* the 3. of that name,  
when he was commanded from the  
Court, and from his Royall  
Companie. Translated  
into English by the  
foresaid Au-  
thor.



*Spes, Amor, & Fortuna valete.*

*At LONDON.*  
Printed by *Felix Kingston*, for *Matthew*  
*Lownes.* 1598.

**As glorious Pearle, the MARGARITE  
At shine of Sunne doth shoue :  
So doth she looke, or very like,  
To whom I Dutie owe.**

**R. T.**

.





TO THE NO LESSE  
EXCELLENT THEN HO-  
NORABLE DESCENDED

Gentlewoman, Mistrisse

*Anne Herne.*

PVre Lampe of Vertue, burning alwaies bright,  
VVho, Grace in me (vnworthie) dost infuse:  
*Cleere Sunne* that driu'ft each doubtfull Mist from sight,  
The firm'st Maintainer of my crased Muse;  
Lo I this *mournfull Verse* in fable weede,  
From sorrowes Cell, do send thee for to reade.

Daine thou with cheerfull looke, what my sad eye  
Distils from Lymbeck of a bleeding Hart;  
Fruits of true Loue disdaine most wrongfully,  
Vouchsafe of me (as of my Dutie) part,  
A Wofull Wight, indebted paieth thee so:  
Bankroutes in pleasure, can but pay with woe.

As often as the Moone doth change her course,  
And Sunne to nouell Signe doth enter in:  
So often I do call still for remorse,  
Whilst endles sorrow doth new Griefe begin.  
Once I each Month to CRUEL ALBA make,  
A MONTHS MIND, yet no pitie she doth take.

A 2

Thou

Thou art the SHADOWV of her SVBSTANCE faire,  
Refembling her most perfectly in Shape :  
Ah then but smile, and it shall ease my care,  
Though stint it cannot, her nere dying hate :  
Grant me this *Boone*, and neuer shall my Verse  
Leaue, of thy Christall BROOKE praise to rehearse.

Humbly deuoted vnto your  
matchles Vertues.

R. T.



# TO THE THRISE GENEROVS AND NOBLE

Gentleman Sir *Calisthines Brooke*

Knight, one of her Maiesties

*chiefe Commanders in*

IRELAND.

**M**irror of Knighthood, WORTHIES Caualiere,  
Touchstone of Valour, Chiefe of Chiualrie ;  
Honor of Field, to Foe a deadly Feare,  
Wars bloody Ancient, Plague to *Surgedrie* :  
Souldiers Reliefe, *Mars* braueft Coronell,  
*Bellonas* Trumpet, Battailes Larum Bell :

Sweet to thy Friends, to Strangers nothing fower,  
Whofe kinde Behauiour hath bin of fuch force,  
As ore thy deadliest Foes, th' haft had great power,  
Making them learne true Pitie and Remorfe.  
Witnes the fauadge KERNS, and IRISH wilde,  
Wrought through thy *Cariage* sweete, both tame and  
(milde.

*Vertue* and *Honor*, striue in thee t'exceede ;  
*Valour* and *Beautie*, *Intrest* in thee claime,  
Whilst thou thy *Noble House* noblest indeede,  
*Thy House*, not thee, through thy Palme-rising Fame.  
Worthy art thou to be (Faire matchles Wight)  
MINION to *Kings*, to *Queenes*, dear FAVORITE.

A 3

Then

Then (Courteous KNIGHT) vouchsafe with cheerfull  
This wofull Verfe (though worthles) to accept : (smile,  
Begot by Griefe, brought forth as Sorrowes Childe,  
Since Thee and Thine (as *Sacred*) I respect.  
Ah had mine ALBA seene thy louely Face,  
For thy sweet sake, I (then) had found some Grace.

At your honorable Disposition  
alwaies to be commanded.

R. T.

*To the right noble and mag-*  
*nanimous Gentleman Sir John*  
*Brooke knight, one of her*  
Maiesties chiefe Captaines in  
the LOWE COUNTRIES.

**B**Raue KNIGHT, whose Vertues far exceed thy yeeres,  
The Ornament of thy *thrife Noble House*,  
Whose Worth is such as findes abroad few Peeres :  
So *Famous* art thou, and *Illustrious*,  
Making the World to wonder at thy Praise,  
Whilst to thy selfe new Glorie thou dost raise.

Thou like vnto another *Alexander*,  
Art to thy Countries Foes, a *Tamberlaine*,  
(A Bloody Scourge) whilst thou dost them indanger,  
The Proudst of whom, thou makst to yeeld with shame :  
Witnes the Siege of AMYENS late in FRANCE,  
Where Knightly Honor thy Service did aduance.

Vouchsafe thou then great MARS'S *Parent Heire*  
To lay aside thy Martiall minde a space,  
And view these lines, *Th' vntimely Fruits of Care*,  
Which I desire (though not deferue) to grace :  
Gratious thou art with All, then grace to One  
This Verse, whose Grace I do entreate alone.

A 4

May

May be, when my coy ALBA shall perceiue,  
This fauour done so kindly vnto me,  
She (for a while) from Rigor then will breathe,  
Taking Truce, (though not Peace) from Crueltie.  
Grant me this Sute, and I with zeale will pray,  
That when thou lou'ft, thy *Mistris* nere say *Nay*.

At your honorable Disposition  
alwaies to be commanded.

R. T.

Richard Day to the Author.

*W*hilst louely ROBIN REDBREST thou dost sing,  
In chirping note her Beautie most diuine,  
Whom thou to heauen with peales of praise dost ring,  
The gentle Aire with thee keepes tune and time :  
Aurora, from the skies on ALBA sweet,  
Raines Rosés, her in kindnes more to greet.

To heare thee sing the Windes are whist in th'aire,  
And calmie Zephirus a coole fresh blast doth blow :  
Flora doth smile, and Riuers forced are  
To stay their course, they like thy musick so :  
Willing they lend to thee their listning eare,  
As who would say, Him only would we heare.

The sauage beasts do runne ; the liules stones  
Tumble apace, and mouing Mountaines hie,  
To heare how sweetly thou thy Loue bemonés,  
Taking delight in this rare melodie.  
Whilst LOVE himselfe hearing thee making Loue,  
The heate thereof as rauished doth proue.

So did the Thracian Orpheus heretofore,  
Vpon the flowring bankes of Heber play  
On skilfull Harpe, (as thou dost now implore  
Longst TAMESIS) for faire Euredisay.  
Be then our English Orpheus, raise thy Verse,  
Thy worthie ALBAS praise, brauely rehearse.

R. Day. Gentleman.

*An Answer to his kinde friend*

Richard Day. Gent.

**N**O louely, nor beloued REDBREST I,  
A ROBIN poore refusde, such one I am,  
Which Ile ascribe vnto my Destinie,  
And not impute it vnto ALBAS blame:  
Yet will I chirp her praises to my skill,  
Where Art doth want, my Hart supplies goodwill.

Sweet Friend, tis thou that louely sweet dost sing,  
No swanne, but rauens I; my voice is hoarse:  
Thou DAY to the day the cleereſt light dost bring,  
And of thy DIAMANTA findeſt remorse.  
Heauens, Aire, Windes, Earth, Beasts, Stones, Hills, Seas  
Thou canſt command by thy sweet Verses call. (and all,

To praise me thus thou dost me too much wrong,  
This waight's too heauie for my back to beare:  
To thee and to thy Miſtris, Praise belong;  
For you, not me, this Garland's fit to weare.  
Yet ſince ſome Flowers thereof you do beſlow  
On ALBA mine, I thankfull ſtill will ſhow.

Be thou our ALBIONS Orpheus moſt diuine,  
I cannot play, my ioynts not nimble are:  
Thou that art beſt in Loues ſweet tune and time,  
Sound thou, directed by a beautionous Starre.  
My Star is bright, yet let me tell the truth,  
Where Beautie moſt abounds, there wants moſt ruth.

R. T.



*A friend, though a stranger to  
the Author.*

*When I by chance do reade thy dulcet Verse  
I cannot (though a stranger, yet thy friend,  
Thy passions be so pleasing, and so pierce)  
But giue thee Due, and them (of right) commend.  
So cunningly thy Verse doth ioyne with Art  
Thy griefes makes yerne the hardest Readers hart.*

*If thou dost write, thou others dost enflame,  
Thy stile is pure (well nie Celestiall)  
Like to the Sunne sparkling his beames amaine,  
Or like the Fire, whose heate doth soone appale.  
To heare thy selfe (not others) sing, I long,  
Sweet Bird thy Notes are sweete, sweet is thy Song.*

*Sing then sweet Bird with Ruddie Breaſt thy fill,  
For I do loue, affect and honor thee :  
Thou Sweet, I Constant, so continuing still,  
A Cignet thou, and Ile a Louer bee :  
So shall no loue be like the loue of mine,  
No stile compare with stile so rare of thine.*

*Then be not mute, when thou maiſt gently moue ;  
Keep not (alwaies) thy sorrowes to thy selfe ;  
Still mone not priuately like turtle Doue ;  
Content of Mind's worth all : seeke thine owne Health.  
Thinke All things haue their course ; the time may come,  
Though not obscurde, yet bright may shine thy Sunne.*

*Per Ignoto.*

## *An Answer.*

*B*ound by Desert, (thy Merits, but not mine)  
A Stranger, thou, how shall I make amends?  
That of thy friendship, such assured signe  
(To me scant knowne) such louing Verses sends?  
Thanks giue I; that's a yonger Brothers reward,  
Nought els I haue, my Fortune is so hard.

*My worthles lines th'haſt red, (as thou doſt write)*  
*But (partiall thou) too much the ſame doſt praiſe,*  
*To ſing ſtill kindly thou doſt me inuite,*  
*My Glorie (but indeed my Shame) to blaze.*  
*Alas I cannot; dead is that ſweet Fire,*  
*Which did enflame in me ſuch chaſt Deſire.*

*Then boldly ſang I, when thoſe louely Eyes*  
*Were guides to me: but now that they are gone,*  
*Now that my Sunne ſhines not in cheerful wiſe,*  
*Nor my Fire heates me, I will weep and mone.*  
*I, weep, (ſaith Cruell ALBA) weep thy fill,*  
*For neuer more I ſee, or loue thee will.*

*But thou that conſtant art in thy vowde Loue*  
*And (as Belou'd) thy Ladies loue doſt gaine*  
*With thy ſweet Stile, and my ſad Plaints to moue,*  
*Each Readers harts ſeeke thou in amorous vaine;*  
*In ſecret ſtill I le ſorrow like the Doue,*  
*And when my Sunne ſhall ſhine, then will I moue.*

R. T.

*To my deare friend R. T. Gent.*

*S*weet Cignet that so sweetly dost deplore,  
Thy sad lamenting Passions and thy loue,  
Where TAMESIS doth flow alongst the shore,  
And from cleere Isis doth his passage moue,  
Running alongst braue Troynouants right side  
Till ceasles she into the Sea doth glide.

*Thou to the Nymphs dost sing so sweet a tune,  
Gracing thy selfe with such a sugred note,  
As VVaues and VVindes, are still, and calmie soone  
To heare thee ; nor desire they blow, or flote,  
Whilst they do breath to vs this gentle Gust,  
Only let ROBIN sing, All other Birds be husht.*

I. M. Gent.

The Answer of the Author.

*T*is thou, not I, that singst so sweet a Song,  
Where MERSIE streames, whose waues are Siluer fōūd,  
Whose bankes are Gold, whilst he doth glide along  
Into the swelling Trent his vtmost Bound.  
You that in Loues Quire sing, heare him alone  
Not me : my song's vnpleasant, full of mone.

*Heare him, who chaunts with such a pleasant Lay,  
As he, Seas stormes, can (when he list) asswage ;  
Make stealing Time against his will to stay,  
And calme the Windes, when most they seeme to rage :  
Heare him ; to vs (to heare him) tis a Grace,  
Your Glorie to be husht, and giue him place.*

R. T.

*The Author to Master R. A.*

***D**Eare friend, in whom Euterpe doth instill  
Each rare Concept, within thy learned brest,  
Guiding so happily thy pleasing quill,  
Whilst of thy Mistris Beautie th'art in Quest :  
Making our TAMESIS for fame as rare,  
As Tiber, when proud Rome Worlds scepter bare.*

*That LAWREL greene which in my youthfull yeares  
I lou'd so much, so deare, as like could none,  
A fatall barren Cypresse now appeares,  
Which scarce in harsh and hatefull Verse I mone :  
Too true presage of Falling of my Sunne,  
And hastie Poste of my sad Griefes to come.*

*Then to what end, since that it is in vaine,  
My fickle penne, my bloodles hand to write  
Cal'dst thou on me? that thus liue still in paine,  
Since blinded I, haue lost mine ALBAS sight.  
MERCIE no Mercie me, no more will show,  
Now doth it ebbe, where it was wont to flow.*

*But thou whose Blood is hot, and in thy Prime,  
And daily ioyest thy Cynthias Companie :  
Rouse thee, and of right Eagle shew the signe,  
And with thy Verse (thy flight) cut through the skie.  
Whilst I mine ALBAS absence still bewaile,  
Whose fight being lost, my fences needs must faile.*

R. T.



*An Answer.*

**E**Vterpe, nor the Muses (*her sweet Mates*)  
Pernassus drops infuse into my Braine :  
*My table is not furnisht with rare Cates,*  
*(Daintie Conceits) which come from Poets vaine :*  
*No sacred Furie me inspires t'endite,*  
*But what first comes in braine (straight) that I write.*

*Thy Lawrel greene that thou hast lou'd so long,*  
*Doth flourish still, nor fatall Cypresse tis ;*  
*To feare too much, thy selfe thou much dost wrong,*  
*And ouer-much to grieue, thou dost amisse.*  
*No Sunne but falls as well as it doth rise,*  
*And who (in Loue) liues without Contraries ?*

*Though ALBA'S gone, yet she'le againe returne,*  
*Then write, that she may know thou dost her minde :*  
*What Ladies promise, HONOR will performe,*  
*Nor thinke that Beautie alwaies is unkinde :*  
*ALBA is milde ; MERCIÉ will Mercie show,*  
*No Riuer ebs, but it againe must flow.*

*I am at best and in my youthfull prime,*  
*My louely Cynthias Fauour I enioy :*  
*Yet think not but my Day is darke sometime,*  
*As I do taste of Blisse, so fcele I noy ;*  
*Thus chirpe one ROBIN REDBREST to another,*  
*Ah do not thy rare Gifts through sorrow smother.*

R. A.



## TO THE PICTURE OF HIS MISTRES

**L**ike to the Porpoise Tempests prophecies  
 I play before the fumes of my sad Teares.  
 Or as the Swaine whose sweetest Note is higher,  
 When Death is neerer, which he gently beares:  
     So sing I, now that ALIA mine is parted  
     Who hath me left desolate and quite deserted

Turne inke from Blacke to Gore in bloodinke,  
 Paper from white change thou to deadly pale,  
 Whilst I my Readers eyes do rumarie  
 With brinish drops to heare this wofull Tale.  
     This wofull tale, where sorrow is the ground,  
     Whose bottom's such, as (nere) the Depth is found.

But vnto whom shall I (now) dedicate  
 This mestfull verse, this mournfull Elegie?  
 Euen to my cruell Mistresse COVNTERRAITE,  
 Of Beauties shape, the right Eternitie.  
     Then to her PICTURE I present this verse,  
     Of my flaine Hart (dead for pure loue) the Herse.

Here may I touch, kisse, talke, doe what I please  
 Without Controle, Frowne, Anger, or Disdaine  
 To breake ones minde in grieve yet tis some ease,  
 And boldly speake without replie againe.  
     Ah that I were *Pigmalion* in this place,  
     That *Venus*, me (as him she did) would grace

B

# ALBA.

## *Alba Crudelissima.*

Loe here the MONTHS MIND of my deare bought  
Which (once a Month) I vowd to memorise, (Loue,  
When first I fought the CRUEL FAIRE to moue,  
Who alwaies did my sighs and teares despise.  
This must my SABBOTH be, and HOLIDAY,  
On which I (to my Goddesse) vse to pray.

This Feast I solemnise for her sweete fake,  
(In absence hers) as if she present were,  
For my proud CHOICE, who pitie none doth take  
On me, that liue twixt Hope, despaire and feare.  
(Deare ALBA) then accept this Sacrifice,  
These dutious Teares, the Tribute of mine eyes.

Thinke how perplext fore PICTURE thine I stand ;  
Thinke of the depth of my sad Passion ;  
How I haue alwaies bin at thy command ;  
How none but thee my thoughts still muse vpon.  
Thinke how I euer tendred thy Good name,  
Conseruing with my dearest Blood the same.

[Thin]ke how I still of thee had due respect,  
[Thoug]h thou (at all times) didst me vse too hard ;  
[And whom] withouten cause thou didst reiect,  
[For my] good meaning too too meane reward)  
[Alas] these wrongs which I endured haue,  
[Wil]t remember me : Nought els I craue.

*Troinuant.*

Since



A L B A .

Since spightful Fortune (fore against my will)  
Hath drawn me farre from place where thou dost liue :  
And that of force I must obey her still,  
(Although to liue so doth me deadly grieue)  
Yet though my Bodie is farre off, MY HART  
Is still with thee, from whence it nere shall part.

Only of thee (sweete Ladie) this I craue,  
That till our thred of life shall be vnspun,  
Thou wilt vouchsafe me in thy mind to haue,  
And not forget the Loue twixt vs begun.  
But in thy Hart the same for to repose,  
As I (the like) in inward soule doe close.

This only can (still) me in life conserue,  
Thy gracious Fauour and thy Pitie sweete :  
This is the pretious Balme, the pure Preserue,  
Which I doe hope to finde, and still will seeke :  
This makes me liue, although with great vnrest,  
Since of thy selfe I haue bin dispossessed.

Thou art my Hope, my Hauen, my comfort chiefe,  
On thee alone, on none els I relie :  
Only to thee I come to begge reliefe ;  
In thee it is if I shall liue or die.

(DEAREST) remember tis a Gift more rare,  
CONSTANT to be, then to be counted FAIRE.

B I

Two

A L B A .

Two sparkling stars, fine golde, pure Ebonie,  
From whence Loue takes his Brands, his Shafts & Bow,  
Two daintie Apples, which though hid from eye,  
Through vaile of Lawne, through lawne more faire do  
A cherrie lip with Iuorie teeth most white, (show :  
Where *Cupid* begs within that Grate so bright.

Vermilion Flowers that grow in Heauen aboue ;  
Snow, which no wet can marre, nor Sunne can melt,  
Right Margarite Pearle which alwaies Orient proue,  
A Voyce, that Hart of marble makes to swelt,  
A Smile that calmes the raging of the Sea,  
And Skie more cleere makes then was wont to bee.

Graue, staied wisdome in yong and tender yeares,  
A stately Gate, and Port maiestticall,  
A Carriage (where in vertue (borne) appeares,  
Lookes that disdaine, and yet delight withall,  
Numbers of Fauours, Beauties infinite,  
With Modestie, chaste, pure, and milde Delight.

An humble Soule within a Bodie rich,  
A lowly Thought within a conquering Hart :  
These are the workes which I commend so mich  
Which Heauens & LOVE haue framde by curious Art :  
All these I once enioyde : but they being gone,  
My Note is changde, my Mirth is turnde to Mone.

Ah

A L B A .

Ah might I once perfwaded be at laft,  
Thefe skalding fighs of mine fhould haue an end,  
That I for Sower, fome Sweet (at length) might tafte,  
And that the CRVEL FAIRE would not contend  
Euer againft me ; I then would (gently) take,  
And fuffer all thefe wrongs for her fweete fake.

Too well I know (and I confefle the fame)  
That too too loftie is my proud Defire :  
My foaring Thoughts, deferuing mickle blame,  
And I, ore bold, prefume too high t'aspire :  
Yet ftill (me thinkes) mine Ayme, being not bafe,  
I fhould deferue fome little tynie Grace.

Say then (fweete LOVE) for thou with ALBA mine,  
Doft foiorne, wherefoeuer ſhe doth bide)  
Say am I like, that, to obtaine in time,  
From which I now am fo farre off, and wide ?  
Ah fay the truth, doth ſhe once thinke of me ?  
Doth ſhe but wifh that I with her might be ?

Ah had not Reafon my Defires refrainde,  
I had, *my Thoughts deare Soueraigne*, feene ere this,  
Whofe Grace I fought (but bootles) to haue gainde,  
The only ioy I in this world would wifh.

Rather would I fee thofe chafte beautious Eyes,  
Then chufe to be in matchleffe Paradife.

B 3

As

A L B A .

As Christall Glasse in which the Sunne doth shine,  
I like mine ALBAS Angels heauenly feature :  
But when she deadly wounds this Corse of mine,  
I lothe her more then any murthring Creature :  
    More then a Theefe that robs and stealeth pelfe,  
    I hate her, when she steales me from my felfe.

My hart is grieu'd cause it doth disagree :  
For whilst my Minde to loue her doth deuise,  
And thinks her worthie honored for to bee,  
A Sdainfull thought through Hatred doth arise,  
    Which skornes y<sup>t</sup> one so Rich, a Theefe shuld proue,  
    That one so Faire, a Murthereffe is in loue.

I know not what to seeke, nor what I should,  
Yet haue I fought till I haue lost my sense :  
Although truth to confesse, faine loue I would,  
And yet not die for this too Cruell wench.  
    Betwixt these two fain would I find a Meane, (treme.  
    Alas, Women haue none, they alwaies keepe Th' ex-

Then how for me ist possible to loue,  
If my best ALBA once from me be tooke ?  
How shall I liue when thousand Deaths I proue ?  
When not this one (the least) I scarce can brooke.  
    Ah woe is me, a double mixt Desire,  
    To haste my Death the sooner doth conspire.

Such

A L B A .

Such is the rare perfection of sweete Beautie  
Of my faire ALBA, my sole choise Delight :  
That if that any PAINTER doth his dutie,  
To shadow forth her Luster passing bright,  
    He loseth both his labour and his time,  
    As one ore bold, so high a step to clime.

For whilst he giues his minde attentiuely,  
And studieth to match Nature with his Art,  
Marking her Feature with a watchfull eye,  
To portray forth most liuely every part :  
    Such brightnes comes from her, such gliftring rayes,  
    As he's struck blinde, and darkned goes his wayes.

This is the cause, that who in hand doth take,  
In curious wife her pearlesse Counterfate,  
Hoping himselfe immortall so to make,  
Doth fall into like dangerous estate :  
    Thinking to shadow her, he shadowed is,  
    And so his eyes, and purpose he doth misse.

That, she were drawne in midst of Hart it were  
Far better, and (my selfe) haue plaste her so)  
For though in darke she hidden doth appeere,  
Yet vnto me she faire and bright doth show,  
    My Hart's the Boord, where limnde you may her see ;  
    My Teares the Oyle, my Blood the Colours bee.

B 4

*Fano.*

Bright

**A L B A .**

Bright were the Heauens, and husht was euery winde,  
Cleere was the day, when as mine ALBA faire,  
Brought forth with ioy (*Lucina* being kinde)  
A daintie Babe, for feature passing rare,  
Adorning all the world with this glad welth,  
A gift t'enrich the World, Vs, and her self.

What time she was in trauell of this Childe,  
No thunder, lightning, nor no storme was heard :  
But all was quiet, peacefull, calme and milde,  
As if the skies t' offend her were afear'd,  
Whilst th' earth attended on her, and the Sea,  
As though they staid at her command to be.

Then did the Windes (not vsing so before)  
A gentle gale blow calmely euery where,  
And fild the blisfull Aire with sweetes great store :  
Each bird and fowle shewing a merry cheere,  
Whilst that blest Day a double Beautie found,  
One from the Sunne, the other here on ground.

This made the haughtie proud *Oceanus*,  
To open all his wealth in outward show :  
And finding my faire Mistresse honored thus,  
He made his swelling waues in richnes flow,  
Whilst that a MARGARITE brought forth a Perle,  
A precious stone, a daintie louely Gerle.

**As**

A L B A .

As I haue liu'd, I liue, and liue so will,  
With selfe fame baite that LOVE for me did lay,  
When he his net (to traine me in by skill)  
Did open fet, to bring me to his bay :  
    Only that I might sigh for thee alone,  
    And sue for Grace, although Grace found I none.

Then ALBA let it not displeasen thee,  
Nor make thou shew of anger for the same :  
Though my sweete Bonds so strait and inward bee,  
Since I (not thou) doe beare thereof the paine :  
    And that my loue to thee is growne so neere,  
    As then my life I value it more deere.

Thine was I first, and thine at last I am,  
And thine I will be to the world his end :  
For thee into this world I willing came,  
And leaue this world I will, fore thee offend.  
    Meane time thy matchles vertues I will blase,  
    And spend my life, sighing for thee alwaies.

Ah LOVE twas thou that tookest my libertie,  
And of Freeman inforst me be a slaue,  
Whilst Hers to be, and thine, most willinglie  
I am content this seruile yoke to haue.  
    LOVES prisoner then, begging at Beauties gate,  
    Some Almes bestow sweet Ladie for Gods sake.

My

A L B A .

My mounting Minde, my neuer staide Conceit  
Hath built a stately Castle in the Aire :  
Which *Ioue* his lightning Fire, nor his fierce thret,  
Nor Fate, nor Fortune, nor ought else doth feare.  
    Founded it is vpon two running Wheelles,  
    The Gates of dust and winde (still turning reeles.)

Thoufands of Motes are digd about the same,  
Which are capritious Humors sond and Toyes :  
The Skouts and Guards thereof, Hopes dead and vaine ;  
The Food therein preparte, false fleeting Ioyes ;  
    The fencing Walles are framde of fierce Desire,  
    Which dreads nor Seas, nor earth, nor force, nor fire.

The Armour, framed are in running Head,  
Of foolish Boldnes, and of pensive Feare,  
Which None knowes how they should be managed,  
Nor how the same gainst others right to beare :  
    The Shot, Munition, and Artillerie,  
    Are diuers Thoughts which in the Fancie lie.

The Castellane doth fight against himselfe,  
Hauing nought els his souldiers for to pay,  
But with Ambition which is all his wealth :  
Iudge then my state, and marke my firmeft stay.  
    O LOVE how long learne shall I in thy Schoole ?  
    The more I learne, I (still) doe proue more Foole.

Swift



A L B A .

Swift roling Spheares, cleere burning Lamps diuine,  
That with your beames disgrace the glorious Sunne :  
Faire ladders by which I to Heauen clime,  
And by your Influence this rare course doe runne.

Ah, if not quickly hither you returne,  
Too late (in vaine) my losse you then shall mourne.

My Spirits for you did seeke to ope each way,  
That you might passage make into my Hart,  
And ioyfull were they when you there did stay,  
But sorrowfull when you from thence did part.  
And now my Soule is summond by Despaire,  
For want of you his only Hope and Care.

All comfortles I liue here all alone,  
Banisht from Mirth, and Bondflaue vnto Noy :  
Feeding my selfe (now you from hence are gone)  
With sweet Remembrance of fore passed Ioy,  
And with kinde Hope : these twaine together striue  
To keepe me, gainst despairing Thoughts aliue.

The first, doth ALBAS selfe (for my reliefe)  
Present (of which I am now dispossess)  
The other doth abate each swelling griefe,  
Which els my Hart would ouermuch molest.  
Ah pleasing Hope, ah gracious Memorie,  
You make me liue, which els of force should die.  
Without

**A L B A .**

**Without my Sunne, I liue in darksome shade,  
Whilst I with sighing spend my hatefull daies,  
And in LOVES Sea without my Pilot wade  
Whilst storme my leaking Barke to sinke assaies :  
    I languish malcontent, deepe drownde in Care,  
    Witnes mine Eyes, that running fountaines are.**

**Thou Northwest Village farre from mine abode,  
Which dost enioy my Mistris prefence faire :  
Ah happie art thou where she makes her rode,  
And where she bides whose selfe hath no compare.  
    Happie art thou, but most vnhappy I,  
    Thou dost possesse, I want her companie.**

**Faine would I (for long since I vow did take)  
As painfull Pilgrim in deuoutfull wise,  
A voyage in that Holy Land to make,  
At my sweet Saint, her Shrine to sacrifice,  
    Where (for Oblation) I my Hart would offer,  
    Not doubting but she would accept the proffer.**

**But to no end I wish, it is in vaine,  
A lesser Fauour should contenten mee :  
It should suffice me if I might but gaine  
A sight of her, Her once more for to see.  
    Alack, this is not ouermuch I craue,  
    Only her sight, not her, tis I would haue.**

**Sad**

A L B A .

Sad Teares, that from my meftfull Hart doe runne,  
Thrust forth through watrie Eyes by Sorrow kinde :  
If you into LOVES paths by chance fhall come,  
Where he doth walke, and pitie thinke to finde :  
    In vaine then doe you ftirre abroad, in vaine  
    You lofe your trauaile, labour and your paine.

For whilst the way vnto an Humour new  
You open wide, fierce ALBA fhutteth close  
Her breaft from mercie, making me to rew,  
And for your Friendship, counts you as her foes :  
    Wherein, ſhe doth a damd Example ſhow,  
    Forcing her Hart gainſt Conſcience here to goe.

Then wofull teares what will you doe as now ?  
LOVE's dead and gone, all pitie is exile :  
Skornd is my Conſtancie and loyall Vow,  
And through Diſdaine I daily am reuilde.  
    My Hopes are blaſted, and as withered ſeeme,  
    Whilst ſtill Diſgraces ſhew before me greene.

Come then, turne backe, and with me ſecretlie  
Bewaile my torment, leaſt my Hart appeere  
A ſenfeles ſtone, through proud Impietie :  
And my blind eyes a fountaine running cleere.  
    And ſince not any will our Griefes bemone,  
    Lets ſwallow downe our Sorrowes all alone.

LOVE

## A L B A .

Thy whiteness (ALBA) I may well compare  
 To *Delia*, when no cloud doth her obscure :  
 Thy haire to *Phœbus* lightning in the Aire,  
 When he doth shine with greater Lustre pure  
 Thy diamond eyes, like to a frostie Night,  
 Where sparkling stars doe shooting take their flight.

Thy cheekes *Aurora* like when with her Dew,  
 The Rose and Lillie she doth sprinkle sweete :  
 Resembling drops that feeded Pearle doe grow,  
 As if that double Beanie did them grow  
 Thy Hand as hand it is the daintie Glove,  
 Which *Polyxene* wore when she was sold to LOVE.

What art thou but all Faire is outward show.  
 But inwardly thou art Cruell and malicious :  
 In thy faire Face all Favour sweete doe grow.  
 But Treachery and Envy in thy Heart I knowe :  
 With show of sweet thou dost lure and dost deceive,  
 But inwardly thou mak'st them pay the price.

Thou hast made my life as bitter Death  
 My hope from all her hopes thou dost deprive :  
 Thou art the curse that brought my truest friend  
 And Honour with Honour against me dost combine  
 Thou only art the end that I had wish'd  
 And dost thy selfe of great miserie make.

The

A L B A .

LOVE hath me bound once more to make the way,  
From whence my Hart hath neuer yet declinde :  
And doubts least He, from rightest paths should stray,  
Because so weake and crased I him finde :

And marueile none, he wants his wonted sight,  
How can he iournie then but Sauns delight.

The fillie Wretch lookes vp, yet nought can see ;  
As who should say, my Helpe comes from Aboue :  
Yet grieues his seruice is not tooke boun gree,  
Since tis refinde from Thought of purest Loue.

My Minde doth burne in frost, but not in fire,  
Through vncouth passion barde from his Desire.

My Hart is like a Widower that's disdaine ;  
My soule a Figure of a MALCONTENT,  
To see that LOVE thus vildly should be staine,  
Not to requite, where nought but LOVE is ment.

But I doe see no pitie is in spite,  
Where Malice raignes, Desert is banisht quite.

My Soule vpon my Hart for this doth plaine,  
My Hart (again) my Fancie doth accuse :  
My Fancie saith, mine Eyes were too too blame,  
Their outer-boldnes wrought this great Abuse.

Alas poore Eyes, too dearly doe you pay,  
When for one Fault your Light is tooke away.

Thy

A L B A .

Thy whitenes (ALBA) I may well compare  
To *Delia*, when no clowde doth her obscure :  
Thy haire to *Phæbus* lightning in the Aire,  
When he doth shine with greater Luster pure.  
Thy diamond eyes, like to a frostie Night,  
Where sparkling stars doe shooting take their flight.

Thy cheekes *Aurora* like, when with her Dew,  
The Rose and Lillie she doth sprinkle sweete :  
Resembling drops that seedd Pearle doe shew,  
As if that double Beautie did them greete.  
Thy Hand, no hand, it is the daintie Gloue,  
Which *Psyche* ware, when she was wed to LOVE.

VVhat art thou, but all Faire in outward show,  
But inwardly th'art Cruel and vnkinde :  
In thy faire Face all Fauours sweet doe grow,  
But Thornes and Briars in thy Hart I finde :  
With show of sweet thou lur'st and dost entise,  
But bitterly thou mak'st them pay the price.

Thou cruell lead'st my life to dismall Death,  
My hope from all her loues thou dost confine :  
Thou art the corde that stopst my vitall breath,  
And Armes with Armes against me dost conioyne.  
Thou only art the SHE that's fens't with hate,  
And dost thy selfe of pitie naked make.

Tried

A L B A .

Tirde with a Burthen of Extremities,  
Which breakes, nor bowes, my wofull Hart in twaine,  
And checkt with chiefeft Mate of Miseries,  
I linger out my lothed life in paine.

Then death, not life, I may this liuing call,  
Where ceafeles Noy, not ioy, doth me befall.

Black gloomy Thoughts on me doe tyrannise,  
And to my Soule appoynted faithfull Guides,  
Doe her deceiue, with her they subtellife,  
Nor in this ill to comfort me None bides.

All my best Hopes are at an Ebbing low,  
Whilst stealing yeares, with griefes encreasing grow.

What shall I doe? shall I to reason turne?  
Oh no, for her I too much haue offended.  
What, shal I goe to LOVE, and to him mourne  
For aide, and promise all shall be amended?

Alas, it were in vaine, and labour lost,  
Where he doth promise, he deceiueth most.

See then ye fond Desires, what you haue done,  
By headstrong Will, sage Reason to deprave:  
But what shall I as now resolute vpon?  
Whom shall I trust? of whom helpe shall I craue?

Euen her who first betraide me will I trust,  
She can but be (as she hath been) vniust.

Come

A L B A .

Come gentle sleepe (sweet sleepe) my welcome Frend,  
Come comfort me with shadow of my Loue,  
And her, in vision quickly to me send,  
For whom these griefes and bitter pangs I proue.  
    Black Night be thou far darker then thou art,  
    Thy chieft Beautie is to be most darke.

By thee my peace and pleasure doth arise,  
Whilst I through thy deceit (yet liking me)  
Doe seeme to ioy with her in louely wife,  
Although from hence (God knowes) far off she be.  
    Such is the pleasure that herein I take,  
    As more I could not ioy, were I awake.

Thou shewst to me the trammels of her Haire,  
Clept SCALA COELI, locks of pure Delight :  
Her snowy Neck, the cause of my sweete Care ;  
Her eyes like Saphires sparkling in the night :  
    With other sights, vnseemly to be knowne :  
    Al these sweet sleep, through thee to me are showne.

Only in this (my thinks) th'art too vnkinde,  
That when thou partst from me, all ioy doth parte :  
Nor any such thing left with me I finde,  
Which then afresh renewes mine inward smart.  
    Then since her selfe (I waking) cannot haue,  
    Sleeping let me her shadow of thee craue.

C

Like



A L B A .

Great state and pomp this princely pallace shoves,  
And richly euery chamber hanged is :  
Mine entertainment daily sweeter growes,  
What Hart or thought can gesse, I doe not misse.  
    Chiefly the Walkes, and Gardens wondrous been,  
    As they a second Paradise doe seeme.

Yet though I finde this kindnes pasing great,  
VVith hunting, hawking, fowling, and such sport :  
For all our feasting and our daintie meate,  
Our mirth and Musick in most pleasing sort :  
    For all these pleasures, yet liue I in paine,  
    Since Her I want, for whom I wish in vaine.

VVhat others loue, I loathe, and quite dislike,  
And though I am in worthie companie,  
Yet still (my thinks) I am retired quite,  
Into a place of matchles miserie,  
    Into an vncouth wood and wildernes,  
    VWhere liue such Beasts as pray on Sauagenes.

And if that long from her I be depriu'd,  
My life shall be like flowers that want the Sun :  
So shall I yeeld my Ghost as one disliu'd,  
VVhilst my threds life shall quickly be vnspun.  
    Go skalding sighs then, flie vnto her straite,  
    Say that for life or death on her I waite.

You

A L B A .

As many fierie darts as *Ioue* on high,  
Dingde downe on Giants in his angrie mood,  
So many whirle about my Bodie nigh,  
As longing causeles for my guiltles blood,  
The frighted Aire raine Ashes downe apace,  
And cheerefull funne flies hence to hide his face.

Thus stand I in a Maze of Miserie,  
My Heart (seeing nought but signes of present death)  
Seekes how with clipped winges away to flie,  
And faine would scape to saue his vitall breath.  
Ah pouer wretch, but how ist possible?  
I know not how, nor he himselfe can tell.

The world's his foe, and LOVE doth him betraie,  
Despaire of helpe, his senses doth confound,  
His cursed Guide (for nonce) leades him astraie,  
Fortune accuseth him on no sure ground.  
And which doth gaule him most, & most doth grieue,  
His Mistris rash, gainst him doth iudgement giue.

He Mercie cries, and calleth for his Booke,  
But proude Disdaine doth stop the Iudges eares,  
So that on him she'le not so much as looke,  
And thus from Barre, they quicklie doe him beare,  
From ALBAS presence is he quite debarde,  
Exilde from Her, this is his sentence harde.

C 2

Great

A L B A .

ALBA thinkst thou, thy Month shall still be MAY,  
And that thy Colour fresh, still faire will be ?  
That Time and Fortune will not weare away  
Beautie, which God and Nature lends to thee ?

Yes, yes, that white and red, thy Cheekes now shew,  
Shall quicklie change, and blacke and yellow grow.

The Giniper the longer it-doth flower,  
The older still it waxeth, bowing still,  
And that sweete face of thine, which now hath power  
Whole worlds with wondering at the same to fill,  
Shall (though it now sauns blemish be) a Staine,  
Hereafter with thicke wrinkeled Clifts remaine.

Great care to keepe this Beautie fraile must be,  
Which we (God knowes) a small time doe enioy,  
Doe what we can, we lose it suddenele ;  
Why, then, being courted shouldst thou seeme so coy,  
Fortunes wings made of Times feathers neere stay,  
But care thou them canst measure, flit away.

Then be not ouer hard, like changeles Fate,  
But let my Cries force thee (at last) relent,  
Doe not oppose thy selfe too obstinate  
Gainst him, whose time to honor thee is spent :  
Ah let me speake the trueth (though somewhat bold)  
Though now th'art young, thou one day must be old.

Riuers

A L B A .

You stately Hills, you princelike Ruins olde,  
Which proudly in your laft remainders shew,  
And who as yet the name of faire *Rome* holde,  
To whom did once the whole world homage owe.

The place where (now) so many Relikes lie,  
Of Holy soules honord for Christ to die.

You Theaters, you Conquerors Arches faire,  
Colosses huge, and masie Pillers great,  
Triumphant Showes of more then Glory rare,  
Where Victorie with pomp did take their seate :  
Lo what a wonder strange in you is wrought,  
You now are dust, consumde (as twere) to nought.

Though conquering War, doth make in time to come,  
Many things florish, and with Fame to rise :  
Yet in the end when all is past and done,  
Time doth All this consume in spitefull wise,  
All Monuments, all Monarchs that haue been,  
Time in the end destroyes, and weares out cleane.

And since tis so, I will contented liue  
In discontent : for if that Time can make  
An end of All, and end to each thing giue,  
(May be) some order he for me will take,  
(May be) in th'end when I shall tried bee  
To th'vtmost, I my guerdon iust may see.

C 3

*Roma.*

ALBA

A L B A .

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And that thy Colour fresh, still faire will be ?  
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Beautie, which God and Nature lends to thee ?  
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Doe what we can, we lose it suddennele ;  
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Fortunes wings made of Times feathers neere stay,  
But eare thou them canst measure, flit away.

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But let my Cries force thee (at last) relent,  
Doe not oppose thy selfe too obstinate  
Gainst him, whose time to honor thee is spent :  
Ah let me speake the trueth (though somewhat bold)  
Though now th'art young, thou one day must be old.

Riuers

A L B A .

Riuers of gorie blood into the Sea,  
In sted of Waters shall most swiftlie runne ;  
The hugie Ocean drie as land shall be,  
And darke as pitch shall shew the glistering Sunne :  
    LOVE shall of Loue, and kindenes be depriude,  
    And vastie world (sauns people) shall abide.

The Night shall lightsome be as Day most plaine,  
The Heauens with their coloured cloudes shall fall,  
Fore LOVE in me, a new IDEA frame,  
Or my firme Heart, from ALBA alter shall,  
    Ah fore I change, let horror stop my breth,  
    Vnworthie Her, vnworthie of this earth.

As heretofore, so still I will her loue,  
Nere shall my constant Heart lie languishing,  
In hope another Beautie for to proue,  
Which flitting fancie to mine eyes might bring :  
    My faith *Acanthus* like shall flourish greene ;  
    Which th'older tis, the fresher still is scene.

I am no glasse, but perfect Diamound,  
My constant minde holdes still where first it tooke,  
Though not my selfe, my soule's in English ground,  
ITALIANS lookes, but not there LOVES I brooke.  
    The Globe like World is round, and hath no end,  
    Such is my Faith to her, my Fairest frend.

C 4

*Fano*

Golde's

A L B A .

Gold's changde to Lead, and Emmeralds into Glasse ;  
Lillies proue Weedes, and Roses Nettles bee :  
No harmles Beasts now through the fields doe passe,  
To feede on Hill or Valleys shade we see :  
    Wilde Tigers fierce, and rauenous Lions fell,  
    In open Plaine, and cooly Groues doe dwell.

Insteade of milde and pleasing Accents sweete,  
From hollow Places fearfull Voices sound :  
Eccho amongst the craggie rockes doth weepe,  
And (heauie) makes her noyse with sighs rebound.  
    Riuers against their wonted course do runne,  
    The Moone lookes black, eclipsed is the Sunne.

The Sallow shakes his boughes, and inward grieues,  
The Cypresse shew'th as if he sickly were,  
And (melancholy) bares his lothed leaues,  
A signe presaging some great cause of feare.  
    *Phæbus* no more doth combe his tresses faire,  
    But careles lets them feltred hang in th'aire.

Ghosts through the Citie ghastfully appeere,  
And hideous shapes the mindes of men afright :  
No Day we haue, but darknes euery where,  
And turn'd the World is topsie turuy quite :  
    The cause of all this change is my faire Loue,  
    Since to the countrie (hence) she doth remoue.

On

A L B A .

On bended knees low groueling on the ground,  
Before the CRUEL FAIRE I prostrate lay :  
But what I sought of Her could not be found,  
My kinde request was dasht with ruffe Denay.

- With me she sharply gan expostulate,  
Nor would she once pitie my hard Estate.

Teares I did shed, but teares I shed in vaine ;  
Vowes I did make, my Vowes she did reiect ;  
Prayers I offred, Prayers she did disdaine ;  
Presents I sent, but them sh' would not accept.

If teares, vowes, prayers, nor presents can doe good,  
What then remaines, but for to offer blood ?

Then Cruell take this Blood, Oblations Fee,  
Which at thy shrine from Hart I sacrifice :  
I know twill doe thee good and liketh thee,  
And I bestow it in most hartie wise.

Neuer so much I of my life did make,  
But that I could dispend it for thy sake.

What needst thou then ad water to the Seas,  
Beames to the Sunne, or light vnto the Day,  
When I more readie am, if so thou please,  
My selfe to kill, then thou my life to slay ?

Ah let me know thy minde, thus vex not still,  
A kinde of Pitie tis, quickly to kill.

In



A L B A .

In stately Bed twixt sheetes more white then snow,  
Where late my Pearle, mine ALBA faire did lie,  
I restlesse vp and downe tosse to and fro,  
Whilst trickling teares distill from blubbred eye.  
    Ah gentle sleepe do thou deuise some Meane,  
    For comfort mine, whilst I of her shall dreame.

You downy Pillowes, you which but of late,  
Her daintie selfe did kindly entertaine,  
(Once) of two louing Bodies charge do take,  
By your soft yeelding, call her backe againe :  
    For she is gone, and *Troynouant* hath left,  
    And being gone, my hart with her hath left.

For both of vs here's rouse enough to see,  
We both in rest with ease may here remaine,  
And here two soules (vnited) one, shall bee,  
Two bodies (ioynd together) One, not twaine.  
    But tis in vaine, for were she here I know,  
    Though you agreede, agree she would not so.

Yet call her back, and pray to her for me,  
For I am hoarse with praying ouer long.  
Ah to no purpose tis to call, I see,  
She cannot heare, she too too farre is gon.  
    Yet will I still her praises haroldise,  
    And mongst the beautilous Saints her canonise.

Heare

A L B A .

Heare me, a Martyr for religious Loue,  
Thou Faire Tormentor, (Motiue of my paine)  
All Racks and Tortors gainst my patience proue,  
And when th'haſt done, begin afreſh againe.

Wearie ſhalt thou be of tormenting me,  
Before I griued at theſe plagues will be.

Too deare I priſe thy beautie to repent,  
Or wiſh I had not ſuch ſower ſtormes endur'd :  
Though I thy hard hart finde nere to relent,  
Cuſtome and time, to woes haue me inur'd.

What ill ſo great but I would willing take,  
And beare the brunt aſſur'd of thy ſweet fake.

The ſweet remembrance of thy ſight of yore,  
Th' only companion is of my deare life,  
Thy preſence was, which abſent I adore,  
My paradise and place of ioy moſt riſe.

So I alone am not, though None's with mee,  
And was in Heauen, when I thy face did ſee.

But this thou thinkſt not of, this is leaſt part  
Now of thy minde, nor haſt thou hereof care :  
This neuer comes God knowes into thy hart,  
But as heat's ioynd with fire, and breath with aire :

So crueltie in Womens ſtomacks dwels,  
Which with Diſdaine (as Furie) alwaies ſwels.

Ye

A L B A .

**Ye Valleys deep withouten bottome found ;  
Ye Hills that match with height the azure skie ;  
Ye Caues by Nature hollow vnder ground,  
Where quiet rest and silence alwaies lie,  
    Thou gloomy Aire which euer to the sight  
    Bringst darknes still, but neuer cheerfull light.**

**Ye vncouth Paths, ye solitarie walks,  
Ye breackneck Rocks, most ghastrlie for to see,  
Ye dreadfull Dens where neuer any stalks,  
And where scarce hissing Serpents dare to bee :  
    Ye fatall Vaults where murdered Corfes lie,  
    Haunted with hatefull sprites continuallie.**

**Ye Wildernesfes and ye Deserts wilde,  
Ye strangie Shores nere yet inhabited,  
Ye Places from all pleasures quite exilde,  
Where sad Melancholy and Griefe is fled,  
    Heare me, who am a shadow and a Ghost,  
    Damd with eternall sorrow to be crost.**

**Heare me, since I am come for to bewaile,  
Mongst you, my Faith, my Constancie, and Loue,  
I hope with my lowd Cries and drerie Tale,  
Though not the Heauens, yet Hell at least to moue :  
    Since more the Griefes are which within me grow,  
    Then Heauen hath pleasures, or Hel, Plagues below.**

How

A L B A .

How can the ship be guided without Helme,  
The storme arising in a troubled Sea ?  
Needs must the churlish Waues it ouerwhelme,  
Needs must it drowne, and cast away must bee.  
How should I liue, and not my life enioy ?  
Feeding on Griefe, what shall I taste but Noy ?

Ah *Cupid* thinke vpon thy seruant true,  
I craue for my Deserts but some reward :  
I seeke mine Owne, not more then is my due,  
Hate for Goodwill to reape is too too hard.  
If I for Well with Ill am payd againe,  
Had I done ill, what then had bin my paine ?

Loue with Remembrance lieth in my breast,  
All other Thoughts he cancels out of minde :  
To thinke whats past I cannot quiet rest,  
Yet I in those Conceits strange Ioy doe finde,  
Whilst now for her I thinke All I forfooke,  
And wholly to her Grace my selfe betooke.

My wonted Mirth is turned into Mone,  
Because my state is changde and altred quite :  
In company I am as One alone,  
Whilst what doth Others please, doth me dispite.  
Ah when shall I once from these Plagues be free ?  
Neuer, lesse ALBA Mercie shew to mee.

My

A L B A .

My ioyles Hart a troubled Spring is like,  
Which from the tops of matchles Alpes most hie,  
Falls with a mightie noise downe headlong right,  
By vncouth stony wayes most dreadfully,  
Where all his Hopes he in the Deepe doth drowne :  
A fatall signe of fortunes heauie frowne.

Darke pitchie clowdes of hugie Mountaines steepe,  
The loftiest part do hide from Sunny heate :  
Seeld any winde of Pitie there doth fleete,  
Them to dissolue, their thicknes is so great.  
For no calme Aire of gentle Loue doth blow,  
Where swelling Anger frets in furious show.

Thence doth my Tributarie Hart forth send  
Through peable stones, now here, now there along,  
A little Brooke into the Sea to wend,  
As signe that I my dutie would not wrong :  
For ALBA mine, (Degree aboue Compare)  
A large Sea is of fundrie Beauties rare.

A bitter cause, me bitter teares makes shed,  
Whose enuious Stepdame is a Froward Will,  
Which is by Selfe conceit too wanton fed,  
Th' efficient cause that I these drops distill :  
Which though in outward shew you white them see,  
Yet pure Red blood they in my Bodie bee.

Let

A L B A .

Let baseborne Mindes of basest matters treat,  
My selfe (with them) to trouble I not list :  
The vulgar sort (they know not what) do speake,  
VVhilst gainst the Truth and Vertue they persist.  
HONOR's the marke whereat I seeke to aime,  
Shame light on them that think on beastly shame.

So many men, so many Mindes (they say)  
Yet at the last Truth alwaies shall preuaile,  
Bringing her vowed Foe vnto her bay,  
Falshood (I meane) for all her masked Vaile.  
No Woman blame I, only I do seeke,  
Swanlike to sing of my faire Sunne I leeke.

The Beauties which in other Ladies be,  
I neuer had once thought for to disgrace :  
Mine ALBA hath enough in store for me,  
Thousand of Amours finde I in her face :  
Her would I praise, whose look[s] haue pleasde me euer,  
From whom in hart disioyned I will be neuer.

Faine would I make mine infant Pen to swell,  
Through feruent zeale to blaze her Deitie,  
That he her praise as Oracle might tell,  
Raising the fame t' the skies bright Canopie :  
That she (since she deserues) might famous bee,  
Beyond the Bounds of *Albions* vtmost Sea.

The

## The Conclusion of the first Part.

*I* ~~am~~ <sup>is</sup> acquainted is not with my minde,  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> knowes the Subiect faire of whom I write,  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ALBA</sup> me, to her doth binde,  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>til</sup> discourse, talke, and endite.  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~iope~~ <sup>how</sup> I doe feare and grieue,  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>and</sup> how (again) I liue.

~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>LOVE</sup> seeke out, and him demaund;  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>wonders</sup> strange to him declare,  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>Beauties</sup> gaze shall make him stand,  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>so</sup> strange, they be and rare,  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>tell</sup> him of so rich a Pretious stone,  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>As</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>before</sup> hath been enioyde by none.

~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>desirous</sup> for to know,  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>The</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>where</sup> my faire Angell doth abide,  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>Nor</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>from</sup> Troynouant he will him shew,  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>Along</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>which</sup> place, faire MERSIE cleere doth glide.  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>WAR</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>IN</sup> that TOVVNE, LOVE (Lordlike keepeth stil,  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>he</sup> (ore him) triumphs with chafest will.

~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>Some</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>day</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>has</sup> Leucly Browne; but I dare say  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>She</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>is</sup> FAIRE, BEAVV? SE, so Faire as Faire may be,  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>Fairer</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>time</sup> is the breake of beautious Day,  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>When</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>ioe</sup> Aurora smileth in her glee.  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>But</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>why</sup> do I praise her selfe praising Face?  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>ioe</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>I</sup> ~~ioe~~ <sup>praise</sup> her not, tis she, (her selfe) doth grace.

R. T.

THE  
SECOND PART  
OF THE MONETHS  
MIND OF A MELAN-  
CHOLY LOVER.

By R. T. Gentleman.



AT LONDON  
Printed by *Felix Kingston*, for *Matthew  
Lownes*. 1598.





*Alba Crudelissima.*

**T**Hese few (yet zealous) line[s] come from my hart,  
Dried with my Sighs, and written with my Teares,  
I send to her the Author of my smart,  
Though (subtill Serpent like) she stop her eares :  
VVho, more to her I sue, her Grace to gaine,  
The more incenst against me doth remaine.

I loue not I to pharisie, nor praise  
My selfe, for to her owne selfe I appeale,  
If I deuoted haue not bin alwaies,  
To do her good, as one that fought her weale.  
Heauens I forswear, and vtterly abiure,  
If that my Faith be tainted or vnpure.

Malleuolent, Malicious, Planet, Starre,  
VVas it my Fortune, so far to be borne,  
My COTE so true, to haue so crosse a BAR,  
That for my seruice thus she should me skorne ?  
Must my cleere Sunne eclipsed be with Spite ?  
Must enuious Clowdes still seeke to dark my Light ?

VVhat remedie ? Ile think twas Fortune mine,  
(And not her fault) that wrought me all this paine :  
Her Crueltie twas not, but Destnie mine,  
My selfe, not she, was cause of mine owne bane :  
Yet shal y<sup>e</sup> world by this my LOVES MONTHS MIND,  
A chast Fault, though no Follie in her finde.

D 2

Since

**A L B A .**

Since that mine ALBA tooke her leaue of mee,  
I leaue haue tooke of pleasure and of ioy :  
And did with sorrow at that time agree,  
To soiorne with him in his chiefe Annoy.  
My Woes (still greene) encrease continually,  
Which faine I would, but cannot remedie.

And were it not but that my dauntlesse Hart,  
Doth comfort me with hope of better cheere,  
I soone would rid me of this vncouth smart,  
And leaue this life which I haue bought too deare.  
Oft do I weep to LOVE, and him I pray,  
Either to ease my paines, or me to slay.

Yet though I beg, I finde but small reliefe,  
As do at Rich mens gates the Needy poore :  
Who more they crie to aggrauate their grieffe,  
The lesse they finde their Almes at the doore.  
So LOVE, the more my cries I to him send,  
The lesse my plaints, he skornefull doth attend.

And yet my fute is small, small is the Grace  
That I desire, (for somewhat I deserue)  
Tis only for to die before her face,  
From whom in Dutie (yet) I nere did swerue :  
That she might know my life doth me annoy,  
Vnles I might her company enioy.

**Ladie**

A L B A .

Ladie, when first vpon faire *Venus* Day,  
I came acquainted with thy seemely selfe,  
And vowde thy loyall Votarie to stay,  
Proffring to thee my liuing, life and welth :  
As I was then, so am I still the same,  
Neuer to change, for change exchangeth shame.

Within the Center of mine inward Hart,  
(As signe of euerlasting Monument,  
Which fatall Death shall hardly from me part)  
Thy high prizde Loue full surely haue I pent,  
Neuer to be remou'd, but there to lie,  
World without end for aye, continuallie.

For thee I longde, for thee I much did dare,  
For thee I hopte and feard, bid sweet and fower :  
Liking thee, I, for Others did not care,  
Ore this my Hart thou hadst so great a power.  
All other Faces, (in respect of thine)  
I skornde as Masks, thou only seem[d]st Diuine.

Since LOVE, then me with such affection framde,  
That he hath me adopted Thine, alone,  
That I delight not but to heare thee namde,  
And only like to heare thy praises showne.  
Ah keepe thy plighted Faith vnstainde to me,  
Though now farre off from hence thou Absent be.

D 3

Disdaine



There are no flowers here that are flowers  
 And in the garden of my heart all day  
 There are no flowers here that are flowers  
 There are no flowers here that are flowers  
 There are no flowers here that are flowers  
 There are no flowers here that are flowers

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**A L B A .**

**Disdaine assaulted hath mine ALBA faire,  
Fixing fast foot deep in her marble brest :  
A blacksome Clowde hath darkt my beautious Aire,  
Where cheerfull Sunne before with smile did rest.  
She most vnlike her selfe a Tyrant shoves,  
Whilst as a Tiger mad with rage she growes.**

**All for her pleasure (me for to displease)  
Pitie she bandies from her tender hart :  
Poyson, not honey, now must her appease :  
Yet my Desire runs headlong to his smart,  
Headlong he runs to her spite-tainted minde,  
Which ouer fierce and cruell he doth finde.**

**My hopeles Chance, through Vaile (as twere) I see,  
Her quondam beautious eyes are bloodshot now :  
Exorde, desire, intreated, they'le not be,  
They'le not relent, repent, nor yeeld or bow :  
Lightnings of Anger they do show aright,  
Thunders of Furie darting forth despight.**

**The dangers great my harmeles Hart doth spie,  
Yet for all this, from her he'le not retire :  
And whilst more humble he fore her doth lie,  
The more she fullen swels with wrathful Ire.  
A Monster then I may her mirrorise,  
Since she delights in such strange Tragedies.**

**Dried**

A L B A .

Dried hath th' iniurious Feuer those faire Flowers,  
VVhich in the cheekes of my faire ALBA lay :  
Scorcht are those paradized coloured Bowers,  
LOVES LOBBIE where he wantonly did play :  
    Yet not extinguisht is mine amorous flame,  
    Some sparkes are yet remainders of the fame.

As she lookes now, so lookes the Moone in skies,  
When mongst the gloomie clowdes portending raine,  
She with her watrie horned head forth pries,  
Spreading abroad her dewie beames amaine :  
    So we *Aurora* vse for to depaint,  
    Mongst palish violets, when The looketh faint.

Pitie is mixt with grieve in her faire face,  
And Grieve with Pitie in the same conioyne,  
Where LOVE (though sick) sits with a louely grace,  
In midst of sickly palenes in her eyne.  
    Sicknes it selfe so louely nere did looke,  
    But since her Inne in ALBAS breast she tooke.

That stately Haughtines she had before,  
Now changde is into low Humilitie :  
And that same glance that faithles was of yore,  
Now faithfull sheweth and full of Loyaltie.  
    So with her Colour if she did cruell take,  
    Yet Pitifull her Palenes doth her make.

D 4

Like



A L B A .

Like bloodie Lion, or a stinging Snake,  
With proud Disdaine to aggrauate my smart,  
Loue into me (vnaskt) his way doth take,  
Died all with blood (and Blood tis of my Hart)  
Which wounded deepe, still languishing doth lie,  
Expecting euery minute when to die.

Thousands of Wounds my life hath quite bereft,  
And wanting blood, Palenes sits in my face :  
My soule this Corse (his mansion House) hath left,  
Nor dares he back retire to his old place.  
This Martyrdome, although there's many see,  
None me careffeth, or doth comfort mee.

My life runnes fondly to his mortall Foe,  
Hoping for Help, where he his hurt did finde :  
My spirits after him amaine doe goe,  
Whilst liueles Bodie doth remaine behinde :  
On which grim death doth seaze, as on his pray,  
And of his breath to reauue him doth assay.

A farre off Peace I see, but Warre at hand,  
Loue single strikes me, (but with double paine)  
Kild is my hart by Cruell she's Command,  
And he that flew him cleped is Disdaine :  
Loe here of my kinde Dame the Exercise,  
Hate is her Chapman, Blood her Marchandise.

*Praxitiles*

A L B A.

*Praxitiles*, and *Myron* (workman rare)  
*Apelles* skilde, learnde *Homer* (famous wight)  
Were these aliue, the Picture of my Faire  
To carue, to cut, to paint, and thereof write,  
In marble, brasse, boord, or in bookes at large,  
They sone would faint, ore preft with fo great charge.

And yet may be her beautious Countenance,  
With chifell, toole, with pensell and with pen,  
They rightly might haue shadowed (though by chance)  
Because they, in their Age were rareft Men.  
But had they come the nobler part to show,  
Their cunning then had soone tooke th' ouerthrow.

If my bright Sunne (renowmd *per Excellence*,  
Through the illustrious splendar of her gleames)  
Doth dimme and darken our Intelligence,  
By vertue of her more then radiant beames :  
What Hand or Thought in hand could euer take,  
A worke so endles, with good end to make.

Deare ALBA I by thee am still forbid,  
By Statue, Image, Picture, or by Verse,  
To shew the Vertues rare within thee hid,  
As not being able least part to rehearse :  
It shall suffice (as sacred) I admire,  
Thy spotles life, thy more then chaste desire.

To

A L B A .

To thee farre off (from me) these sighs I send,  
To thee farre off from Loue, I, neere to die,  
To know if thou thy selfewill minde wilt mend,  
Desisting from thy hatefull Crueltie.

Beautie if it be milde, it is renound ;  
If it be proud, a foule reproch tis found.

Thou makst a shew as if thou wouldst be kinde :  
But tis a shadow, not a substance right :  
For comming vnto triall straight I finde,  
Thy sdainfull chaft lookes puts my Hope to flight :  
Whilst thou dost seeme at these my Woes to grieue,  
Yet them with succour neuer dost relieue.

Thy Griefe (for me) a passion's in a play,  
Which men doth rauish with Melancholy :  
But acted once, and out of sight away,  
In minde, no longer there doth stay, but dy :  
Thou art the Actor playing such a part,  
My griefes neere deeply pearce into thy hart.

O would I could from Reasons Court obtaine,  
A *Supersedeas*, LOVE for to remoue,  
From out my Breast to thee, to ease my paine,  
That thou the force thereof a while mightst proue.  
But Destinie wils that I thy slaue do stay,  
And so I will, who bound is, must obey.

Why

A L B A .

Why haue the Heauens thus changed my Estate ?  
Deferuing well to complot my Decay ?  
Why rather was not so ordainde my fate,  
That ALBA nere should wend from me away ?  
I neuer changing my first vowed Loue,  
Why should (vnconstant she) from me remoue ?

(Fond man) is she vnconstant to be calde,  
Who after course of world doth runne her race ?  
Are not all men by fortune puld and halde,  
Neuer to bide (still) in one certaine place ?  
Nothing is more commended in the Sea,  
Then th' often Ebbings, and the Flowings bee.

Ah ALBA, if thou shouldst continue still  
In one selfe place, t'would be a Paradise :  
But thou (t'allay our proud Affections will)  
T' eclipse thine owne perfections dost deuise,  
Thinking it is enough, if but with eye  
We ioy a small glimse of thy Maiestie.

Then to encrease our Griefes, thou dost decrease  
Our pleasures, and thy selfe from vs dost hide,  
When we for nothing lookt but peace and ease,  
Euen at thy Best, and in thy Beauties pride.  
But why talke I, where I cannot be hard ?  
Or heard she me, she would not me regard.

Where

**A L B A .**

**Where are my Vowes withouten number now ?  
My teares withouten measure that I shed ?  
My skalding sighs to make proud ALBA bow ?  
They all are gone, forgot, quite banished.  
Yet though they not deserue her loue they craue,  
Methinks some better fortune they should haue.**

**But if the Gods in iudgement partiall sit,  
Vnequall viewers of each iniurie :  
And with condigne reuenge feeke not to quit  
So monstrous wrong, such nere heard Crueltie :  
Why then I Reason none, for Louers see  
That they should bide such paine for loyaltie.**

**Yet neither Hopes preferment, were it great,  
Nor feare of punishment, though to my paine :  
Nor counsell of the Wifest that entreat,  
Nor company of best where I remaine,  
Shall euer make me once my Humour change,  
Nor from my first deuoted Vow to range.**

**My youths chiefe Flower (of all my life the prime)  
In melancholy passion I will spend :  
Careles behauiour shall my latter time  
(Because (forfooke) she cares not for me) end.  
Thus will I still continue during breath,  
Doting on her, who doth deuise my death.**

**Fond**



A L B A .

Fond that I am like Greekiſh Wraftler vaine,  
Striuing to lift a waight impoſſible,  
I caught ſo ſtrange incurable a ſtraine,  
As thereby (bruſed fore) I brainſick fell :  
    Fixing my thoughts aboue my reach, I fall  
    Into Diſeaſe, without recure at all.

The ſtately Cedar whoſe tops ſeeme in ſhow,  
For height, to reach vnto the azur'd ſkie,  
Neuer his head bowes to the ſhrubs below,  
That in the deepe and hollow Valleys lie.  
    Th' yuie that climing vp by th' elme doth runne,  
    Neuer can get hold of the beames of Sunne.

ALBA I honor in humilitie,  
Whom none ought, or ſhould dare venter to loue :  
Though I preſume with importunitie,  
Sometimes my fute (in vaine) to her to moue :  
    For her affections be immortall, rare,  
    Her vertues ſuch, as infinite they are.

Then ſuffer me to gaze on ALBA mine,  
With my mindes eyes, though abſent now ſhe be :  
I knew when I enioyde her ſight (ah happie time)  
That time (I feare) I neuer more ſhall ſee.  
    But tis all one, for were the Cruell here,  
    I of my purpoſe ſhould be nere the neere.

Am

A L B A .

Am I so mad, to thinke that such a Toy,  
As Sorcerie is, should ought preuaile for me ;  
That witchcraft power hath for to make me ioy,  
And caufe me here, mine absent Mistris see ?  
I cannot chuse but thinke all to be tales,  
And that Enchantment little here preuailes.

What though the Sunne is darkened by this skill,  
And Moone's remoude from out her fetled cours ;  
Wilde beasts made stand, amazed, tame, and still,  
And waters turnde from their first wonted fours :  
Yet cannot Art, by force make fetled Loue,  
From his first Center (where he resteth) moue.

The Gods, not men, do rule the inward Hart,  
They can appoynt Affection as they please ;  
Stones, Yearbs, and Words, may vsen be by Art ;  
Yet these the Louers griefes can smalely ease,  
Not *Exorcisms*, *Spels*, *Mettals*, *Planets*, *Fire*,  
Can alter once the fetled firme Desire.

Then Ile with Discontent be satisfied,  
And hopeles liue in hope, though Hope in vaine :  
Resoluing all base coyne to abide,  
Since I despaire her grace for to obtaine :  
Vnhappie I, my case ore desperate,  
No Skill nor cunning can my paine abate.

Hard

A L B A .

Hard hap had I, to fall into thy hand,  
Who giu'ft thy felfe to endles crueltie ;  
When to thy flintie heart wilt giue command,  
To change his wont, and fomewhat gentler be ?  
    Wilt thou thy Beautie faire, adulterife ?  
    And feekft thou ftill on me to tiranife ?

If possible thy yeares fo few and fmall,  
So many ancient mifchiefes fhould containe ?  
Thy fwelling pride, I long haue borne withall,  
Because that Beautie thereof is to blame.  
    Which ftill the more in fairenes it exceeds,  
    The more it ioyes in coy difdained deedes.

I grieue at thy deuifes gainft me wrought,  
And forrow, that wits sharper that they fhew,  
The fhroder and vnhappier fhould be thought,  
Prone vnto ill, but vnto Goodnes flow.  
    But for one feeke to murther (through difdaine)  
    A harmeles heart, is worfe then Murderers ftaine.

What moues thee then, thy felfe thus to difgrace,  
Vnfitting for thy Sex, where nought fhould be  
But kindenes milde, far altring from thy face,  
Where nothing but rare beautie we can fee ?  
    If then fo faire a Sunne, fuch foule cloudes hide,  
    Let me ftill in eternall Darkenes bide.

The



**A L B A .**

**The bitter plaints wherewith my soule I wound  
With skalding sighs which smoke from forth my breast :  
My cheekes through grieve, pale wan and hollow found,  
My troubled Thoughts which reauē me of my rest :  
Salt watrie teares, which raine from blubbring eye,  
Warne blood from Hart distilling inwardly.**

The servile yoke which did my freedom breake,  
My willing minde to doe what wild Command,  
The state wherein I brought my selfe most weake,  
The frost and fire wherein I still did stand,  
The snare in which LOVE wrapt me so about,  
As from the same I nere (yet) could get out.

All these, and many another worser grieve,  
Are no such plagues as is that Marble Hart,  
(That Marble Hart) that yeelds me no reliefe,  
Nor euer sought some comfort to impart.

The reuolution of the Heauens, nor any Time,  
Can make (that Breast) to yeeld to my Designe.

**Vertue doth hinder it, in my despight,  
Chaste Honestie maintaines her in her force :  
Then LOVE farewell, all hope Ile banish quite,  
I see in Flint is found no kind remorse.**

**If Teares, Vowes, Gifts, Prayers, Othes no good can  
Nor Loue obtaine, in vaine tis then to sue.               (doe,  
Deare**

A L B A .

Deare to my Soule (for Deare I may thee call,)
Since thou farre dearer then myfelfe I holde,
When wilt thou rid me of this loathed thrall,
In which I am through Fancies bandes enrold ?
When wilt thou keepe thy promise vnto mee ?
Whereof no deedes, but wordes I yet can fee.

Why (doubtfull ftill) doeft thou my ioyes prolong ?
And driufte me of[f], in dalliance without caufe ?
Me and thy felfe, why doeft thou double wrong ?
To keepe thy word, why, fo long doft thou pause ?
Thus for to lofe thy golden Time, tis fin,
Which once being pafte, againe, thou canft not win.

Matters of ftate we vfe to politize,
Procraftinating for aduantage great,
LOVE, lingring hates, and lothes to temporize,
Delaie's too colde, for his orewarmed heate ;
Ah, doe not driue me of[f] thus (ftill) in vaine,
Still for to lofe tis much, once let me gaine.

Dearer to me then th' apple of mine eyes,
Let word and deede, but once for all agree,
Not any can in face thee equalize,
If but a little more thou kinde wouldft be.
Then with allufiue Sightes, feede not me ftill,
But graunt (at laft) for to performe my will.

E

Ye

A L B A .

Ye lukewarme Teares which from my nere dride eyes,  
Streame downe amaine like fountaines day and night,  
Wende to my Lady in most humble wife,  
And shew to her, my most vnhappy plight :  
    Wende vnto her, who outwardly in shew,  
    Seemes pittifull, but (inward) is not so.

Weepe you to her and say ; Ist possible  
A Creature that so courteous seemes to all,  
Shoulde haue a hart more cruell and more fell  
Then Tiger, harder then a stony wall ?  
    Ah why seemes she not inwardly as kinde,  
    As she doth outward shew, the world to blinde.

This my *Icarian* foaring (boue my reach)  
(Through Beautie, serenising fals my Hart)  
How I ore bolde, may headlong fall, doth teach,  
Whilest LOVE doth play gainst me a subtile part :  
    Yet Beauties Birth I am, by her I breath,  
    Though liue against her fauour and her leaue.

Wilde fire with milke is quencht, rigor with teares,  
Yet naught her stubborne minde can mollifie :  
Vnto my prayers she stops her deafened eares,  
And with Despayre requites my Courtesie.  
    Thus am I still starre crossed in my Loue,  
    As one bewicht, with whom no good doth proue.

How

A L B A .

How long shall I diue in the vastie Sea,  
To finde this Perle, this orient MARGARITE?  
How long this bottome founding shall I be?  
Yet nere attaine this precious Iewell bright?  
My labors (like to *Hercules*) abound,  
Who more he did, the more to doe, stil found.

I am too weake with *Ospraies* eyes to looke,  
Against the fiery beames of this faire Sun :  
Too great a Burthen haue I fondly tooke,  
For my weake shoulders long since ouercome.  
The more I seeke, the farther I, to finde,  
Like to the wretch, that of his sight is blinde.

My brused Bulwarke is not strong enough  
For to resist this beautious Batterie :  
My yoke too small, to draw so huge a plough,  
Mine eyes too dimme, such Brightnes to descrie :  
This shewes, that as vnluckie I was borne,  
To die vnfortunate I must not scorne.

Yet Ile not leaue to intercessionate,  
To her hard Breast, for my too gentle Hart :  
That if her Rigor she'le not mitigate,  
At least she'le somewhat ease me of this Smart :  
I onely craue, if she'le not yeelde reliefe,  
T'adiourne my paine, and to proroge my Griefe.

E 2

Thrise

A L B A .

Thrife trebble blessed BRACELET, rich in prife,  
I enuie not thy perlie fret, nor golde,  
But fortune thine, because in happie wife,  
The place of perfect pleasure thou dost holde.  
    About that wrist thou turnst and windst so oft,  
    More white then Snow, then thistle down more soft.

Base mindes loue Golde : tis not thy Golde I steeme,  
For this I onely value thee at much,  
Because an Ornament th'art to be seene,  
Of her white Hand yclept of right NONESVCH :  
    NONESVCH indeede, whose Beautie is so rare,  
    As nere the like, attaine the perfects Faire.

This is the cause so highlie I thee rate,  
As all the golden Mines of Indian Ground,  
Nor Seas of Pearle can counteruaile thy state,  
Wherein thou art this present to be found :  
    And, if that trueth I shall confesse indeede,  
    The wealth of all the world thou dost exceede.

But when I marke, how by strange cunning Art,  
Faire louelic Haires, with Pearle and Golde conioyne,  
A pleasing ioy doth seaze vpon my Heart,  
Whilest with strange pleasures, Fancie feeds my mind :  
    So as (sweete BRACELET) thou dost rightly proue,  
    To be th' enchantment of bewitching LOVE.

Liue

A L B A .

Liue Louely Fame, which when thou first didst take  
Possession of my Heart, wert stony colde,  
And bashfull ; but when entrance thou didst make,  
Then, as Triumphant thou didst keepe thy holde :  
    Changing both Thought & state, that where before  
    Colde chillie Yce was, hot Desire burnt fore.

If I thee honor, worship, serue, and loue,  
He knowes, who guides the restles Globe on high,  
But enuious Fates on me their force doe proue,  
And me, from thee haue banisht spitefully.  
    So that more paine I doe each houre abide,  
    Then if that thousands sorts of deaths I dide.

But fore that peereles shape of thine,  
(The better part wherein my Soule doth rest)  
Shall out of minde, or memory of mine,  
(Whereby I only happy liue and blest,)  
    All things shall chaunce, impossible that be,  
    Myselfe, forget myselfe will I, fore thee.

The Sunne shall lose his power, and darke become,  
The Skies shall melt, and into horror fall,  
The earth shall sinke, the world be quite vndone,  
And fore this chance, all strange things happen shall.  
    Though (now) thou bidste in *Albions* fruitfull land,  
    And I, where *Mantuan* Duke, his Court doth stand.

E 3            *Mantua*            Such

A L B A .

Such as do ligger in Delight and ioy,  
And haue what Hart can wish, or Thought deuise,  
Spending their time withouten dire Annoy,  
Liuing amongst their friends in iocund wise,  
And who with Loue of Ladies theirs are blest,  
May in *Eternam Requiem*, happie rest.

Me, fillic Trauailer (a pilgrim poore)  
(Who through hard hap these blessings all doe misse)  
Care doth become, since want I do endure  
Of Countrie, Friends, and Loue, my chiefeft blisse :  
And yet this CARE not Ill, but well, with me,  
Obseruing still *Decorum* doth agree.

A Trauailer, farre from his Natiue coast,  
With Care doth rise, with Care him downe doth lay :  
And though from piller tost he be to poste,  
When All him leauc, yet Care with him doth stay.  
Not like vaine pleasure, who away doth peake,  
When he his Bark through want perceiues to leake.

Thanks then to Care, of Poore the comfort chiefe,  
The best companion that we Strangers finde,  
In Countries strange forlorne, without reliefe,  
Who quiet, gentle, patient is and kinde.  
Then constant CARE, not Comfort I do craue,  
And (might I chuse) I CARE with L. would haue.

This



A L B A .

This Tower, this Castle, this huge Prifon strong,  
Begirt with high and double fenced Wall,  
(Where I to be kept prifoner, thus haue wrong)  
Can neuer hurt, nor do me harme at all :  
    Since I was pent here, I am (nothing changde)  
    But as before, when I abroad ftill rangde.

This place reftreines my Bodies libertie,  
But hath no power ouer my Thoughts or Minde,  
VVhich is the caufe I count my felfe moft free,  
Though I my felfe in greateft Bondage finde,  
    I can fo feede on Fancie, and fubdue  
    Enuie, by fweet Imagination true.

No fweeter Mufick to the Miferable,  
Then is Defpayre : therefore the more I feele  
Of bitternes, of sorrow fower and fell,  
The more of Sweetnes it doth feeme to yeeld.  
    Vaine I efteme my life, all libertie,  
    Since I do want mine ALBAS Companie.

Vfe, Miferie hath made familiar now  
VVith me, that I count sorrow chiefeft Ioy :  
And him the welcomft Gueft I do alow,  
That faddeft tales can tell of bloodieft Noy.  
    Then (Cruell) think what life I ftill haue led,  
    Since fo in poft away from me th' art fled.

E 4

Thrice



A L B A .

Thrice precious purse, by daintie Hand ywrought,  
Of Beauties First Borne, Fauours rightfull Heire,  
Not for a world of wealth, purchaft or bought,  
But freely giuen (for Loue) by ALBA faire :  
    Giuen to me, vnworthie of the fame,  
    As one not meriting so great a Gaine.

Tis not the richnes hereof, though tis much,  
Nor rarenes of the worke surpassing skill,  
That I account of, though that it be such,  
As euery eye, with masement it doth fill :  
    But cause t'was made by that Alconquering Hand,  
    Whose becke, euẽ Loues own self doth countermaãd.

*Dan Fortunatus* Bagge, which Histories  
Affirme, endles to be for golden store,  
And that it helde of Quoyne Infinities,  
To this my purse is needy, base and poore :  
    Golde in the inside (onely) of his purse was seene,  
    But mine, hath (alwaies) Golde without and in.

Pure gold tis wrought with, yet her Haires more bright,  
Saft is the Silke, more fast her snowie skinne,  
Orient the Perle, yet are her teeth more white,  
The Cullers rare ; her cheekes the prise tho, winne :  
    Ah precious Purse, where what I doe beholde,  
    Are Cullours rare, fine Perle, fast Silke, pure Golde.

Warne

A L B A.

Warne showers raine fast from forth my blubbred eyes,  
My heauie Thoughts are Clowdes replete with woes :  
Hot liuely Flames from out my breast arife,  
My skalding sighs the wind's that forth them blowes :  
Fire burning *Cancer* and *Aquarius* cold,  
Ore me their powers predominant do hold.

The flames, themfelues vp to the heauens lift,  
Where they by thousands round about doe turne :  
The waters runne like to a Torrent swift ;  
Hence comes it that my selfe I drowne and burne,  
By reason of two spitefull Qualities,  
(Moysture and Heate) my life in danger lies.

My teares a great streame make, they so abound,  
A quenchles burning this my secret Fire :  
Hope doth despaire, and there her selfe hath drownde,  
And Hart to cinders burnes through hot Desire :  
Fancie doth frolike, and doth still reuiue,  
Reason's so sicke, not long sheele keepe aliue.

ALBA my Teares accounteth as a Toy,  
And for a sport mine ardent Heat she holds :  
For in her eyes, *Cocitus* (me to noy)  
And *Phlegeton* in breast she fierce enfolds.  
Thus she my Hart doth still anatomife,  
With keenest rasor of her Crueltife.

Haires

# ALBA.

Haires louely Browne immur'd with pearle and gold,  
How ill fits you this Ribbon Carnatine,  
Since I no more your Mistris now behold,  
Of my disafter, most vnlucky signe,  
Who to me gaue this Bracelet for a FAVOVR,  
A work by Beautie framde through LOVES true la-  
(bour.

How often would she, bout my Wrist still prie,  
And vnderminde me (by deuise) as twere,  
Making a shew of Doubt and Ielousie,  
As if I it forgot bout me to beare ?  
But now I feare me, through her staying ore long,  
Both LOVE, Her self, and Me, she much doth wrong.

Who euer saw a Beautie such, so faire,  
Lodgde in a subiect so vnconstant found ?  
Who euer saw more loyall Louer rare,  
To such hard Fortune (causeles) to be bound ?  
Ah why is not (as is her face) her Minde ?  
Th' one's Faire, the other, I Forgetfull finde.

Then louely Haires, my dearest Harts best Ease,  
You must from Handwrist mine to Hatband black :  
There must you bide, though me it doth displease,  
Since whom I would, I most of all do lack.

    This fable place doth fit you best to mourne,  
    Where you vnseene, shall lie till she returne.

Ah

A L B A .

Ah happie Handkercher, that keepst the signe,  
(As only Monument vnto my Fame)  
How deare my Loue was to sweet ALBA mine,  
VVhen (so) to shew my Loue she did me blame.  
Relique of LOVE I do not enuie thee,  
Though whom thy Master cannot, thou dost see.

Only let me intreat this Fauour small,  
VVhen in her chamber all alone by chance,  
Open her pretie Casket for some work she shall,  
And hap her eye on thee vnwares to glance :  
Ah, then the colour of her face but marke,  
And thou by that shalt know her inward hart.

If she shall blush, and grieue, thee so to view,  
And wistly cast on thee a piteous eye,  
It is a signe her loue continues true,  
And that her faith she doth not falsifie.  
Ah, then (afresh) (her faith more firme to moue)  
Bleed thou againe, for to reuiue her Loue.

But if she (seeing thee) no account doth make,  
Flinging thee here and there without regard :  
Know then expired is my louing Date,  
My Hope deceiu'd, my Fortune ouer hard.  
Yet if she doth but sighing say to thee,  
(Saftly) (Farewell deare SERVANT) happie mee.

Those

A L B A .

Those ebb'd windows sweete, those cheerfull eyes,  
Where LOVE (at LAVVGH and sweete looke on) doth  
Are on the sudden changde in strangie wife, (play,  
And do Disdaines Ensigne (gainst me) display :  
Darke now they seeme, and sower, ore passing bad,  
Making my life seeme to me black and sad.

Those cheerfull eyes, which wont to comfort me,  
And to my hungrie soule yeeld nourishment,  
Denie me food, nor will they pleased be,  
But mew me vp, as starueling closely pent.  
My walks I vnde, which faire and easie were,  
Are stopt with blood-drawing brābles euery where.

My crased hart thus skorned for his Loue  
And plagude with proud disdaine and sdainfull Pride,  
Wailes so as would a Rock (though flintie) moue :  
Nor better course hath this Disgrace to bide,  
Then sighs and Teares, which forth he sends apace,  
And (damned like) still begs, but nere finds grace.

Sweet stay of my weake tottring life nie falne,  
Balme to my wounds, and Cordiall to my grieffe,  
Light to my darknes, to my storme, mild Calme,  
Ease to my paine, and to my want, Reliefe.  
Ah who hath now (and that so suddenly)  
Of pitie thee depriu'd, to make me die ?

Poore

A L B A .

Poore waisted Hart that wandrest not astray,  
Although thy PEARLE her orient colour change :  
Thou, which in thy first Faith vnstaind dost stay,  
Although she from her plighted vow doth range.  
    Ah, where are now thy cheerfull daies of Hope ?  
    Thy Liues line, Loue, what wretched hãd hath broke ?

Alas poore soule, how badly art thou vsde,  
For thy much louing (louing ouer long ?)  
Causeles without desert to be refusde,  
And for thy right to be repaid with wrong ?  
    (Fond) do betimes from Fancies Fort retire,  
    Reason retaine, and banish rash Desire.

What meanst thou careles thus to seek thy Care ?  
Call home thy Wits, giue ore although with losse :  
Els like one blindfold art thou caught in snare,  
And wilt too late returne by weeping crosse.  
    Seest not that shut is Loues sweet passage plaine,  
    That opens wide the path of proud Disdaine ?

If so, why shouldst thou beg (in vaine) for grace ?  
Rather demaund thy pasport and away :  
Better at first giue ore in midst of Race,  
Then lose in th' end, though longer time thou stay.  
    Then if she'le not admit thee as a frend,  
    Let her thee manumit (as Free) to wend.

O

## **A L B A .**

O that I were where bides mine ALBA faire,  
VWhose perfon to poffeffe is pleasure fuch,  
As driues away all melancholy Care,  
Which doth the Hart through Griefs impreffion touch :  
    Whose louely Locks All do more curious deeme,  
    When they moft carcles to be dressed feeme.

Her sweet Lookes moft alluring be, when they  
Moft chafte do feeme in modest glancing fhew :  
Her words, the more they vertuously do way,  
The more (in count) for amorous they go :  
    Her dressings fuch as when neglected moft,  
    She's thought as then to haue bestowd moft coft.

Sweet Fortune, when I meet my louely Treasure,  
Dash my Delights with fome small light difgrace,  
Left I (enioying sweetnes boue all measure)  
Surfet without recure on that faire face.  
    Her wonted coyneffe let her vfe a while,  
    My fierce Defire by Diet to beguile.

Left with the fulnes of my ioyes, abate  
The sweetnes, and I perish straight before  
I do poffeffe them, at too deare a rate.  
But soft (Fond *Icarus*) how high wilt foare ?  
    Thou dreamst I think, or foulie doft mistake,  
    I dreame indeed, Ah might I neuer wake.

Like

## A L B A.

Like as the Hawke cast from the Faulkners fist,  
Freed from the Mew doth (ioyfull) take his flight,  
Soaring aloft in th' aire as best him list,  
Now here, now there, doth finde no small delight,  
    Enioying that, which Treasures all doth passe,  
    (His libertie) wherefore he prisoner was.

But when th' acquainted Hollow he doth heare,  
And seeth the Lure cast forth him home to traine,  
As one obedient full of awfull feare,  
He leaues his flight, and backward turnes againe,  
    Chusing in ancient bonds for to be bound,  
    Fore faithles to his Lord he will be found :

So (ALBA) though I wanton, otherwhile,  
Do runne abroad, and other Ladies court,  
Seeking the time with pleasures to beguile,  
And oft my selfe with words of course do sport,  
    Dissembling with Dissemblers cunninglie,  
    As is the guise, with tongue, with hand, and Eye.

Yet when I thinke vpon thy face diuine,  
Thy Beautie calls me home, straight as a Lure,  
All other banishing from Hart of mine,  
And in LOVES Bands to thee doth binde me sure.  
    And since my Faith, and Fates do so ordaine,  
    I am content thy prisoner to remaine.

Where



A L B A .

Where are those Haires so louely Browne in show ?  
Where is that snowy Mount of Iuorie white ?  
With damaske Rose where do the Lillies grow ?  
Whose Colours & whose sweetnes All delight ? (Loue,  
Where are those cheerfull Lights, Lamps of cleere  
Wherein, a beautilous Heauen doth alwaies moue ?

Where are those *Margarite Pearles* withouten prife,  
And Rubies rich (my matchles Treasures store)  
With other Graces, wonders to the Wife,  
Worthy that euery Lawrell them adore ?  
I know not I, vnles in her they be,  
In Her who's Faire, Alas too Faire for me.

VVhy haue not then my Stars so courteous bin,  
In this to me, as they are in the rest,  
That I by loftie stile might Beautie win,  
And blaze abroad her praise deseruing best ?  
VVhy haue not I the Gift, her Gifts to thunder,  
And make the world thereat admire and wonder ?

Could I (but as she doth deserue aright)  
Sing as a Cignet sweete with pleasing vaine,  
Her Vertues rare, her straining Beauties sight,  
As I am blunt in Wit, and dull in Braine,  
I then should see, her Courteous, Gentle, Milde,  
VVhere now I finde her, Cruell, Proud and Wilde.  
Needs

**A L B A .**

Needes must I ALBA leaue, yet she'le not part,  
Though I doe loue her, yet still my Desire,  
Seekes her to keepe in Clofet of my Hart ;  
And though she doth against me thus conspire,  
Yet with my Soule, I must her Error moane,  
Since so vnkindelie she her selfe hath showne.

My secret griefes Ile in my selfe disieft ;  
The world shall neuer know her hatefull Pride,  
Her shame (my Bane) I will conceale in brest,  
And as a Monument there shall it bide.

ALBA farewell, all pittie now is fled,  
And since tis so, Adew, I am but Dead.

But thou (my Hart) come thou from her thy way ;  
Tis time (I thinke) to leaue that witching face,  
Where too too much vnkindenes still doth stay ;  
For Loyall Loue, there is no resting place.

Simple Goodwill, to foioorne findes it vaine,  
Where Thoughts are falls, and Double do remaine.

My nere stainde Faith, my life shall testifie,  
To future Age, that shall hereafter come,  
To shew the world my spotles Loyaltie :  
And yet perhaps againe may shine the Sunne,  
When as my Trueth vnto her being knowne,  
She may at last receiue me for her owne.

**F**

**The**

## The Conclusion of the second Part.

*If I should count the spending of my time,  
Since Her I lost, with whom I left my life ;  
How I in Griefe without reliefe doe pine,  
My seldome Pleasures, and my Corfies rife,  
If I should take upon me, these to tell,  
It were in vaine, for t'were impossibell.*

*Yet still the more I suffer for her sake,  
The more my Hart doth studie to endure,  
The world shall know the Pennance he doth make,  
And how his Thoughts are loyall, chaste, and pure.  
So small account he maketh for to die,  
As his owne Death he seeketh wilfully.*

*Of Her he still doth buzze me in the eare,  
And wils me make a Iournie to that place,  
To haue a sight of Her (to him so deare)  
Whose beautious shape all Beauties doth disgrace.  
Alas I would full faine, Her selfe doth know,  
But Danger to offend, doth still say No.*

*Then since poore Hart, thou canst not haue thy will,  
But longst for what thou neuer stalt obtaine,  
Consume thy selfe with thy recureles ill,  
As Women, that with Longing breede their bane.  
And as thou diest, let this thy Comfort be,  
Thy LOVE was VERTVE, hers was CHASTITIE.*

R. T.

THE  
THIRD PART  
OF THE MONETHS  
MIND OF A MELAN-  
CHOLY LOVER.

By R. T. Gentleman.



AT LONDON  
Printed by *Felix Kingston*, for *Matthew  
Lownes*. 1598.



*Alba Crudelissima.*

**I** O here the course spun Web of Discontent,  
Extract from out the cause of my trew Griefe,  
The Quintefence of my Complaint close pent,  
Wherein my Hart hath line without reliefe :  
The Glasse wherein my sorrowes each may see,  
Thou cruell ALBA, thus haste plagued me.

Thinke on the Mestfull MONTHS MINDE I still keepe,  
Depriu'de of thee, how I doe liue forlorne,  
All night I sigh, all day I waile and weepe,  
As one that hath all pleasure quite forsworne :  
Thus (carefull I) doe care for careles thee,  
Whilst wretchles thou, makst no account of mee.

Knewst thou what t'were to Loue, and what to hate,  
I know with Malice thine thou wouldst dispence,  
And wouldst enhaunce my Bale to blissefull state,  
And Loue with Loue, not Rigor recompence ;  
Ah gainst me doe not thou thy wrath incite,  
Monstrous it is, Loue to repaye with spite.

Be gracious then, though I haue graceles bin,  
Let Fauour thine, aboue my Merit show,  
Against the Tide, why shouldst thou alwaies swim ;  
And as a froward Tortoys backward goe ?  
Not Night, but Light giue me with those faire Eyes,  
Fierce Serpents (not milde Doues) enuenomise.

F 3

To

In the days of the old world  
 In the days of the old world  
 When the world was young  
 When the world was young  
 When the world was young  
 When the world was young

When the world was young  
 When the world was young  
 When the world was young  
 When the world was young  
 When the world was young  
 When the world was young

I will not leave you  
 I will not leave you  
 I will not leave you  
 I will not leave you  
 I will not leave you  
 I will not leave you

From my heart I give the Sun  
 From my heart I give the Sun  
 From my heart I give the Sun  
 From my heart I give the Sun  
 From my heart I give the Sun  
 From my heart I give the Sun

Endless

To [sic]

A L B A .

Now earthly *Goddesse* haue thou some regard  
To me thy seruant, crauing what is iust,  
Though long at last, yeelde to me some rewarde,  
Since I relie on thee, and wholly trust.

Thinke on the pennance fore I doe endure,  
Which to my Soule, thine Absence doth procure.

Support my feeble Thoughts, that scarce can moue,  
For thou wert wont, such, better to commend,  
Who would persist more loyall in their Loue,  
And perseuere vnto the latest end,  
Then those, who whē Loues course they gan to run,  
Would giue it ore, before halfe way were done.

I cannot doe so, for my longing Hart,  
Is knit in thine, in such perfection strange,  
That Death these twaine in sunder cannot part,  
Nor length of Time, nor Places distant change :  
Thy *Beautious Vertue, Vertuous Beautie* tis,  
That makes me ioy in noy, take Bale for blis.

Ah where art thou kinde *Friendship* that of yore  
Still with thy cheerefull smile, didst comfort mee ?  
And sweetely wouldst with me my state deplore,  
When heauie, sad, and grieu'd thou didst me see ?  
Ah where are those *Alcinoi daies* as now ?  
I *Metamorphosde* am, I know not how.

F 4

Cleere



## ALBA.

Cleere shines the Sonne, yet shines it not on me,  
Faire is the Morne, yet darkened is my Light,  
Others the Spring, I Fall of leafe doe see,  
Whilest I enioy no Day, but gloomy Night ;  
    Thou art the cause (sweete ALBA for thy Loue,  
    In absence thine) these bitter Brunts I proue.

Whilest thou like Princeesse entertained art,  
By thy kinde Tenants in most dutious wise,  
Seeking to shew the zeal of their pure Hart,  
By all the pleasing meanes they can deuise.  
    Striuing who shall thee better entertaine,  
    (Signes of thy welcome home to them againe.)

I here am left alone, all poste alone,  
As LOVES true Pledge, that lies for Faith to Pawne,  
Onely to wait thy parture and to mone,  
Whilest my Conceits on Sorrowes Tent are drawne,  
    Like to the Bird, on solitarie branch,  
    Wailing his Mates sowre losse through hard mischāce.

Then louely thou my Harts deare Treasurer,  
Let me obtaine this Fauour at thy Grace,  
That thou delay no longer nor defer,  
But daine me once more, see thy heauenly face.  
    Else here I vow, (if so thou come not soone)  
    Me, shalt thou not see, thou shalt see my Toome.

Now

## **A L B A .**

Now that my weary spirits do runne their race,  
To those transplendent Lamps of ALBA faire :  
And gazing there (in vaine) do plead for grace,  
Leauing their ancient lodging nakte and bare.

She as their Foe stands on her Brauerie,  
And passage to their Entrance doth denie.

They finding shut fast close, milde Pities gate,  
And seeing in what danger I remaine,  
With haste returne from whence they came of late,  
Retiring to their wonted Home againe,  
Where they repose, of Hope quite dispossesst,  
And there with Feare and Care together rest.

Disdaine those eyes spoyles, that before were bright,  
And fierce Desire, that to reuenge hath minde  
Increaseth still in hart to worke me spite,  
Deuising how to make her more vnkinde :  
The one, the Bellows vnto Furie blowes,  
The other, slaue to wrathfull Anger showes.

But though to me she seemes as pitilesse,  
Seeking my Death, without cause to conspire :  
Yet will I beare with all wrongs nere the lesse,  
Resolu'd to bide the vtmost of her ire :  
Against her wrath Ile true and Humble be,  
For Faiths my Fence, my Shield's, Humilitie.

Poore

A L B A .

Poore *Meleager* being in disdaine,  
With furious *Altea* (cruell mother his)  
She flang his *fatall Brand* in fierie flame,  
Long time kept by her, (as her chiefeft blis)  
So as through fire it did (consumde) decay,  
His wretched life did peece-meale waste away.

*Altea*, mine ALBA is, *Meleager* I,  
The *fatall Brand* where bides my life, her *Loue* :  
No longer then she keepes this happely  
For me, no longer may my spirits moue.  
Long time *Affection* kept it, but as now  
She flings it in the flame with angrie brow.

*Anger's* the *Fire*, *Suspect* kindles the *Flame*,  
*Conceit's* the *Bellows*, wherewith she doth blow :  
*Haste* was the hand which flung it in the fame,  
The *Coles*, *Vnkindnes*, that did burne it so.  
Ah, but one drop of *Water* of her *Grace*,  
If so I had, twould quencht be in small space.

Thus do I burne, and burning breathe my last,  
And breathing last, to naught consume away :  
Like to that Lampe whose Oyle when it doth waste,  
By lesser light, and lesser doth decay.  
Yet in this *Fire* I crie still for to moue her,  
Ah pitie me th'vnhappiest loyall *Louer*.

Thou

A L B A .

Thou folitarie Mountaine, *Mount of Mone*,  
Pleasing to me, mine only solace chiefe,  
How like are we? we two seeme but as One,  
Since thou shewst *sad*, and I still, to haue *Griefe*,  
    Thou with wilde sauadge Woods art compast round,  
    And in my Breast sharp austere Thoughts are found.

The huger Hill in bignes thou dost show,  
The more, (All) thee vncouth and sauadge deeme:  
The more that I in yeares in Loue do grow,  
The more deformed Creature I do seeme.  
    Water from thee, from eucry side doth come,  
    And teares from out mine eyes as Fountaines run.

Thou dost abide the blustering furious winde,  
The paine of skalding sighs perforce I feele:  
Tempests and stormes, to thee are oft vnkinde,  
But worse to me is ALBAS Hart of Steele:  
    Thou strooken art by *Ioues* fire from aboue,  
    And I am blasted with *Lightning of Loue*.

Thou wantest Fruit, and I am without Hart,  
Only in this my Griefes do thine exceede,  
That where as thou insensible still art,  
I (liuing) feele too well the Brunt indeede.  
    Yet wert thou worse I like in thee to stay,  
    Since that my *Pearle*, mine ALBA'S gone her way.

O

A L B A .

Ye Hoarie *Hils*, and Icie *waters* colde,  
If what fresh *Aprill* giues, sharp *Ianiuer*  
To take away from you himselfe shewes bolde :  
Yet quickly doth the Sunne with pleasing cheere,  
    Restore to you your *Liveries* greene againe,  
    And flowring Banks longst which you streame amaine.

But now to me from whom mine ALBA faire,  
Still hides her selfe, all Hope is withered quite :  
Nor will she shew her selfe, to ease my Care,  
For my yong Plant an enuious frost doth bite,  
    Since that same hart that gentle was of yore,  
    Hardning it selfe gainst me, still swelleth more.

*Nature* (you) gouernes, but *Loue* rules ore mee ;  
*Nature* is louing as a *Mother* kinde,  
*Loue*, worse then cruell *Step dame* is to see,  
And to my losse (gainst conscience) doth me binde,  
    Taking from me mine ancient Priuiledge  
    Whereby I liue, my daies for to abridge.

Then happie *Hils* you shall be greene againe,  
And blessed *Springs* your Courses you shall holde :  
But if that she reuiue not that hath slaine,  
I soone shall dye, Conceit is growne so cold,  
    Lest her warme Sunne glide hither it to thaw,  
    My freezing Hart no more his breath shall draw.

How

A L B A .

How long shall I knock at that Iron *Gate*,  
Of thy *hard Hart*, for mercie? (but in vaine?)  
How long my Griefes to thy deaffe eares relate,  
And reape nought els but trauell for my paine?  
Yet still Ile hope, since *Acornes*, *Okes* become  
And tynie drops proue *Floods* that streaming runne.

Thy face is faire, yeeld Fauour then to mee;  
Thy hart is flesh, not bone, then gently show;  
Ah let thy *Loue* with thy sweet Cheere agree,  
And to atonement we shall quickly grow:  
My Loue which is to thee more then extreame,  
Requite not with a fortune ouer meane.

If thou shouldst be *Vnfaithfull* in thy Loue,  
VWhere should I flie for succour, or for Truth?  
If th'owlt not heare my sute, whom should I moue?  
If thou be *Cruell*, who will then shew Ruth?  
If thou Deceit shalt vse, twill likely be,  
Others dispence will with deepest subiltie.

More triall then th' hast had thou canst not haue;  
(How oft) my secret Harts depth wilt thou found?  
Wilt thou my blood spill when thou maist it saue?  
When thou maist heale my Grief, still wilt thou wound?  
Ah do not (*Surzion* like) *Anatomise*  
Each *muskle* of my griefe in cruell wife.

Sick

A L B A .

Sick in my lothed Bed I languish fast,  
Nor can my learned Doctor help me ought,  
His cunning now is at the latest cast,  
Yet he no ease to crased me hath brought.  
And marueile none though he no helpe can finde,  
Sicke am I not in Bodie, but in minde.

My hart each houre doth worse and worfer proue,  
And my Disease encreaseth more and more,  
Because he wants her sight whom I doe loue :  
Nor can I haue a salue for this my fore.  
Lesse so much labour, LOVE for me doth take,  
As my Phisition, ALBA faire to make.

Sicke is my foule, my Body languisheth,  
Th' one's farre from health, the other's nothing nie :  
So as I doubtfull liue, scarce drawing breath,  
Twixt feare and hope in this extremitie.  
A strange Consumption hath me wasted long,  
And for a *Pearle* restorative I long.

This for me, then all Phisick is most sure,  
Or els I doubt I neuer shall be whole :  
For whilst that Nature would my Bodie cure,  
Loue (pestilenzing) doth infect my foule.  
Then ALBA shew now if thou be'st Diuine,  
Raife Dead to life, for now, or nere tis time.

Why

A L B A .

Why should I loue, when I am loathed still ?  
And praise her still, who seeks me to dispraise ?  
Why should graue reason yeelde to headstrong will,  
My Griefes the more to multiplie and raise.  
I doe commit *Idolatrie* extreme  
With her, whom I should rather right blaspheme.

Fire if it warme not, for no Fire we deeme,  
The Sunne, no Sunne we count, except it shine,  
Water no water, but it wet do seeme,  
Vertue no vertue, lest it show some signe :  
No Woman is she, thats not pitifull,  
Rather *Prides Spaune*, a nice disdainefull Trull.

Haue I transgreft the Boundes of Modestie ?  
Whispering vndecent speeches in her Eare,  
Or haue I (ere) assailde her Chastitie,  
And fought the spoyle thereof away to beare ?  
If I haue shamde my self in such grosse wise,  
Why then she reason hath me to despise.

Ah no, far be it from my harmeles Thought,  
Such base vnseemely tricks to her to moue,  
A matter small it was (God knowes) I fought,  
Onely to be *Retainer* to her *Loue*.  
No scandall t'is, t'is no Disparagement,  
Seruice t'accept, where naught but Honors ment.

G

Faine



A L B A .

Faine would I take of quiet sleepe the Say,  
My wearied Corse with ease for to delight,  
But I no wished rest can finde by Day,  
Nor slumber sweetely in my bed by Night.  
No rest I wretched man as yet can take,  
My woes are such, as force me still to wake.

My *Trueth* is measured by my *Fortune* hard,  
And I (poore soule) *Vnfaithfull* iudged am,  
Because I secme *Vnhappie*; and am bard  
Frō all good Chance: (Gainst right) I beare the blame,  
But willingly; (since she doth will) I shall  
Whose Absence turnes my Hony into Gaule

Yet faine I slumber would, though but a while;  
But if I cannot with that Fode be fed,  
I will embrace (the time for to beguile)  
Such golden Thoughts as are within my head.  
Golden indeede, Golde Thoughts of such a one,  
As I prefer fore Golde, though she a *Stone*

But sleepe, or die, Then, dye, thou canst not sleepe,  
For thee to sleepe it is impossibell,  
To thinke what's past, broade waking will thee keepe:  
Which thou must still conceale, not any tell.  
My comfort's this, that waking as I die,  
I see my *Loue* in Thought, though not with eye.

Pure

A L B A .

Pure *Iuorie* white, with spot of *Crimson* red,  
Where *Beauties First Borne* lay the perfect Molde,  
Or like *Aurora* rising from her Bed,  
Such was mine ALBA faire for to beholde.

Such was She, when She louely LOVE ore came,  
The *Conquerors Glory, Conquered Pleasing Shame.*

But now that *Cullor* faire hath changde his grace,  
Through *Burning Feuer*, (deadly in his kinde)  
And *Sallow Palenes* stained hath that Face,  
To whom the Prize for *Fauour* was assinde,  
Sicke is my *Lady*, sicke is all *Delight*,  
And brightest Day is turnde to darkeft Night.

Fortune hath stolne from ALBA, tooke from LOVE,  
From him she takes his *Solace, Sport and Play* ;  
From Her her *Beautie* which she would improue,  
And to her selfe, would (falsely) it conuay.  
Being *Pitifull* she *Cruell* seemes to be  
And in her Blindenes sheweth that she can see.

*False Fortune* darke as *Molle* in any Good ;  
But to doe Hurt, as *Argus*, full of Eyes,  
In outward shew, a *Tiger* fierce and wood :  
And yet to me she's *kinde* in piteous wife.  
Since She, by drawing Beautie from that place,  
Quencht hath my Fier, to case me for a space.

G 2

My

A L B A .

My Harte vpon his Deathbed, sicke, did lye,  
Calling vpon proud ALBA but in vaine ;  
Too Cruell she, (for pittie) it did crie,  
Yet had Repulse through Rigor of Disdaine.  
So as to liue thus (long) it could not bide,  
But soone gaue vp the Ghost, and so he dide.

Then to the *Chappell* of bad *Fortune* hard,  
By smoking sighes it quickelie was conuaide,  
A place for these sad Funerals prepaide,  
Where in a *Tomb* of *Loyaltie* t'was laide.  
Anger, Suspect, Griefe, Sorrow, Care, and Feare,  
With dismall Doubtes, the chiefeft mourners were.

About the Hieroe. great store of Teares were shed ;  
The Torches that did burne so cleare and bright,  
VVere ALBAS eyes by Crueltie misled.  
VVhilst the triumph to see is worst sight.  
Pittie the *Dirge* did sing with wofull *Paunt*.  
Assisted with a blacke and dismal *Saunt*.

Vpon the Monument vplac'd was  
Fire, Sorrow, and Cries, with Armes thence & beene,  
The Epitaph for such as by thence pass  
Was thus inscrib'd, and carued to be seene.  
*Let here that gentle Heart remaine with thee*  
*Whom much ALBA couides for't to see*

**A L B A .**

Poore Soule, in couert ioy, thy Care fauns rest,  
VVeare VVillow in thy Hat, Baies in thy Hart,  
Gold when it bubbleth leaft, then boyles it beft  
VVater runs fmootherft in the deepeft part.

By thy great warines let it be fcene,  
Not what thou now art, but what thou haft beene.

The greateft comfort (as a Louers dew)  
Is, of his Miftris Secrets, much to know,  
Yet no leffe labor for him (being Trew)  
Then naught to fay, nor ought thereof to fhew :  
Of men we learne to fpeake, things to reucale,  
Of Gods, filent to be, and to conceale.

Yet's fweete the Beautie of mine ALBA faire :  
What blabft thou it? yea blab it willinglie :  
Bees that doe die, with honey buried are,  
With dulcet notes, and heauenly Harmonie :  
And they that dying, doe Bcautie ftill commend,  
Shall be with kindenes honoured in the end.

Then hope thou well, and haue well (as they fay)  
Long haue I hopte, but Hoping is in vaine,  
Hope with Allufions, dallying doth me pay,  
Yet but for Hope, the Hart would breake in twaine.  
Ah MELT my Hart, would Melted once thou were,  
Thou fhouldft not then haue caufe fo much to feare.

G 3

The

The End of Love the beginning of my Love  
 Following a path with Hope I found in Love:  
 But now Love the beginning of my Love  
 End of the Love of my Love I see  
 The beginning of my Love is past  
 Now comes the Love of my Love I see

Love is a thing which he cannot see  
 Against his power grant me his Sovereignty  
 Weapons which Love made him to fight,  
 And Love his power and his Sovereignty  
 He is a thing which he cannot see  
 I know Love Love yet in Love I see

It is mine I wish it what I cannot have  
 And Love with power to give me Love:  
 What is to me Love that I cannot have  
 Giving me Love with Love I see  
 Yet I know Love Love I know Love  
 That the Love Love Love Love Love Love

Meaning is Love Love Love Love Love  
 My happy Fortune Love I will give  
 Hating all Love I prize Love Love  
 Because I of my will am disposed  
 Like Love Love Love Love Love Love  
 Of whom I (never yet) could Love Love

How

A L B A .

How long shall I importune thee with Cries,  
And presse thee for some Grace (*hard flintie Dame?*)  
How long my sute deplore in pitious wife,  
And yet be frustrate of that I complaine?  
Vrge me with ought if so thou canst of Ill  
Do but obiect, and answer thee I will.

Cite me at LOVES *great Audit* to appeare,  
And if a *iust account* I giue not thee  
Of all my Life, since Loyall I did sweare  
Vnto thy *Cruell* selfe, *casheere* thou mee :  
But if I true haue bin and dealt vpright,  
Thou dost me wrong to set by me so light.

More then high time tis for thee to relent,  
My *sorrowes* flowes aboue their wonted Bound,  
And well nie breake my Hart where they are pent,  
(For so great Force) a too too slender ground.  
Then me supplant not from my wished rest,  
But do abiure harsh Rigor from thy brest.

Affect me (not inflict on me) fresh woe  
Thy Loue, my seruice merits, not thy Hate,  
My loyall Hart to thee, didst thou but know,  
Thou wouldst not thus reuenge, but rew my state :  
Nor am I ouer bolde in what I craue,  
*Pitie* (not *Fauour*) I desire to haue.

G 4

TAVVNY

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LOVES

A L B A .

LOVES LABOR LOST, I once did see a Play,  
Ycleped so, so called to my paine,  
VVhich I to heare to my small Ioy did stay,  
Giuing attendance on my froward Dame,  
My misgiuing minde prefaging to me Ill,  
Yet was I drawne to see it gainst my Will.

This *Play* no *Play*, but Plague was vnto me,  
For there I lost the Loue I liked most :  
And what to others seemde a Iest to be,  
I, that (in earnest) found vnto my cost,  
To euery one (saue me) twas *Comickall*,  
Whilst *Tragick* like to me it did befall.

Each Actor plaid in cunning wife his part,  
But chiefly Those entrapt in *Cupids* snare :  
Yet all was fained, twas not from the hart,  
They seemde to grieue, but yet they felt no care :  
Twas I that Griefe (indeed) did beare in brest,  
The others did but make a show in Iest.

Yet neither faining theirs, nor my meere Truth,  
Could make her once so much as for to smile :  
Whilst she (despite of pitie milde and ruth)  
Did sit as skorning of my Woes the while.  
Thus did she sit to see LOVE lose his LOVE,  
Like hardned Rock that force nor power can moue.  
My



A L B A .

*Deare Parler*, (louing lodging vnto me)  
Mine only Walke and Garden of Delight,  
Ah who hath tooke thy Beautie now from thee?  
And rest from me what most did please my sight?  
Ah if our wonted Sunne do not returne,  
(As absent Her) so, me, (dead) shalt thou mourne.

My Hart that scarce his fainting breath drawes hard,  
Demaundeth still his *tribute* of mine eyes:  
Needes must I say a too too small reward  
Whilst he his Masters sorrowes oremuch tries.  
(Poore Hart) thy Master wrongs thee I confesse,  
Yet cannot he amend it neer the lesse.

I beare my part with thee in this sad mone,  
In this sad *Quire* where dolefull Notes I sing:  
For not to any but to me alone,  
This *Roomth* as vncouth seemes, and grieve doth bring,  
Yet since she here did vse her walke to make,  
These naked Walls Ile honor for her sake.

Ah *Quondam Temple of my Goddesse faire*,  
Great reason haue I thee for to adore:  
Thy Boords and Windowes I do holde as rare,  
Since thou hast entertaine her heretofore,  
Though *Saint* be gone, and nought be left but *Shrine*,  
Yet for her *Loue* Ile hold thee as *Diuine*.

Shall

A L B A .

Ah ALBA faire, ah me vnfortunate !  
Ah that my Birth's so low, my Thoughts so hie,  
My due Desires so great, so poore my state,  
As not to ioy my Right, deferuinglie !  
    How might I please thee, thee for to possesse ?  
    With how great will would I my felfe addresse ?

Will Labours patient of Extremities  
Obtaine the fauour of thy long fought Loue ?  
I will attempt, if so thou but deuise,  
Monsters to tame, and Mountaines to remoue :  
    *Alcides* like, all things I will subdue  
    So I may finde thee gracious when I fue.

Dost thou the passions of deep Loue desire ?  
The sad despayring moode of perplext minde,  
The nere exprest (through hidden torments) Fire  
Of racked Thoughts ? dost couet this to finde ?  
    Mark my deep sighs, my hollow eyes, salt teares,  
    My broken sleepes, my heauy countnance beares.

Wouldst thou I to thy Beautie vowde should bee ?  
And in thy seruice spend my long lifes time ?  
Remember then my solitarie life for thee,  
This seuen whole yeares (a *Prentiship* of mine)  
    Tis true (thou knowst) where ere thou (now) remaine,  
    Then be appeasde, and pleasde to ease my paine.

Say

A L B A.

Say then faire ALBA, faire, yet full of spight,  
What haue I done that thou shouldst me vndoe ?  
Holding thee *Daire*, why sets by me so light ?  
Why silent art thou when to thee I sue ?  
The more Submissiue I, and Humble am,  
Why gairst me dost thy selfe still *skainfull* frame ?

Whom haue I but *mine owne Thoughts* entertainde,  
And thy rare Vertues ? and what companie  
But *Contemplation*, hath with me remainde ?  
And whom haue I still wondred at but thee ?  
Whom haue I not contemnd for thee, since time  
I first beheld that matchles shape of thine ?

Haue I not crept to some, not trod with secte  
On them, cause thou to fauour them I saw ?  
Haue not all Iniuries to me bin sweete ?  
If thou didst will me beare them, twas a Law.  
Haue I not spent my golden yeares with Hope ?  
Seeking nought but thy Loue (my Wishe scope.)

Yet in the midst of these *distempered Thoughts*,  
Thou art not only *Ielous* of my *Truth*,  
But makst account of me, farre worse then Noughts,  
Nor dost by Message yeld me any Ruth :  
*My Loue* vnspotted, cannot be accepted,  
*My Truth* (O strange) vnspcakable's reiected.

Like



A L B A .

Like to this *Sea*, LOVE hath me fashiond right,  
He full of water, I replete with woe :  
He boyles and bubbleth vp in open fight,  
I fret and rage where ere I (wandring) goe :  
    He flowes, and boue his banks the surges rise,  
    (From me) salt teares gush forth in streaming wise.

He water wants not, nor my Griefes decrease ;  
Thousands of quicksands hath he all about,  
I, thousand cares that on my Hart do sease :  
His waues are cut in twaine, my Hart, throughout.  
    The whistling reedes about his banks do found,  
    Sorrow in me is of my song the ground.

Both windes and raine vpon him (daily) fall,  
I still, distill salt showres and sighs amaine :  
By tempests, oft his Channels broke are all,  
My Bowels cleft be with continuall paine :  
    His bottome none can well perceiue or see,  
    My Torments without depth fauns founding bee.

Only we differ thus, he still doth bide  
Here, swallowing them that passe alongst this place,  
I vade away, and (*Cruell Homicide*)  
Murther I doe my selfe in pitious case.  
    Who then can rid me (*Notamie of Woe*)  
    From these hell plagues? None, but my *Cruell Foe*.

ALBA

**A L B A .**

**ALBA** I haue not liued ouer long,  
Yet haue I hollow eyes, and haires halfe gray :  
My yeares not many, for I am but yong,  
Though wrinckled be my cheekes and lims decay.  
But is this Destinie, or ist pure Deceit ?  
That hath on me (thus) wrought this cunning feat ?

Ist be the first, why then none could preuent  
My wretched Stars to scape this miserie ?  
Ist be the latter that such ill me ment,  
I needes must think it was mine Enemie.  
It was (indeed), thy selfe it was (*Faire Witch*)  
That with thy beautie wrought me to be sick.

Thou art too Faire (I see) for to be true,  
And too too False for one that is so Faire :  
Yet for my wrongs thou seemest not to rue,  
Nor for my Crosses ought at All dost care :  
And yet my Loue's more seruent still towards thee,  
My sparks growne flames, my cinders bonfires bee.

Only I grieue my daies are at an end,  
Fore I can of thee any fauour gaine :  
And which is worse, I likely am to spend  
All the Remainder, yet no Grace obtaine.  
Vnhappie Pilgrim I, borne still to euill,  
To shrine her for a Saint, who is a Deuill.

**When**

A L B A .

When *Beautie* sickneth, then *Defire* doth die,  
*Fauor* doth vade most flourishing in his prime,  
Then LOVE doth ebbe, when flowes *Aduerfitie*,  
But *Friendship* bides out euerie stormie *Time*.  
Ah ALBA I not doted haue on thee,  
But lou'd thee deare, as deere as deere might bee.

*Affection*, (alwaies) either grounded is,  
On *Vertue*; (and *Vertue* nere peeuish shoves)  
Or else on *Beautie*; (counted chiefeft blisse)  
And *Beautie* praisde, (through *Loue*) more fairer growes :  
I neuer Peruerse was, nor Sullen yet,  
But praisde thy *Beautie* to mine vtmost wit.

To thee, I, both a *Friend* and *Louer* am,  
Yet euery *Louer* is no *Constant Friend*,  
But who a *Friend* in *Nature* is and *Name*,  
As *Louer* true begins, and true doth end :  
Thy trueft Friend am I, more then another,  
And vnto thee the faithfullst loyalst *Louer*.

*Vertue* (in me) *Affection* shall subdue,  
*Wisedome*, all *Lust*, my *Friendship* sweetest *Beautie*,  
Ile not be fickle, false, but constant, true,  
Seruing thee still, with all respect of *Dutie* ;  
And when I shall be buried, dead and gone,  
My Ghost shall (as thy *Slaue*) thee tend vpon.

H

Ah

A L B A .

*Time* was and is, and euer shall be still,  
That I to honor thee will neuer spare,  
But for to call it *Loue* or *Pure Goodwill*,  
I neuer durst, although I seemde to dare,  
Then suffer me, to follow this my Vaine  
Flattering my selfe, although I nothing gaine.

None pleased hath mine eyes, but ALBA bright,  
None but sweete ALBA doth possesse my Hart,  
Mine eares in ALBA, onely take delight,  
And this my Soule, from ALBA nere shall part.  
To follow thee, all *Fortunes* Ile forsake,  
And vnto thee alone, my selfe betake.

The Gods haue set such difference twixt our state,  
That all must be, pure *Dewtie, Reuerence* ;  
Nothing I must terme LOVE (such is my *Fate*,)  
Except thou daine, therewith for to dispence.  
And since I know that so thou dost command,  
I condescend will to it out of hand.

Yet my *Vnspotted Thoughts*, my *pining Corse*,  
My *Discontented Life*, let them obtaine  
One blessed *Fauour* through thy kinde remorse,  
Though they not merit least part of the same.  
So I with Ioy shall end my wearie daies,  
And dying, found abroad thy nere dying Praise.

H 2

If

## *The Conclusion of the last Part*

**I** have been a sinner, and so have  
I have been a sinner, and so have  
I have been a sinner, and so have  
I have been a sinner, and so have  
I have been a sinner, and so have  
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I have been a sinner, and so have

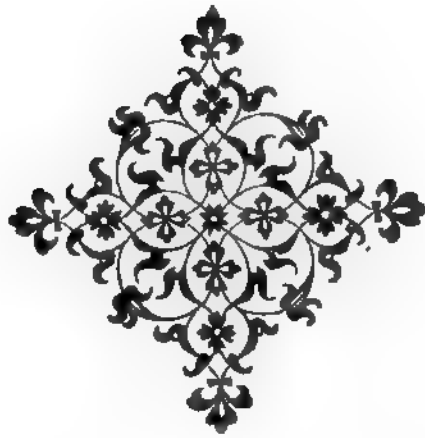
*I am the child of a merciful God,  
Who hath made me a creature of his love,  
And fearful not to cast me from his sight,  
I have been a sinner, and so have  
I have been a sinner, and so have  
I have been a sinner, and so have  
I have been a sinner, and so have  
I have been a sinner, and so have*

*As a wandering thought, and in my heart  
I have been a sinner, and so have  
I have been a sinner, and so have  
I have been a sinner, and so have  
I have been a sinner, and so have  
I have been a sinner, and so have  
I have been a sinner, and so have  
I have been a sinner, and so have*

*By these conducted to Eternall Joy,  
I hope for to be lifted up to the Six,  
From all Disgrace, from trouble and annoy,  
Where, (of my selfe) I nere dar[est] mount so hie.  
Be gracious then (Sweete Goddesse) of my Thought,  
For thy power tis, doth make me soare aloft.  
Il Disgratiato. R. T. G.*



*CERTAIN*  
DIVINE POEMS  
WRITTEN BY THE  
forefaid Author R. T.  
*Gentleman.*



Imprinted at London by F. K. for  
*Matthew Lownes.*



*Deo, Optimo, Maximo.*

**W**ith Teares in Eyes, with drops of Blood from Hart,  
With skalding sighs from inward griued Soule,  
A CONVERTITE, from *Vaine* LOVE now I part,  
Whilst, for my *Sinnes* fore *Heauen* I do condole.  
I know, and knowledge I haue liued wrong,  
And wilfull fought mine owne Destruction long.

The *Temple* of my Heauenly GOD I haue,  
For *earthly Goddesse*, stainde blasphemously,  
Selling my selfe to *Satan* for his *Slaue*,  
Whilst I transgreyst in vile *Apostasie*.  
Banisht my selfe I haue from *Paradise*,  
Through *thrifles Toyes* of base-borne *Vanities*.

O thou that on swift *Cherubins* dost ride,  
Creator of all Creatures that do liue,  
Whose Loue was such as thou for Man hast dide,  
Though he thee hated, skorned, and did grieue :  
Vouchsafe to view and rue my desprate state,  
And me once more from sinne regenerate.

Ah looke vpon me with milde *Mercies* eye,  
Clenfe me with purest Water of thy *Grace* :  
Remember not how I haue gone awry,  
Since I renounce to runne more such a Race.  
Ah *glorious Spouse*, thy Beautie I desire,  
For now to *Heauen*, not *Earth*, my Thoughts aspire.  
H 4 *Griefe*

A L B A .

Thrice precious purse, by daintie Hand ywrought,  
Of Beauties First Borne, Fauours rightfull Heire,  
Not for a world of wealth, purchast or bought,  
But freely giuen (for Loue) by ALBA faire :  
    Giuen to me, vnworthie of the fame,  
    As one not meriting so great a Gaine.

Tis not the richnes hereof, though tis much,  
Nor rarenes of the worke surpassing skill,  
That I account of, though that it be such,  
As euery eye, with masement it doth fill :  
    But cause t'was made by that Alconquering Hand,  
    Whose becke, euē Loues own self doth countermaid.

*Dan Fortunatus* Bagge, which Histories  
Affirme, endles to be for golden store,  
And that it helde of Quoyne Infinities,  
To this my purse is needy, base and poore :  
    Golde in the inside (onely) of his purse was seene,  
    But mine, hath (alwaies) Golde without and in.

Pure gold tis wrought with, yet her Haires more bright,  
Saft is the Silke, more fast her snowie skinne,  
Orient the Perle, yet are her teeth more white,  
The Cullers rare ; her cheekes the prise tho, winne :  
    Ah precious Purse, where what I doe beholde,  
    Are Cullours rare, fine Perle, fast Silke, pure Golde.

Warne

## *Divine Poems.*

Thou *wandering Spirit*, to whom *Ioue* doth commit  
(Of this my Body fraile) the gouernment :  
Why, gadding thus from *Truth* so farre dost flit ?  
Why, are thine eyes with wilfull blindnes pent ?  
    Why, dost not marke what *Danger* is at hand ?  
    What damned *Death* doth at thine elbow stand ?

Ah, be not flattred with this poyſenous LOVE,  
But call thy former Wits to thee againe :  
Thoſe wicked Thoughts roote out, and hence remoue,  
Whilſt Life in thee to do it doth remaine,  
What Mortall is, by mortall Death ſuppreſſe,  
Thy *Gain*e ſhall be the more, thy *Loſſe* the leſſe.

*Heaven* once thy *Mansion* was, and dwelling place,  
Now *Hell* thou seekst by running thus astray,  
*Vnhappie Soule* to be in such a case,  
So wilfully to seeke thine owne *Decay* :  
Thou woundst thy *selfe*, to *God* a *Rebell* th'art,  
And only striu'st to please the *World* in Hart.

Alas, in whom now dost thou put thy trust?  
On whom dost thou relie, or hope on now?  
Ah turne, and (still) liue shalt thou with the *Iust*,  
Ah turne againe, and trebble blessed thou:  
Thou, then shalt be, whereas the *Blessed* are, (*Starre.*  
*Poore Soule*, mongst *Soules*, mongst *Stars*, a brightsome  
Whats

*Divine Poems.*

What's *God*? The *Source* of *Goodnes* and the *Spring*.  
What is that *Goodnes*? Such a *Goodnes* sound  
As aye increaseth without perishing.  
How is it made? In frame and fashion Round,  
Like to a *Forme* that in it doth containe,  
His *End* and his *Beginning* in the same.

This *Goodnes*, (first) from whence did it proceede?  
Three proper *Vrines* there be, that forth do runne,  
Out of one *sacred Sea*, from *Heaven* decreede,  
Which compasse doth, All, what so ere sees *Sunne*.  
Cannot we see it? This *ESSENCE* most *Divine*,  
No Mortall Man hath seene at any time.

How can it then be, if it neere be seene,  
That it our mindes (oft lifteth vp on High)  
As if in *Vision* we in *Heaven* had beene?  
It makes vs view such *Wonders* with *Faiths* eye,  
With *Faiths* cleere eye which shines to us so bright,  
As vnto *Heaven* it is our *Guide* and *Light*.

What is that *Faith*? A *Gift*, which if *Defa*?  
In him, that firme beleeueth, be not found,  
It blindfold leades him (yet with steps direct)  
Vnto that place, where perfect Ioyes abound.  
Where *God*, the *Father*, *Sonne*, and *Holy Ghost*,  
Doe raigne in *Glorie* great, of *Mightiest* most.

Thou

*Diuine Poems.*

Thou LIFE which Life art calde, and yet art *Death*,  
Thou DEATH, which *Death* art termde, and yet art *Life*,  
Say ; which of you maintaine my vitall breath,  
Within this wretched Vale of Worldly strife ?  
Say, which prolongs my *Life*, most of you Twaine ?  
Or thou LIFE, or thou DEATH : say both the same.

I (more then LIFE) straight DEATH doth answer make.  
Nay, I (quoth LIFE) farre more then DEATH, to me,  
And for this Cause this only Name I take  
Of LIFE, which by my meanes alone can be.  
Because whilst I within thy *Body* liue,  
*Death* no way can thee hinder, hurt, or grieue.

But I, by cutting off (DEATH straight replies)  
This slender Thred, whereby Men runne their race,  
Bring euery *Faithfull soule*, in friendly wise,  
Where he a better path (for aye) may trace,  
Making him leade a *Life* eternallie,  
A LIFE, that (still) doth liue, and neuer die.

Wherefore, what ere he be, that meanes to ioy  
This other LIFE that is *Celestiall*,  
He must not sorne (to scape from worlds annoy)  
Nor thinke it much, to come when DEATH shall call.  
For DEATH, not LIFE, doth help vs at the end,  
LIFE is our Foe, but DEATH, our dearest Friend.

All

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*Diuine Poems.*

That *Vertue*, through whose power rulde is my foule ;  
(Only through *Vertuous Loue*, from Loue fet free)  
Takes force afresh as one that would controule :  
And finding stronge within himselfe to bee,  
    *Vnbridled Will* he seekes to bridle now,  
And tries to breake what fore he scarce could bow.

*New Lords, new lawes ; New Customes* breake the Olde,  
And where before a dark and mistie clowde,  
My minde as in a prison did infolde,  
Now is it loofde from out that gloomie shrowde :  
    My Hart doth iump euen iust with his desire,  
And by their Eye know both what to require.

My watchfull *Soule* recouered hath well nie,  
The former state in which he liued in :  
And being free, doth call to memorie,  
VVhat (bound) he did forget through wretched sin,  
    VVhile for his life repentant he attends,  
Immortally to liue for his amends.

Not any part there is of Bodie mine,  
But filled is with true, not false Delight :  
Yet doth it grieue still at her former Crime,  
And with *Remorse* doth mortifie the Spright,  
    VVhilst wronged Soule, on Others layes the blame,  
Yet reprehends her selfe euen for the same.

This

*Diuine Poems.*

This *earthly Beautie* doth the *Sence* delight,  
But *Heauenly Beautie* doth the *minde* more please :  
The one the World hath as an Object right,  
And seekes the *World* to pleasure with sweet ease :  
But th'other hath *Iehouah* for hir glasse,  
Nor she for any but for him doth passe.

The *Sence* doth burne with *Loues* vnperfect works,  
Which like a blaze in th'aire doth flit away :  
The *Soule* thirsts after that which neuer hurts,  
And hunts for that which neuer will decay :  
That, which not subiect is to any time,  
But of itselfe most Perfect and Diuine.

Thou (*Lord*) the *Mortall* and *Immortall* both  
Created hast; marke humbly I require,  
How much within my bodie they be wroth ;  
Marke how within me, gainst me they conspire ;  
VVithin them selues they vary so and grudge,  
That which of both shall win tis hard to iudge.

My bad *Conceits* from *Adam* sprung of yore,  
Doo headlong runne to endles death with shame :  
And lesse that *Reason* do them bridle fore,  
Hardly my *Soule* can passe from whence it came.  
Then pardon *Lord* the *Course* that I haue runne,  
And I from *Sinne* a *new Man* will become.

A

*Diuine Poems.*

A *Tirant* great, *faire Beautie* is in *Loue*,  
When it doth triumph in a louely face :  
And who with cold *Disdaine*, this doth not moue,  
Is caught by subtill sweet alluring *Grace* :  
    Who stands at *Beauties Gaze*, and doth not flie,  
    Is soone entrapt by wilfull *glancing* eye.

This which of true *Loue* is but *Piçture* bare,  
With shadowing *Vale* doth dimme our cleereft sight :  
And if to follow it we do not spare,  
It soone deceiues vs with a false delight,  
    And to perpetual prison sends our foule,  
    Vnles her sleights by *Reason* we controule.

*Faire Pearle*, fine gold, base *excrements* of th'earth ;  
Whats *Beautie*, but a little *White* and *Red* ?  
Reuiued with a little liuely *Breath*,  
With *Winde*, or *Sunne*, or *Sicknes* altered ?  
    All this doth *Time* confume and bring to nought,  
    And all what ere into this world is brought.

The fairest *Colours* drie and vanish shall ;  
The *yongst* must pack as well as doth the *Olde* :  
All mortall things to mortall death must fall,  
And therefore first were cast in earthly molde.  
    That which doth florish greene as grasse to-day,  
    To morrow withereth like to dried Hay.

Swift

*Dixie Poems.*

Swift flies our yeares as doth a running streame,  
And lothed *Age* comes stealing on apace :  
Our youth doth passe away as twere a Dreame,  
And Death doth follow for to take his place :  
    Death comes, and our *Lifes patent* to his hand  
    For to resigne, he straight doth vs command.

Strength to his course, and winde vnto his flight,  
VVith feathers to his wings, *Time* ioyneth fast :  
And this sweet life which we so much do like,  
Though nere so loth, yet must away at last.  
    The fairest Flower must wither with the weede,  
    VVhat so doth liue, to die was first decreede.

Thrice happie man and trebble blest is he,  
That neuer treads his steps from rightest way,  
Nor with the mist of VVorld will blinded be :  
But keepes right path, and neuer goes astray :  
    Contemning all these mundaine *Treasures* base,  
    In hope to ioy the heauenly *Wealth of Grace*.

VVho dyeth ill, dyes ; who dieth well, neuer dies,  
But liues a life aboue Eternallie :  
Like good *Elias*, who in wondrous wise,  
VVas from base Earth tooke vp to liue in skie :  
    VVhere bide *Th' elect of Christ* for euer blest,  
    In Abrahams bosome there for aye to rest.

For

*Diuine Poems.*

For thee my HART doth burne like fire (Deare Lord)  
Which freesde before like Frost and *chillie Ice*,  
For thee to leaue my *sinne* I doe accord ;  
Through which thy heauenly grace I did despise.  
All *Follies* now, as *Shadowes* vaine Ile leaue,  
And vnto thee (the *Substance* trew) I cleaue.

In thee I burne, and in my selfe I freefe,  
Frozen through feare, but burning through thy Loue,  
*Reason* ore *Senses* mine, now ouer fees :  
And her Authoritie ore them doth proue.  
Which makes me humbly call to thee for grace,  
Though (proud) before I runne a selfe wild race.

*Repentance* right, sad *Griefe*, salt *Teares*, sure *Faith*,  
Renue in me a sorie *Contrite Hart* :  
My guiltie *Conscience* oft within me saith,  
I Death deserue, yet Merciful thou art :  
Sighs from my soule I offer for my Fee,  
As *pretious Blood* thou offredst once to mee.

My *Hart* now clenfde (and yet not mine as now)  
Sweet *Christ* to thee his first Home turnes againe,  
From me he flies, and vnto thee doth bow :  
I giue it thee, Accept I pray the same.  
Ah *Soueraigne Sauour*, do not now despise  
A broken *Hart*, for *pleasing Sacrifice*.

I

Weake

*Divine Poems.*

Weake is my *Barke* in which my *Life* doth rowe,  
My wretched life, through grievous faults mispent,  
And in the World (his *Ocean*) sayles but flow,  
Because it falles into the *Occident* :  
My sickly *Minde* runnes self same doubtfull way,  
And *Soule* doth grieve that *Fancie* so doth stray.

And though a gentle calmie Winde to blowe,  
She findes about her, as she fresh doth sayle,  
Yet vnder Waters doe I spie belowe,  
The *Foe* of my poore Soule her to assayle :  
And in that part wherein he doth espie  
The Ship to leake, in that he close doth lie.

Ah, now it grieues me, now I doe repent  
My *retchlesse Race*, that I so lewd haue runne,  
Yet hath my *God* in mercie to me sent  
Helpe to my Vessell weake, else I vndone :  
*Hope* at the left hand standes, that part to guide,  
And constant *Faith* on right hand doth abide.

Earth was my flesh before, and earth againe  
Ere long it shall be, but my Soule on hie,  
Shall be lift vp in brightest *Heauens* to raigne,  
If I from false alluring *Sinne* can flie :  
When at his feete, who first life to me gaue,  
A glorious Seat for euer I shall haue.

Full

*Diuine Poems.*

Full 7. times foure of yeeres my life hath runne,  
Whil't to my selfe a *heavy Burthen* sore,  
To others I a gainelesse charge become,  
Soyled with beastly *Thoughts* vncleanly gore :  
    Whil't in true Light being blind I farther goe  
    From *Reasons* path which Iudgement did me shew.

Slow to good works, but too too swift to ill,  
My *Soule* abroad with flitting wings doth flie,  
And in the worlds darke bottom of *selfe will*,  
Mongst 1000. Snares she carelessly doth lie.  
    Where sensuall *Sense* and *Ignorance* astray  
    Her doubtfull leades, quight out of her right way.

Too obstinate she headlong forward runnes,  
In greatest *Light* she tumbleth in most darke,  
Nor takes she thought what of her selfe becomes,  
Be it right or wrong her course she doth not marke :  
    So that although Immortall she should liue,  
    Most mortall Death she seekes her selfe to giue.

But now thanks to the *Soueraigne King* of all,  
She (no more blinde) the dangers gins to spie,  
And looking backe vnto her former fall,  
She doth repent through faith most heartily :  
    Where she doth see of *Heauen* the narrow Gate,  
    Which (once) was shut, now ope for her escape.

I 2

*King*

*Divine Poems.*

*King* of all *Kinges* which from thy  *sacred Throne*  
Doeſt marke and view from forth the *Heavens* hie,  
Thy *Graces* vnto *Adams Offspring* ſhowne,  
Of thy great *Loue* (although vnworthilie)  
Thou that do'ſt fill with *true Delight* the minde.  
With true *Delight*, wherein true *loy* we finde.

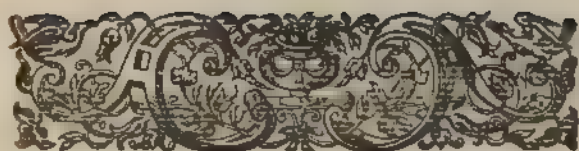
Behold how I, ore'laid with grieuous ſinne,  
With *Soule* defil'd, with *Heart* infected fore  
Doe flie to thee, thy *Mercie* for to winne,  
And with *Repentance* doe my faultes deplore :  
Lord if thy *Lawes* and thee I haue offended,  
Let mine old *Follies*, with new *Tears* be cleaned.

My *Sorrowes*, to my *Sinnes* are ſparkes but ſmall,  
So loathſome they appeare vnto my ſight ;  
On thee, I at thy *Gate of P'ittie* call,  
Thou art the *Flame* that canſt them purge moſt bright.  
The *Bellows* is *Amendements* pure deſire,  
Which doth inflame through thy hotte louing *Fire*

Let thy great *Bountie* me forget, forgiue,  
And bad *Conceits* that idle *Fancies* wrought,  
Let them no more within me (working) liue,  
But to *Confuſion* and *Contempt* be brought :  
Oh let not *Sinne* my *Soule* ſtill *Satanize*,  
But with thy Spirit the ſame *imparadiſe*.

FINIS





A most excellent patheti-  
*call, and passionate Letter of Duke*  
D'Epernoun, MINION, vnto Henry  
the third, King of France and Polonia, when  
*through the Duke of Guizes deuise and*  
*meanes he was forbidden the*  
*presence of the King.*



Y gracious Soueraigne,  
a great combate had I  
in my minde, and no  
little or small adoe, to  
resolue my selfe what  
way to take, hauing  
receiued expresse com-  
mandement not to approach the royall pre-  
sence of your sacred Maiestie any more; a

I 3

matter

### *A Pafsionate*

matter of no ſmall conſequence (as that was vnto me) and ſuch as was hard for me to beleue, and therefore not vnlikelie to be but of long reſolution. Willing I was (my good Lord) to obey your letter, and ſo did I; but yet, (for to make manifeſt the cauſe of ſo ſuddaine an alteration) I did greatly deſire to remoue from my heart, whatſoeuer might haue diſpleaſed your Grace in any of my actions whatſoeuer: yet could I finde none, being thoroughly determined, and wonderouſlie deſirous to anſwer the ſame with my life, and bid you farewell with a liuely and open voyce, before the face of all the world.

I moſt humbly beſeech your Maieſtie to pardon this my Diſobedience, ſeeing I haue not committed this fault (onely) for feare of diſobeying you, but rather, becauſe I am pricked forward by the great affection I owe vnto your ſeruice, more then all the men in the world. I ſee (Sir) I am the onely marke whereat the Enuie and Slaunder of *France* doe drawe their moſt fierce Dartes of their  
Rigor

*of Duke D'Epernoun.*

Rigor and Force ; I must needs undertake to resist, no lesse those, who are Enuyers of my good Fortune, then heretofore I haue done the Admirers thereof ; not doubting, but that God will giue me the Grace, not onely to repulse thẽ, but also to beat thẽ downe with the only Sun-shining Beame of your royall Fauour, which (alone) shal suffice without any more need of other Armour ; being as strong vnto me, as the foundation of a Rocke which no Accidents whatsoever shall euer be able to undermine. For I do not place in the ranck of transitory thinges, the Friendship where-with your Maiestie with so great affection so long time hath honoured me : It hath continued without ceasing with so great Goodwill, and sustayned so many sharpe assaultes, that I feare nothing at all that it should perish in one small moment and on the sodaine. Hap-hazard did not build it, Fortune therefore shall not ouerthrow it, and the workes of your Maiesties bountie, shall neuer (I hope)

I 4

yeelde

### *A Passionate Letter*

yeeld vnto the malice of the Enemies of my Good.

Neither will I haue any other prooffe of the Eternitie of your rare Fauours towards mee, then the answer you made vnto one of the Neereft about your Maiestie, who affirming you would make me too GREAT; you answered; And so Great will I make him, that it shal not be in my power hereafter to vndoe him, although willingly I would. These are the wordes (worthie Prince) wherewith you haue pricked forwardes the violence of my malicious ill willers; Wordes in trueth, most worthie the greatest, noblest and most bountifull Monarch of the worlde. In so much as I haue engrauen in my soule an immortall desire to make my selfe worthie the effectes thereof.

But I must not now beholde, nor at this time looke into, what parte your Good-will hath shewed it selfe most firme and most affectionate, to make famous my good Fortune

*of Duke D'Epernoun.*

tune. The principall beginning thereof was  
resolved vpon with iudgement, the sequell  
with reason, and the end shall not be variable  
with ill destinie. The proceedinges thereof  
were voluntary; your Maiestie wil not suffer  
(I trust) that the chaunce thereof should be  
forced, you haue raised me out of the dust, vn-  
to the greatest honours of your high Estate,  
and of an vnworthie younger brother that I  
was, you haue created me a great *Duke*. I am  
of your owne fashioning; I hope you will not  
suffer your worke to be vnperfect: and for to  
lift me vp vnto the heauens of your greatnes,  
you will not giue me winges of so soft a wax  
that I shall melt in the violent lightnings of  
the rage of mine enemies, to make me mise-  
rablie to sincke into the bottomlesse foulds  
of their bloody desires. But rather contrar-  
wise, that it would please you to protect me,  
and to take a certaine kinde of pleasure and  
pride, for to see, and beholde that the power you  
haue giuen mee may bee sufficient to ouer-  
throw these Infidels and base Creatures, their  
aspiring

*A Falsionate Letter*

aspiring estate being full of discommodities,  
and their cōseil determinations guiltie of  
horrible treasons.

But if your Maiestie desire to see the rest  
and quietnes of your poore People, imagi-  
ning that I am the cause of their pouertie and  
needes, and not the quarrels and conflicts that  
these lewde fellows have attempted; if my  
prosperitie causeth the trouble of your plea-  
sures, and if you thinke that ceasing the pre-  
texte of your vsfained Good-will towardes  
mee, by the same meanes they would cease  
their euill behaviours also; let vs then (Sir)  
ouerthrow this good Fortune, let vs remoue  
that which serues for a colour to the enterpri-  
ses that these turbulent Companions goe a-  
bout, to put them selues into possession of  
your Estate; let vs ouerthrowe the meanes,  
which they call the Motiues and occasions of  
their Factions; yet in the ende it shall plainly  
be seene, that aspiring Ambition & cankered  
Enuie of these malcontented mindes, is  
the onely cynders which couers the fire,  
where

*of Duke D'Epernoun.*

where with they would imbrace your Realm,  
and the breake-necked ouerthrow, into which  
they couet to thrust your people, to accom-  
pany thẽ vnto their endles miseries. But So-  
ueraigne Liege, I doe not hold the liberalitie  
your royall Person hath bestowed on mee, so  
deare, as I doe the least of your desires, my o-  
bedience shall franckly yeeld to you, all that,  
which your princely Liberalitie hath bounti-  
fully giuen vnto me: whether it be to take a-  
way the colour of the warres ensuing, or to  
make it good (in good earnest) vpon them  
which beare a shewe to desire it: The losse of  
my Goodes, shall be the least of my Crosses:  
I haue alwayes considered, that Fortune gi-  
ueth nothing, but what she can alwayes take  
again, and that all worldly riches are of the  
variable condition of the world, and of the  
vncertaintie of mankinde. Your Maiestie  
which gaue mee all whatsoever I haue, can-  
not take any thing, but what was your owne  
(before) from me; and willingly if you please  
will I yeeld vp all I haue without enforcing  
mine

### *A Passionate Letter*

mine owne will at all: I will more easily discharge my selfe of my Goods, then they may bee taken from mee. I will resigne not only the Estates, the Honors, the Offices, and Possessions, whether they be of mine owne Person, or belonging vnto my deare Wife, but also my life into your princely Handes, I say, that happie and contented life, which I owe vnto your liberall integritie; doe mee I most humbly beseech you, so great a good as to receiue it: Leauē me onely I desire so little as 10000 franckes of yeerely rent, (mine owne poore patrimonie) it shall be enough, that I may maintaine my selfe in your royall Court with the small trayne I had before you knewe mee. I shall haue sufficient, being in your presence, and your onely sight shall bee more vnto mee, then all the treasures of the earth. I will leauē without any grieſe at all, vnto your Maieſtie the Liuiings you haue bestowed on me, without making any other request in this respect, but onely to beseech you most humbly not to suffer that mine enemies,  
namely



*of Duke D'Epernoun.*

namely those who haue plaied mee no small bad pranks about you, should be put in possession and inuested with my spoyles: neither to suffer them to finde their happiness through the losse of mine owne good Fortune, nor that they may haue cause to erect them glorious *Trophées* of mine vnderferued ouerthrow: for that (only) and only that alone, would be the greatest aduersitie, that losse of wealth or goods might bring vnto me.

See then my (gracious Lord) the account I make of riches. But of your gracious Favours I haue in such ample wise promised my selfe the eternitie thereof, and haue taken such a HABIT in the possession of the same, that this Custome is turned into a naturall Order. I cannot draw breath, but with thẽ, & my life hath no mouing but their *influence*: that day wherein they shall bee taken from mee, shall be the last of my life, and the separation of them, cannot bee without the parting of my soule out of this body: which notwithstanding I will holde for very fortunate, to  
haue

### *A Passionate Letter*

haue so honorable a subiect, and will not a little glorie to haue so long and well liued; that I haue been thought worthie the friendship of so great and mightie a Monarch, who hath so much esteemed thereof, as not to haue been able to liue without it.

One of the most apparent signes that your Royall selfe gaue me of your rare Affection toward me is, in that you haue alwaies desired to haue had me neere about you. Then I most humbly beseech your Maiestie, let me not (now) be banisht far from you; Banish rather my Fortune then my Person, they rather gape at it, than at my selfe; It is not at the youngest Sonne of VALETTA, that these spiteful oppressors doe seeke to take holde of, but it is on the Duke *D'Epernou*, and to his princely greatnes: they are rather enemies of the Effects, than of the Cause, and desire rather the possessions than the absence of the Possessor. Suffer not then (deare Soueraigne) this his forced withdrawing, whom you haue so greatly loued, and change not  
your

*of Duke D'Epernoun.*

your royall countenance from him at this time, with ill fortune.

Notwithstanding (most gracious Prince) if of my being far off, dependes the rest and quietnes of your poore people, and the execution of your Maiesties worthie will and pleasure, I will not gaineſay it at all: rather would I bee as low vnder the earth, as you haue raiſed mee on high in dignitie. Your commaundements herein, as in all other things, ſhall bee my Counſellors: your will ſhall be a law vnto me, and your deſires my affectiones. It is more reaſon that I ſhould periſh, then your Wil & Heafts be vnaccompliſhed, ſeeing I was not raiſed up, but by thoſe meanes.

I praife God, for that he hath left me one comfort in this my luckles deſaſter: that is, to know my ill hap, and not my fault, my hard fortune, and not my King, my Enuious and not my iuſt Enemies doe ſeeke this my fall. My iuſt behauiour hath not any way cauſed it, and therefore it will not leaue mee any  
place

*A Pafsionate Letter*

place of repentance, for my foule is free from all scruple and doubt, and my vpright intentions of all offences towards your Maiestie. Besides this, I haue placed the friendship wherewith it hath pleased you to honour me, in a perfect heart, not tainted at all. I call thereof to witnes, the *Diuinitie of your excellent Spirit*, which neuer deceiueth it selfe in the knowledge of his owne. Amongst which in despite of the rage of his enemies (who are almost in despaire) I will appeare in loyall sincerenesse of zeale, and in dutifull obedience, as the Sunne amidst the Starres, and I will make it to be seene, that the jelousie of my pestilent Slaundersers, is a meere iniurie of time, and my life a splendant light of your Kingdome. Neyther call I to minde these matters, for that I feare you suspect mee of horrible ingratitude or beastly forgetfulness. The rare manner wherewith you haue bound mee vnto you, was such as could not come from a rude *Scythian*, but from a most magnanimous King, who hath  
restored

*of Duke D'Epernoun.*

restored a wofull heart cruelly wounded, to happie life, being therefore obliged vnto his princely Throne for ever. So that my Actions hereafter, and not my wordes at this present time, shall answere for my continuall loyalty. I will euermore haue in memorie the liberalitie of my Prince, as a passing pleasing witnesse of the honorable affection hee hath borne me, and will repute that day accursed, wherein I shall not thinke of the happinesse he hath done vnto me; being not able as now to doe him any other duetie.

Then (my fweete Soueraigne) honour me I beseech you alwayes with your Commaundements; it shall be a kinde of comfort vnto mee, to bee euer employed in your Princely Seruice. Adiew, my good Lord, adiew: the greatest good I possesse in this life, is, the happy thought of your gracious Fauour. I beseech you, still to preferue me therein, and to beleue that neuer soule seperated it selfe from a goodly bodie, with greater grief then *E'Pernoun* now hath, in being diuided from your Maiesty: and not a little do I complaine, for that Fortune hath no other meanes to beat

K

mee

*A Passionate Letter*

mee downe, then in depriving mee of your noble presence, in such sort as it hath done.

But since it hath pleased God and your Maiestie, I shoulde withdrawe my selfe from you, I beseech his goodnesse, that there may remaine with you as great ioy, as in parting from you, I carry away both heauinesse and anger; that it may please his holy spirit to conduct and fauour you in such sort in your enterprises, that your Good may be as faithfully sustained, as I would desire to see manifested the Fauorers of the troubles of your Realme, and the iust punishment due vnto them, for their rash Wilfulnesse, and ouer presumptuous Boldnesse, to the glorie of God, the encrease of your Maiesties Royaltie, the health of your People, & the contentment of your magnanimous and Princely Desires.

*Your no lesse ductifull, then sorrowfull Subiect,  
for that he must loose the sweete sight  
of your Princely Maiestie.*

**Iean Louis de Nogaret  
Duke D'Eprouu.**

**FINIS.**



## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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*Verso* of title-page—This stanza appears also in Tofte's *Orlando Inamorata* (1598).

Page 3, '*Mistresse Anne Herne*'—see our Introduction on this lady; st. 1, l. 4, '*crafed*' = weakened, or query, the Poet's 'fine *madness*'; st. 2, '*Bankroutes*' = bankrupts. Nares, *s.v.* (verb), quotes Byron's *Conspiracy* (by Chapman *not* by Thorpe as he says, who was merely the publisher).

"He that wins empire with the loss of faithe  
Outbies it, and will *bankrout*" (act iv).

st. 3, l. 2, '*nouell*' = new. So p. 120, st. 2, l. 5. So Shakespeare (sonnets 123, 3), '*nothing novel*'; l. 3, '*remorse*' = pity — cf. l. 6.

„ 4, l. 4, '*stint*' = stop or cause to cease. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, act i, sc. 3, 'it stinted and said Ay.' See ll. 45, 49, 58, 59—read '*ncre-dying*'; l. 6, '*Christall Brooke*'—the maiden name of Mrs. Herne was 'Brooke.' See dedication, p. 5, to her father.

„ 5, '*Sir Calisthines Brooke*'—see our Introduction on this odd Christian-named 'knight'; st. 1, l. 4, '*Surquedrie*' = pride, ostentation; l. 5, '*Coronell*'—"The original Spanish word for *colonel*. This fully accounts for the modern pronunciation of the latter word, *curnel*."

"Afterwards their *coronell*, named Don Sebastian, came forth to intreat that they might part with their armes like souldiers" (Spenser's *State of Ireland*). "He brought the name of *coronel* to town, as some did formerly to the suburbs, that of lieutenant or captain" (Flecknoe's *Enigm. Characters*). That is, as a good travelling name, for disguise. Our early dictionaries also give *coronel* for colonel. (Nares, *s.v.*) So '*coronich*' for '*cornice*.' The double spelling (then used) is thus accounted for, '*Coronel*' Sp., '*Colonello*' Ital.; st. 2, l. 4, '*Pitie and Remorse*'—really equivalent words, and the second simply *r.gr.*; l. 5, '*Kerns*' = Irish foot-soldiers, poor and savage. Cf. *Richard II.*, act ii, sc. 1, and *Macbeth*, act i, sc. 3; st. 3, l. 3, '*noblest*' = ennoblest; l. 4, '*Palme-rising Fame*'—meaning straight and lofty as a palm, or against all difficulties as the weighted palm-tree (a favorite contemporary metaphor) rise sup the more it is sought to be kept down; also a sub-allusion to the 'palm of victory'; l. 6, '*Minion*,' Fr. *mignon* = favorite—later, deteriorated into a bad sense.

„ 6, l. 5, '*lously Face*'—see Introduction on this as applied to a male in relation to Shakespeare's Sonnets.

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annoy; the 'R. A.' is also unknown, unless Robert Allott — certainly not Armin.

Page 17, st. 1, l. 1, '*Porpoſe*' = porpoise; l. 6, '*diſtiude*' = deprived of life. So Chapman (*Odysſs*, xxii), "Tolemachus *diſlived* Amphimedon"; *ibid.*, '*vnharted*' — similarly deprived of heart; st. 2, ll. 5-6, '*ground*' — a play on the two meanings of the word 'ground,' the musical sense in which it is opposed to 'descant,' and the common sense; st. 3, l. 2, '*meſtfull*' = sorrowfull, as onward; st. 4, l. 3, '*e[aſe]*' — here and elsewhere, where the unique exemplar is slightly imperfect, the *lacuna* are filled in; l. 5, '*is*' — misprint for 'in.'

„ 18, heading, '*Alba Crudeliſſima*' — here and elsewhere misprinted in the original 'Alla'; st. 1, l. 1, read '*deare-bought*'; st. 4, l. 3, [And whom] — Mr. Swinburne ſuggests [Yet me]; l. 4, '*too too*' — note this contemporaneous and later frequent reduplication. So alſo p. 21, st. 2, l. 2, *et alibi*; l. 5, [Alas] — again Mr. Swinburne ſuggests, [For all] . . . and l. 6, [Do bu]t . . ., all ſelf-evidently ſuperior readings; laſt line, '*Troinouant*,' *i.e.*, dated from London.

„ 20, st. 1, l. 2, '*Brands*' = fire-brands or torches; st. 2, l. 4, '*ſwelt*' = ſweat — ſo ſwelter; st. 4, l. 3, '*mick*' = much, *r.gr.*; laſt line, '*Mirth is turnde to Mone*' — another commonplace of contemporary phraſing. See Introduction.

„ 21, st. 2, l. 3, '*mickle*' = much.

„ 22, st. 1, l. 2, read, 'I like mine Alba's angel's heauenly *feature*' = perſon; l. 3, '*Corſe*' = Corpus; st. 2, l. 4, '*A Sdainfull*' = a diſdainfull. So *frequenter*. See Introduction.

„ 23, st. 2, l. 3, '*Feature*' = perſon, as before; st. 3, l. 2, '*Counterſate*' = counterfeit. Cf. p. 17, st. 3, l. 3. So Shakespeare, "fair Portia's *counterfeit*" (*Merchant of Venice*, act iii, ſc. 2), "ſleep Death's *counterfeit*" (*Macbeth*, act ii, ſc. 3), and "*counterfeit* preſentment" (*Hamlet*, iii, 4); laſt line, '*Pano*' — dated thence — ſee Introduction.

„ 24, st. 1 — this would indicate that 'Alba' was that moſt dangerous of animals, a young widow — who had given birth to a poſthumous child; for elſe Toſte never could have 'wooded' her as he (ſtill) does in his poem.

„ 25, st. 1, l. 3, '*traine*' = entice or draw in. Sir Richard Baker, in his epiſtle-dedicatory of his *Apologie for Lay-Mens Writing in Divinity* (1641), having designated his little book a 'tract,' thus continues — "I may juſtly cal it a tract, ſeeing *I have beene drawn to write it*, as it were by violence, leaſt I ſhould yeeld myſelfe guilty of prophane preſumption, for writing in arguments of Divinity, being but a Layman." This is a noticeable illuſtration of the word in relation to 'track,' 'train,' &c., &c.; st. 3, l. 3, '*For thee into this world I willing came*' — an

1. The purpose of this document is to provide information regarding the activities of the [redacted] in the [redacted] area.

2. The [redacted] has been observed in the [redacted] area, and it is believed that it is engaged in [redacted] activities.

3. The [redacted] has been observed in the [redacted] area, and it is believed that it is engaged in [redacted] activities.

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9. The [redacted] has been observed in the [redacted] area, and it is believed that it is engaged in [redacted] activities.

- st. 3, l. 3, '*nonce*' = the occasion; st. 4, l. 1, '*calleth for his Booke*' = claims benefit of clergy.
- Page 36, st. 3, l. 3, '*(my thinks)*' = me-thinks, as before; l. 5, '*uncouth*' = strange; st. 4, l. 3, '*distin'd*' — see note on p. 17, st. 1, l. 6.
- „ 37, st. 2, l. 4, '*their*' = Victorie and Pomp; last line — dated 'Roma.'  
On p. 37 see Introduction.
- „ 38, st. 1, l. 1, '*Giniper*' = juniper; st. 2, l. 5, Mr. Swinburne suggests to read —  
    '*Shall (though it now sanns blemish be or Staine)*'  
    — certainly better; l. 6, '*Clefts*' = clefts.
- „ 39, st. 1, l. 3, '*hugie*'; l. 4, '*glistering*.' So Spenser's *Prothal*. —  
    "*Hot Titan's beames, which then did glyster fayre*"  
l. 6, '*vastie*.' Cf. p. 40, st. 1, l. 6, '*cooly*' — as before, Tofte affects these forms; st. 2, l. 3, '*Idea*' — as in Drayton, Daniel, &c.; st. 3, l. 5, read '*Acanthus-like*'; st. 4, l. 5, read '*Globe-like world*'; last line, dated again from 'Fano.'
- „ 40, st. 3, l. 1, '*Sallow*' = willow — still in use both in England and Scotland; st. 3, l. 6, '*feltred*' = matted. This is earlier than Nares's example from Fairfax's *Tasso*:  
    "*His felter'd locks that on his bosom fell*  
    *On rugged mountains briers' and thorns' resemble.*"  
So Chapman, '*a feltred ram*' (*Iliad*, iii, 219).
- „ 41, st. 1, l. 4, '*Denay*' = denial.
- „ 42, st. 4, l. 5, '*haroldise*' = heraldize or proclaim.
- „ 43, st. 1, l. 3, '*Tortors*' = tortures.
- „ 44, st. 4, l. 4, '*Though not,*' &c. Cf. '*Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo*' (*Virgil*, *Aeneid* 7, 312).
- „ 45, st. 1, l. 6, '*Noy*' = annoy, as before; st. 4, l. 6, '*leffe*' = unless.
- „ 46, st. 3 — see Introduction.
- „ 47, st. 2, l. 1 — a proverbial saying as is the previous line '*Honi soit,*' &c.; l. 3, '*bay*' = a hunting metaphor — he talks of bringing his foe to '*bay*' or '*to an abbaie,*' which is when the hunted one '*turns head*' and the dogs '*bay*' at him. Cf. p. 25, st. 1, l. 4; l. 6, '*leeke*' = lack, but see Introduction.
- „ 48, st. 3, l. 5, '*WAR IN that TOVVNE*' = Warrington — but see Introduction; st. 4, l. 4, '*Beauv*' = Beau — wrongly spelled, and of wrong gender, but see Introduction.
- „ 51, st. 2, l. 1, '*pharise*' = play the Pharisee who went to the Temple and thanked God he was not as other men; st. 2, l. 6, '*unpure*' = impure — '*un*' was a frequent prefix contemporaneously. See Notes and Illustrations to Robert Armin in this Series; st. 3, l. 3, '*Cote*' = coat-of-arms.
- „ 52, st. 2, l. 3, '*uncouth*' = strange, perplexing; st. 3, l. 4, '*Almes*' = a dissyllable.
- „ 53, st. 1, l. 1, '*Venus Day*' = Friday (*dies Veneris*); st. 3, l. 2, '*bid*' = abide, or rather abode.

Page 54, st. 2, l. 2, '*bandies*' = drives away or tosses as in the game of tennis, and now of Bandy; but see Introduction, as before, on Tofte's Italianisms.

l. 6, '*ouer*'—query misprint for '*ener*'? st. 3, l. 3, '*Exorde*' = persuaded to grant my prayer (*exoratus*).

.. 55, st. 1, l. 4, '*Loves Lobbie*'—a peculiar expression. Query = her mouth generally, but her lips in particular.

.. 57, st. 1, l. 5, '*boord*' = panel.

.. 59, st. 1, l. 2, '*complot*' = plot together; st. 3, l. 6, '*ioy*' = enjoy.

.. 61, st. 1, l. 6, '*Disease*' = uneasiness.

.. 63, st. 1, l. 5, '*adulterise*'—another form that Tofte affects; st. 2, l. 6, '*disdained*' = disdainful; st. 3, l. 2, punctuate comma before '*sharper*'—the construction is [the] sharper that they shew, the shrewder, &c.; l. 5 = [to] seeke; st. 4, l. 3, '*altering*' = differing.

.. 64, st. 2, l. 2, '*wild*' = willed.

.. 65, st. 2, l. 2, '*dalliance*' = delay; st. 4, l. 5, '*allusive*' = illusive.

.. 66, st. 2—see Introduction; st. 3, l. 2, '*serenifing*' = enjoying serenity, i.e., in fancied security. Perhaps Tofte meant '*sirenizing*' = beauty was playing the siren; st. 4, l. 5, read '*starre-crossed*'.

.. 67, st. 2, l. 1, '*Ospraies*' = osprey or vulture.

.. 68, st. 2, l. 1, '*ferme*' = esteem; l. 6, '*faire*' = beauty. So *frequenter* in Lodge.

.. 69, st. 3, l. 1—even with '*peereles*' as a trisyllable the line (like others) is defective; last line, dated '*Mantua*'.

.. 70, st. 1, l. 1, '*ligger*' = lie, recline; st. 2, l. 5, '*CARE . . ILL*' = Carill or Caryll—see Introduction; st. 3, l. 5, '*peake*'—Johnson defines it = to make a mean figure, to sneak, and quotes *inter alia*, *Hamlet* (ii, sc. 2):

"Yet I, a dull and muddy mettled rascal, *peake*  
Like John a-dreames," &c.

st. 4, l. 6, '*Care with L*'—see st. 2, l. 5 and Introduction.

.. 72, st. 2, l. 4, '*resonant*' = amarement; st. 3, l. 3, '*Quoyne*' = coin; st. 4, l. 2, '*Soft*'—*so* here and elsewhere = soft—a northern form?

.. 73, st. 4, l. 3, '*Cocytus*' = Cocytus.

.. 74, st. 1, l. 1, '*immur'd*' = surrounded; l. 2, '*Carnatine*' = carnation?—a variant of '*carnadine*'.

.. 75, st. 1, l. 1, '*Handkercher*' = handkerchief; st. 4, l. 6, '*Softly*'—as '*soft*' in p. 72, st. 4, l. 2, *et alibi*.

.. 76, st. 1, l. 1, '*olive*' = ebony, dark black; l. 2, '*Laugh and fayre look*  
*on*'—some game or sport apparently. Query—'Laugh and lay down,' a game at cards.

.. 77, st. 1, l. 1, '*weeping croffe*' = lamenting, penitent; but see Nares, s.v.,  
Full note.

.. 78, st. 1, l. 1, '*where*' = *where* 'hawks' are kept; l. 6, '*wherefore*'

= where fore, *i.e.*, where before; st. 2, l. 1, '*Hollow*' = hollo or call.

Page 80, st. 2, l. 4, '*Lawrell*' = poet laurel crowned; st. 4, l. 3, '*straining . . . sight*' = sight-straining Beauties.

„ 81, st. 3, l. 6, '*falls*' = false.

„ 82, st. 1, l. 4, '*Corfies*' = corrosives: '*rife*'—in the sense of common is still a northern word; st. 4, l. 2, '*stalt*'—our misprint for '*shalt*.'

„ 85, st. 1, l. 1, '*course*' = coarse; l. 4, '*line*' = lain; st. 2, l. 1, '*Mest-full*' = sorrowful, as before; l. 6, '*wretchles*' = retchless, *i.e.*, careless; st. 4, '*Tortoys*' = tortoise—we say the 'crab.'

„ 86, st. 2, l. 5, '*induratzie*' = harden; st. 3, l. 6, '*remorse*' = pity; last line, dated '*Burnham*'—on which see Introduction.

„ 87, st. 4, l. 5, '*Alcinoi daies*' = halycon or peaceful.

„ 88, st. 3, l. 3, '*parture*' = departure; l. 4, '*Tent*' = tenter or frame used by clothiers and dyers for stretching cloth on, *i.e.*, his wits are racked.

„ 91, st. 1-4—see Introduction.

„ 94, st. 4, l. 5, '*Left*' = unless.

„ 95, st. 2, l. 4, '*atonement*' = at-one-ment, reconciliation; st. 4, l. 6, '*muskle*' = muscle.

„ 97, st. 2, l. 4, '*left*'—probable misprint for '*leffe*' = unless, but see p. 94; l. 6, '*Trull*' = slattern, and worse, but used, *r. gr.*

„ 98, st. 1, l. 1, '*Say*' = assay; l. 2, '*Corse*' = corpus, as before.

„ 99, st. 4, l. 1, '*Molle*' = the mole—but see Introduction; l. 3, '*wood*' = mad.

„ 101, st. 4, l. 1—a proverbial saying; l. 3, '*Allusions*' = delusions or illusions. Cf. on p. 65, st. 4, l. 5.

„ 102, st. 1, l. 5, '*Carnouale*' = carnival; st. 4, l. 5, '*Petrark*'—see Introduction.

„ 103, st. 4, l. 4, '*rew*' = pity.

„ 104, st. 1-3—see on these important stanzas our Introduction; st. 2, l. 1. Vide Pliny ii, 55—not the olive, but the laurel is usually supposed to be exempted from lightning; st. 1, l. 1, '*Tawny and Black*' = mourning colours.

„ 107, st. 3, l. 3, '*Roomth*' = room—why 'th' is added editor knoweth not; but it is not uncommon in authors of the time.

„ 111, st. 4, l. 3, '*vade*' = fade; l. 5, '*Notamie*' = an anatomy, skeleton.

„ 116, st. 1, l. 3, '*raine*' = rein.

„ 117, title page, '*Divine Poems*'—probably a number of shorter 'occasional' pieces are here given as one poem; at any rate only the one poem is in the volume. He continues religiously in this poem (or poems) what he has sung 'vainly' in *Alba*.

„ 119, st. 1, l. 4, '*condole*' = mourn or lament? but a somewhat odd use of the word; l. 5, '*knowledge*' = acknowledge; st. 3, l. 5, '*rue*' = pity, as before.

• 233 •

~~The~~ ~~is~~ ~~a~~ ~~very~~ ~~important~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~word~~ ~~'~~ ~~vacuum~~ ~~'~~ ~~was~~ ~~already~~ ~~com-~~  
~~municated~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~author~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~book~~ ~~'~~ ~~in~~ ~~1967~~ ~~'~~

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**A B G.**

XXXI. ROBERT TOFTE.

Introduction I. i., l. 7, for '*mouth*' read '*month*'; p. xxiv., '*Dnabsuh*' = husband, read backward.

Page 13, l. 3, '*alongft*'—to be noted. Cf. 94, l. 6.

„ 44, l. 1, '*withouten*,' and 60, l. 1; p. 80, l. 7, *ibid.*

„ 62, l. 10 (from bottom), '*Yearbes*'—noticeable old spelling—pronunciation still, dialectically.

„ 88, l. 13, '*poſte alone*' = all alone.

„ 107, l. 9 (from foot), '*Roomth*'—good old word.

„ 110, st. i. l. 3—qu. '*ſetft*'?

„ 119, l. 3, '*convertite*'—Shakespearean word.





















